

THE
FIFTH VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

WRIT by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty YEARS
undiscovered at

PARIS:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the Divan
at *Constantinople*, of the most remarkable
Transactions of *Europe*; and discovering
several Intrigues and Secrets of the Christi-
an Courts, (especially of that of *France*)
continued from the Year 1642, to the
Year 1682.

*Written, originally, in Arabick. Translated into Ita-
lian, and from thence into English, by the Translator
of the First Volume.*

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THE
FIRST VOLUME

OF

THE HISTORY OF THE
ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND OF THE
EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



AND OF THE
EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN
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IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

AND OF THE
EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN



TO THE
READER.

PREFACES, methinks, are so much like the Printed Bills pasted upon the Booths in *Bartholomew Fair*, to give an Account of the Entertainment you are to expect within; that, were it not in pure Compliance to Custom, one would forswear Writing any. But the World is Humorous, and must be served according to its own Fashion. Every Thing is damned that is not *A-la-mode*. And he that publishes a Book, without civilly accosting the Reader at the Beginning

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To the R E A D E R.

ing, is thought to intrench upon good Manners.

To prevent all these Inconveniences, it is thought fit once more to say a Word or two, not in Praise of this Volume of Letters, (even let it take its Fortune as the other Four have done) but by Way of Apology for some Things, which may seem liable to Censure.

Some, perhaps, will be offended at the Zeal which appears in this *Arabian*, when he writes in Honour of the *Mahometan Faith*. Others will as much wonder at his Looseness and Indifference, his Doubtfulness of all Things: For in some of his Letters he appears a great Sceptick, and confesses himself so.

These Gentlemen ought to consider, That his Style and Sentiments are suited to the Quality of the Person to whom he writes. To his intimate

To the READER.

mate Friends he unbosoms himself with Abundance of Frankness; but, when he addresses to the Musli, or other Grandees of the *Porte*, he is cautious and reserved.

It may be supposed, that he understood himself very well, or else he was not fit for that Employment in *Paris*. And, without doubt, having had his Education in the Seraglio, as he professes, he was no Stranger to the Punctillos of Address used in the *Turkish Court*. It was his Policy and Interest to appear a very devout *Mahometan*, when he wrote to the Ministers of State: And it is possible he was so in Reality, or at least persuaded himself so at certain Seasons. And yet this hinders not, but he might, at other Times, take the Liberty to descant on some Absurdities in their Doctrines and Practice, when He wrote to his Familiars, and was minded to converse with Freedom.

To the READER.

If in some Points he seems to give Credit to the *Arabian* Writers, who have treated of *Egypt* and its Antiquities; in others he shews himself a Man not over-fond of Fables and Romances.

However, let his Opinions be what they will, and his Sentiments never so extravagant in Matters of Speculation and Controversy, so long as his Morals are sound and good, there is no Occasion to be captious. We need not fear that any Christian, or any Man of Sense will be proselyted by his Letters to a Religion, which he himself, though professing it, yet so often doubts of, and ridicules.

He speaks very honourably of *CHRIST*, and impartially of *Christians*, accusing their Vices rather than their Doctrines, and appearing all along a moderate Man in his Sentiments of Religion, and a Friend to Virtue and Reason.

To the R E A D E R.

Reason. If he discovers some Failings, in being too melancholy, consider, That he was a Mortal like other Men. However, Reader, admire his untainted Loyalty, and imitate it.

You will find in this Volume true History, with Variety of solid Remarks; and not a few Secrets of Cardinal *Mazarini* and *Oliver Cromwell* uncabinetted: Particularly that famous Intrigue carried on by Colonel *Spintellet*, and his Confederates, to save *Ostend* from being surprized by the *French*, in the Year 1658, and to bubble Two of the ablest Statesmen in *Europe*.

After all, assure thyself, that the next Volume will contain more illustrious Relations than any that hath gone before: Where you will hear of an End put to the War between *France* and *Spain*, after it had lasted five and twenty Years; and the Marriage of *Lewis XIV* with the *Spanish* Infanta;

To the R E A D E R.

as also of an universal Peace in *Christendom*: The Restoration of *Charles* the Second to his Crown and Kingdoms, after Twelve Years Exile in Foreign Countries, and Twelve several Revolutions of Government here at Home; with many other memorable and important Events and Transactions in the World: As the dreadful Earthquake which overturned Part of the *Pyrenean* Mountains; the more destructive Plague, which swept away almost an Hundred Thousand People in *London*; and the deplorable Fire, which consumed the greatest Part of that famous City in the Space of three Days.

You will there also find an Account of the Death of that great Minister of State Cardinal *Mazarini*: Of the Duke of *Orleans*, Uncle to the *French* King: Of the Dutches of *Savoy*: Of *Carolus Josephus*, the Emperor's Brother: Of the Duke of *Vendosme*: Of the Queen-Mother of *France* and of
Philip

To the READER

Philip IV King of Spain, with other
Persons of Princely Quality.

For this *Arabian* was careful to transmit to the *Ottoman Porte* Intelligence of all Things, which were most remarkable in *Europe*. And that his Letters might not seem tedious, he intermixed Moral Reflections, with some Maxims of Policy, Essays of Reason, and, now and then, a Touch of Philosophy: And if we may guess at the Cause of his more abounding in these Kind of Miscellany Discourses after the Year 1659, than he did before; it seemeth probable, that a general Peace, about that Time, being established in *Europe*, he had little else to write but his Observations on the several States and Courts of *Christian* Princes, the different Manners, Customs, and Laws of People; the Councils and Intrigues of Statesmen; with such other Matters as occurred worthy of Notice.

To the READER.

If, either in this Volume or those that are to come, he seemeth in any of his Letters to alter his Opinion, and contradict his former Sentiments, remember it is no more than what the greatest Writers have done, who have lived to old Age, as this Agent did. No Body is ignorant of St. *Augustine's Retractions*, and *Cornelius Agrippa's Vanity of Sciences*: Wherein those two great Authors ran counter to all they had writ before. And it were easy to produce an hundred Instances besides.

In a Word, Reader, take in good Part the Translator's Pains, who renders Things as he found them, without altering or corrupting the Sense of his Copy. Farewell.

A
T A B L E
OF THE
LETTERS and MATTERS
CONTAINED
In this VOLUME.

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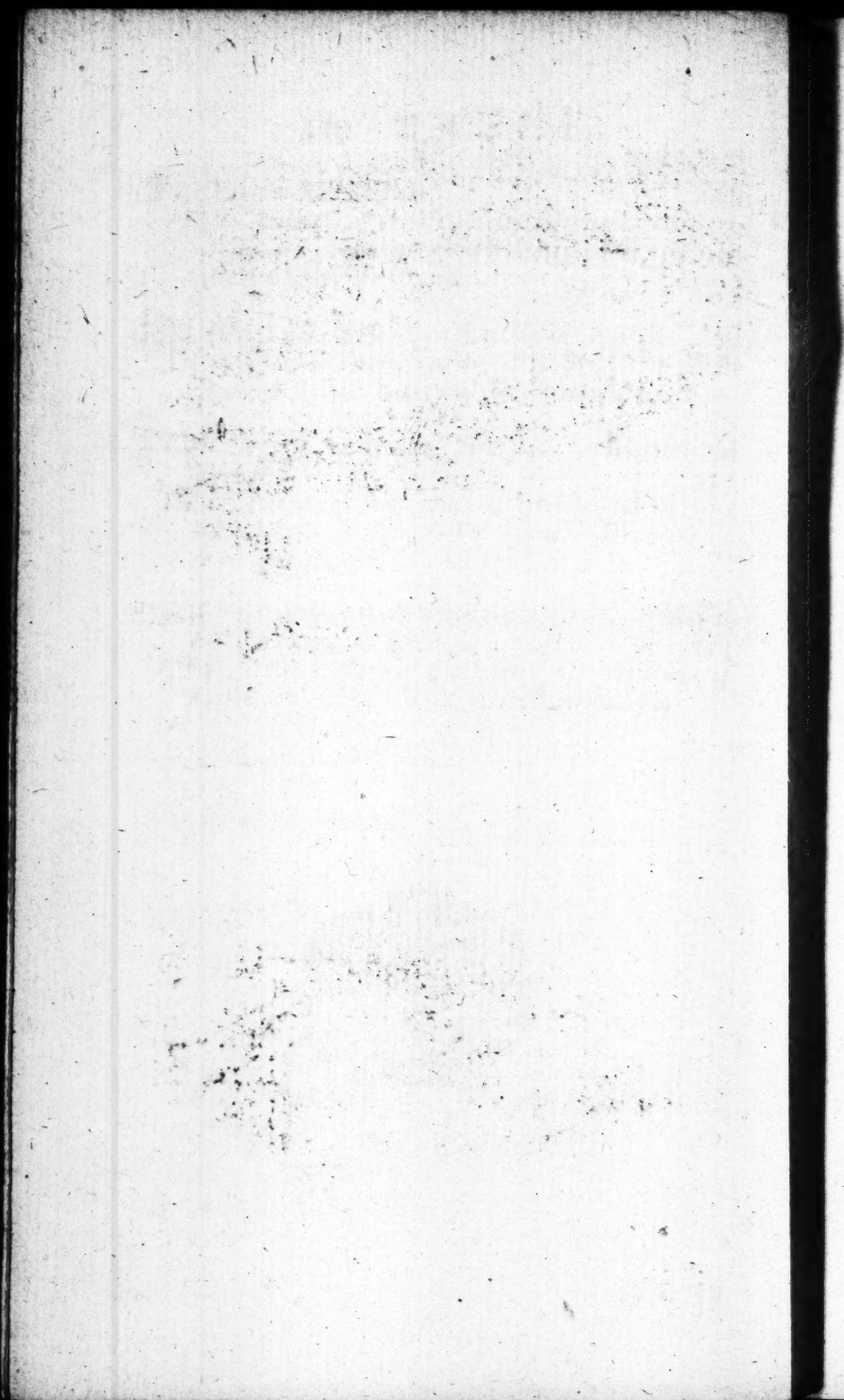
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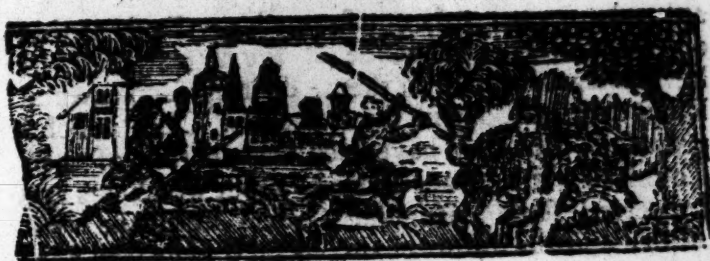
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LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. V.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

*Mahmut the Arabian, and vilest of the
Grand Signior's Slaves, to the Mysterious
Efad, Arbitrator of doubtful Problems,
Prince of the Musties.*

WHEN I first came to *Paris*, my Instructions were not so full and particular, as to direct me in all Emergencies. A great many Things were left to my own Conduct and Prudence, both in Civil and Religious Matters. So, that if I have made any false Steps, I hope it will be excusable

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able; in regard it is not so much my Fault as that of the Ministers who reside at the august *Porte*. I have often address'd to them, desiring supplemental Rules and Cautions in some peculiar Cases which I propos'd: But they have been very sparing of their Counsels. It is true, indeed, about five Years ago I received some particular Orders from the Vizir *Azem*, and the Kaimacham, as also from thy Sanctity: Wherein I was commmanded to write with all Freedom to the *Grandees*. This, with the other Directions, has been of great Use to me. It has armed me with fresh Courage, and removed the melancholy Apprehensions I had of some Men's Revenge, whose Vices I reprov'd. Praise be to GOD, King of the Day of Judgment, I have accus'd no Man wrongfully. Yet I was full of Fears, even in the Performance of my Duty; knowing, that Mortals generally love to have their Faults conceal'd, and pursue those with Malice, who discover or apprehend them. But now all my Fears of that Kind are vanish'd. Yet I have Scruples of another Nature, which none but the infallible Guide of the Faithful can disperse.

Ever since I have resid'd here, I have been precise in observing all the Precepts of our holy Law, so far as consist'd with the Security and Success of my Commission. For I have been forced to leap over many Lies and false Oaths to conceal myself. I have likewise done Abundance of other irregular Things, to promote the Cause I am engag'd in, for all which thou hast vouchsafed me a Dispensation. There remains one Thing in which thy Advice is necessary.

I have been hitherto punctual in keeping the Fast of *Ramezan*, at the Time appointed to all *Mussulmans*; which, thou knowest, falls earlier by eleven Days every Year than it did the Year before. So that in the Space of Four and Thirty Years, it passes

passes through all the Four Seasons. Now this successive Variation of the great Fast causing it sometimes to fall at the very Times of the most solemn Festivals among the *Nazarenes*, such as that which they call their *Christmas*, which is a Feast of thirteen Days; I fear, least I may be taken Notice of, should I, by celebrating the *Ramezan* at those Times, contradict the universal Practice of all the *Franks*, and start Suspicions in those with whom I converse, to my Disadvantage and Ruin.

To thee, therefore, who art the wisest of the Wise, I fly for Counsel in this Exigency, beseeching thee to dictate plainly what I am to do.

I know that the Sick, or Wounded, or Travelers, are dispensed with, if they violate the sacred Moon. At which Time the Gates of Paradise are opened, and invisible Favours are done to the devout Observers of this Precept: Whilst the Avenues of Hell are barricadoed, and all the Devils chained up from appearing Abroad, or doing any Mischief in the World. I say, I am not ignorant of the Indulgence which is given to Men under such Circumstances; provided they satisfy the Law, by keeping the Fast at some other Season, more agreeable to their Health, or other Necessities. And thus far I could have silenced the Alarms of my own Conscience, without molesting thee; knowing, that a *Mussulman* is always allowed this Liberty in a foreign Country, much more in a Region of Infidels.

But that which I aim at is to be informed, whether to put the better Disguise on myself, and more efficaciously to prosecute the Interest of the Grand Signior, I may not always celebrate this Fast at the precise Time that the *Christians* keep their *Lent*? For then I should pass unsuspected, and no Man would take me for any other than a *Christian* and a *Catholic*. Nay, my Manner of daily Fasting at that Time would raise me a considerable Credit

among the *Christians* that know me, they would cry me up for a Saint, or a very holy Man. For the Fast of the *Christians* is a Feast in Comparifon with the rigorous Abftinence of the *Muffulmans*. Thofe indeed refrain all Sorts of Flefh, but they load their Tables with Variety of Fifh, and other Dainties; neither have they Patience to tarry for their Repaft beyond the Mid-day. Whereas the *Muffulmans* tafte of nothing during the *Ramezan*, till the Sun is gone down, and the Stars appear. No, not even in the parching Defarts of *Arabia*, where Men are ready to perifh of Thirft; yet no Man will extend his Hand to the Water-pot to refresh himfelf in thofe unfpeakable Agonies, till the Shadow of the Earth is advanced into the higher Region of the Air, and has banifhed the leaft Glimmerings of the Sun. When, therefore, the *Franks* fhall fee me faft after this auftere Fafhion in their *Lent*, they will fay, I am a very mortified Man, and a devout *Catholick*: For they judge altogether by the Outfide. So if any Danger fhould threaten me, I fhould find Friends among the Zealots, and the Indifferent would not appear my Enemies: But the Wicked, whofe black Guilt has rendered them a Terror to themfelves, as well as an Abomination to others, would ftand in Fear of me. Thus, on all Hands, a Way would be open for me to efcape a Difcovery of the Secrets committed to my Charge.

It would be much more to my Satisfaction, if I could with Safety celebrate this Faft in the very Moon wherein the Alcoran was brought down from Heaven, as all good *Muffulmans* generally do: But I am taught not to betray, or fo much as hazard the Affairs of my great Mafter for a mere Nicety or Punctilio of Religion. GOD is the Merciful of the Merciful, and it is his Will that the Empire of the true Faithful fhould be extended wherever the Moon or the Sun fhine on Earth.

Great

Great Oracle of the *Mussulmans*, Doctor of Faith and Verity, it is in thy Power to confirm or shake my Resolution in this Point : For from thy Sentence there is no Appeal.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER II.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew, at Vienna.

THOU informest me, that the King of the *Romans* is dead, and that divers Prodigies happened about the Time of his expiring. Whilst others report, that the *German* Emperor himself died the 9th of the last Moon. However, I shall transmit thy Advice to the *Shining Porte* ; not trusting to the uncertain Intelligence of Fame.

Kings and Emperors must resign up their Breath, as well as other Mortals. It is a Tribute we all owe to Nature, who will be paid one Time or other. Neither has she ever exempted any from the common Lot, save *Enoch*, *Elias*, and *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*. These were holy Prophets, perfect Saints, and void of original Sin, and therefore received an Indulgence : Though those of your Nation, and the Christians believe, that the last of these three died on a Cross.

As for all others, they have either been dissolved by Sickness, or snatched away by sudden Death : Some by an invisible Dart from Heaven ; others by the ruder Hand of Mortals like themselves ; Millions by the Sword and Spear, and ten Millions by the swifter and more unavoidable Stroke of the Arrow and Bullet : Whilst not a few have received their

Death from the very Elements which supported their Life. An unruly Fire has crumbled some into their first Atoms, and mingled their Ashes with those of their Houses and Beds of Repose: Whilst Water, a contrary Principle, has quenched the vital Flame in others. There is but one Way to enter into this Life; but the Gates of Death, and the invisible State, are without Number; and the greatest Monarch may as well fall by the Prick of a Thorn, as by the Edge of a Sword. Every Time I swallow my Meat, I remember the Fate of him who was choaked by a Grain of Pepper; and that of *Anacreon* the Poet, who was strangled by the Stone of a Raisin.

Yet I am not solicitous in chusing or avoiding particular Deaths, knowing, that no human Counsel can prevent the Decrees of Destiny. It rather pleases me to think (such is my Ambition) that by whatsoever Method I am sent to the Grave, there I shall be equal to the *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, *Timurlengs*, and the greatest Mortals; for there is no Distinction of Noble and Vulgar in that Region of Anarchy, where all Ranks are levelled in the Dust: As *Diogenes* told *Alexander the Great*; when the Monarch, beholding that Philosopher in a Charnel-House, his Eyes attentively fixed on the Bones of the Dead which lay in Heaps, asked him, What he was doing? To which *Diogenes* replied, "I am looking for thy Father *Philip's* Bones, but cannot distinguish them from those of his Slaves." Some such Thoughts, as these might, perhaps, first occasion the Custom of writing Epitaphs on the Sepulchres of eminent Persons. Among which I have read some made by the Entombed themselves, whilst they were on this Side the Grave, and for their singular Fancy were thought worthy to be recorded by Historians. Such as this,

I Sabbas of Milan, by Blood a Castilian,
 Friar and Knight of Jerusalem, wish a
 happy Resurrection to my Ashes. While I
 was alive among Mortals, a Little sa-
 tisfied me. Now I am dead, and alone in
 my Grave, I am content with Less. I
 neither knew myself what I was, nor do
 thou enquire. Traveller, whoever thou art,
 if thou be pious, pray for me, and pass on.
 Farewel, and live mindful of Death. Live-
 ing, I provided this Epitaph, knowing I
 must die.

*The Birth and Life of Mortals are nothing
 but Toil and Death.*

Such another was that of *Heliodorus*, a Moor; who
 caused himself to be buried near to the Pillars of *Her-
 cules*, with this Inscription on his Tomb:

I *Heliodorus*, a mad Carthaginian, have
 commanded by my last Will and Testament,
 that I should be interred here in this farthest
 Angle of the World; to make Experiment,
 whether any Man, more Mad than my-
 self, would travel thus far to visit my
 Sepulchre.

But that which *Semiramis* caused to be inscribed
 on her Tomb was a perfect Satire on the Living.
 It was this:

I Semiramis, whilst Living, never was in Need of Money; yet was always compassionate to the Poor. Now I am dead, my Grave is my Treasury. If any of Royal Race be in Want, let him open this Dormitory, and he shall find a Supply.

When *Darius* conquered *Babylon*, and was told of this Epitaph; stung with Avarice, he caused the Sepulchre to be opened in his own Presence. But, instead of Money, they only found a Tablet of Brass, with these Words engraven on it.

My Epitaph is a Riddle. This is the Interpretation: I never was Covetous; only such are Poor, these I pity; and have therefore provided this Lesson as a Treasure, for the Man who for Lucre shall presume to violate my Tomb.

If thou wilt Rob the Living, forbear to Plunder the Dead; lest they bring thee to Shame, as I have done.

Thou tellest me, That the Emperor seems not to be much grieved for the Death of his Son, the *Roman* King. Perhaps his Sorrow is so great, that it cannot find a Vent. Violent and uncommon Passions are apt to smother within the Heart, whilst only smaller Grievs break forth into Tears.

It was a memorable Saying of a certain King of *Egypt*, who was overcome by *Cambyſes* the *Persian* Monarch, and taken Captive with all his Children ; when the cruel Conqueror, to ſport himſelf in the Miſery of his Royal Priſoners, and inſult over the vanquiſhed *Egyptians*, firſt cauſed the Daughter of the captive King to be employed in the meanest Offices with the common Slaves, before her Father's Face : Then his Son to be bridled and curbed like a Horſe, with a vaſt Burthen tied on his Back, at both which diſmal Spectacles, the poor *Egyptian* Monarch ſhed not one Tear : But when he ſaw one that had formerly been his Servant, reduced to great Poverty, he wept bitterly. *Cambyſes* aſking him the Reaſon, why he ſeemed ſo inſenſible of his Childrens Calamity, and yet was touched with ſo tender a Grief for the Miſfortune of a Stranger ? He answered, " Son of *Cyrus*, the Deſolation of my Family aſ-
" ſlicts me with ſo profound a Sorrow, that no
" Tears can expreſs it : But my Compaſſion to this
" diſtreſſed Servant, being not ſo violent, eaſily
" breaks forth into Tears."

Nathan, I wiſh thee neither extreme Joy, nor Grief, for they are both hurtful to the Heart.

Paris, 1ſt of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER III.

To Mahummed Hodgia, *Venerable*
Eremit of the Cave, *replete with*
Wonders.

WHEN I contemplate thy Life so full of Innocence, and void of the very Shadow of Vice, I am like a Serpent roused from his Sleep by a Breeze of cooler Wind, or the Noise of a Traveller on the Road: My Soul starts, and, unfolding all the drowsy Curls of Sensuality, stretches itself at full Length: Surprized and ashamed of its own Lethargy, it swiftly retires into any dark Corner, to cover itself from the Light of its own Faculties, and from the brighter Reflections of thy Spirit, which penetrate like the Beams of the Sun.

I do not presently curse myself, the Hour of my Nativity, my Friends that have flattered me into an erroneous Belief of my own Virtue, or my Enemies that have provoked me, and by various Trains entangled me in the Paths of Vice. Such Malediction only becomes the Mouth of a *Jew* or a *Libertine*: For we arrive at Perfection, not, by cursing the Evil, but by imitating the Good.

I had rather bless the Hour of Conjunction, the Influence of my better Stars, and the Constellations of a more propitious Horoscope, the Moment when I had the Honour to touch the Sand before thy Feet with my Lips in that Sanctuary of Holiness. Oh thou Patron of good Intentions; sincere Reformer of human Errors; refulgent Pattern of the Pious; Glory of the Wise; most excellent of the Excellent, Phoenix of the Age!

Praise

Praise be to GOD; the First and the Last: Peace to the Angels who stand round his Throne, and to the Prophets who rejoice in his Presence. An universal Jubilee to all the Inhabitants of Paradise: An eternal Felicity to the Saint of the Desert on Earth, whose Soul is expanded as wide as the Firmament.

I am ravished, and full of Ecstasies, because there is not found thy Equal on this Side the Clouds. When thou shalt be cropped from the Earth, the Mirror of Mortals, the Flower of human Nature is gone. The Trees of the Wilderness will lament thy Death, by whose Presence they flourished, and brought forth their Fruit in due Season. At thy Departure, the Grass of the Field will fade and wither, conscious that thy Merits drew down the Rain and Dew of Heaven, to render *Arabia* fertile in Herbage.

The Beasts will languish for Want of Pasture; and Men will bewail the Dearth of the Land; knowing, that the Life of the Just causes the Ground to produce a plenteous Harvest.

But no Mourning will be like that of *Mahmut*, who can boast of thy particular Friendship; and in losing thee will be as if he were deprived of the Light of the Sun, or the Morning Air, or the Benefit of Fire and Water: For so thy Favours are refreshing as the Elements, without which we cannot live.

Therefore as oft as I turn my Face to the City, sanctified by the Birth of our Holy Prophet; I send up my Vows to Heaven for thy long Life; beseeching GOD for the universal Good of Nature, to continue the Man on Earth, the Vestment of whose Soul is composed of Rays darted from all the fortunate Stars.

Tell me, O thou Holiest of the Holy Ones in the East; Favourite of the Angels; secret Friend of the Eternal, Envoy Extraordinary from the Omnipotent;
Agent

Agent incognito for the Court of Heaven! Tell me by what Chart I shall steer my Course through this Life, uncertain as the Sea, and tossed with as many Tempests. I find in myself manifest Inclinations to Virtue, and whatsoever is Good; yet I still mistake the Methods of attaining my End. I would fain be perfectly pious, just, and wise; but know not how to compass my Design. One Event or other still frustrates my Labour: Either a Friend or an Enemy, a Relation or a Stranger, Casualties without, or my Passions within, stop me in the Beginning, or the Midst of a glorious Career, the Race which cannot be run without noble Agonies.

Then I take Breath; and rousing myself with fresh Vigours; I chearfully address to the Combat, which crowns the Victor with Immortality. My Courage is great, my Resolution fixed, at the first setting out: I gain Ground on a sudden; the Wheels of my Chariot are, for a Time, like those of the Sun, whose momentary Advances are not perceived by Mortals. But before I get half Way to the Meridian, some unskilful *Phaeton*, an erroneous Thought, or a giddy Passion, overthrows me. Either old Habits, or new Temptations, hinder me from gaining the Prize in the Olympicks of Virtue.

Thus, often foiled, I retire with Shame and Weakness; and, finding no Redress within, I fly to thee, who art created a Director of the World.

It will be an Offence to make Repetitions, and ask Counsel again: I will henceforth endeavour to follow thy Example, which is certainly the most correct Rule of a Religious Life. But then I cannot serve the Grand Signior in this Post. Resolve my Doubts. Is it lawful for me to abandon my Duty, and retire into a Desert? If not, I will erect a Solitude in the Midst of this populous City, and build an Hermitage in my own Heart. If I cannot arrive at the Perfections I aim at, I will at least endeavour to be as good

good as I can. There is a religious Dexterity, by which a Man may, in the Midst of worldly Business, make for himself Paths of Innocence, and walk free from the general Contagion of Mortals. If I cannot perform any eminent Good, I will take Care to abstain from enormous Evils: Neither will I commit the least, without a good Intention; which, I am assured by the Mufti, sometimes sanctifies a bad Action. If I lye, or forswear myself, it shall be to serve my great Master. If I dissemble my Religion, and counterfeit a *Christian*, I will propose to myself the greater Advantage of the *Mussulman* Faith: Thus some higher End shall always direct my Intention and Performances.

But if thou wilt tell me after all, that this is not the Way to Paradise, I will forsake all worldly Interest, wherein I find so many Entanglements, and take up my Residence in some humble Cave, or Cleft of a Rock, or Hollow of a Tree; where I will spend the rest of my Days in contemplating the First Essence, and all that flows from it. I will bid a final Adieu to this perfidious Age, to the vain Generation of Mortals that live in it, to whose Converse I shall have Reason to prefer that of the Beasts, who are far more innocent, and less debauched than Men. For Lions and Tigers, in the utmost Fury of their Hunger, abstain from preying on those of their own Kind. Man is the only Cannibal, who devours his Brother, and greedily swallows down the Blood of him who bears the same Image as himself.

I speak not of the ancient *Scythians*, *Massagetes*, or *Tartars*; nor of the more modern Savages in *America*, who stuffed their greedy Paunches with human Flesh. Their Barbarism has crept, by Transmigration, into the most civilized Empires and States; and is not the less cruel, because it has changed its Form.

Nor

Nor do I tax the more excusable Epicurism of those, who ransack all the Elements for Dainties; whose Tables are loaded with the slaughtered Carcasses of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes; their Houses polluted with an extravagant Profusion of the Blood of those Creatures, which the Eternal Mind formed to live, and enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, as well as ourselves.

But I accuse the Oppressors of Men, those Cannibals in Disguise, whose very Bread is mingled with the Marrow of the Poor; and their greater Delicacies are Ragoos, compounded of the Blood of Widows and Orphans; whilst they starve and ruin whole Families, to support a needless Grandeur, a momentary Pomp, which vanishes almost as soon as it appears.

Yet these Men think to pacify Heaven by building magnificent Temples and Oratories; by entailing their Estates on Convents and Hospitals: As if the Omnipotent were to be bribed; or took Pleasure in Gifts, which are but the Fruits of Robbery and Injustice. Can the Sacrifices of *Infidels* be more acceptable, because they are made on Altars of Gold? Or even the Prayers of *Mussulmans*, in that they are breathed out in Mosques, built of the finest Marble, crufted over with precious Stones, and adorned with Carpets, and Hangings of the richest Tissues and Brocades? The ancient Pagans can instruct us better.

Thou wilt not think me tedious, if I relate a Passage, which just comes into my Mind, of a certain great Man in *Asia*, who possessed vast Herds of Cattle, and was accustomed to make magnificent Oblations to the Gods. This Grandee once made a Pilgrimage to *Delphos*, famous in those Days for the Oracle of *Apollo*. He carried with him a Hundred Bulls, whose Horns were enchased in Gold, being spurred on with extraordinary Devotion, and designing

ing to do a singular Honour to the God. When he arrived at the Place, puffed up with his costly Presents, and the Flatteries of his Attendants; he boldly approached the Temple, thinking no Man on Earth more worthy of the God's Friendship than himself; demanding of the *Pythonefs*, (for so they called the Woman, who performed the Office of Priesthood there) Who, among all Mortals, made the most acceptable Sacrifices, and departed with the greatest Blessing from the Oracle? (for he presumed the Pre-eminence would be granted to himself.) When she answered, *That one Clearchus of Methydrium, was the most devout and dear to the Gods of all Men.*

Astonished above Measure at this unexpected Reply, the vain Bigot resolved to find out this Man, and learn of him what Method he took to please the Divinity. He hastens therefore to *Methydrium*: And when he first came within View of it, he despised the Meanness of the Place, judging it impossible, that one Man, or all the Town, could be able to present the Gods with more magnificent Oblations than he. Having found out *Clearchus*, he asked him, What Sacrifices he used to make to *Apollo*? To whom *Clearchus* replied, "I am a poor Man, and
 " when I go to *Delfhos*, I carry neither Silver nor
 " Gold; but only a Basket of Fruits, the best that
 " my Farm affords, which I freely offer to the
 " Powers which govern All Things, and from
 " whom I receive whatsoever I enjoy. Moreover,
 " I keep the appointed holy Days; and my poorer
 " Neighbours go chearful from my Table. I never
 " killed any Thing: Nor have I done to another
 " that which I would not have done to myself. I
 " pray to *Jupiter* every Morning before the Sun
 " arises, and at Night when he goes down. I keep
 " myself and my Cottage clean. In all Things
 " else I live like the Beasts, that is, according to
 " Nature."

Thou

Thou wilt perceive by this, O pious Eremit, that Simplicity and Innocence are the most acceptable Sacrifices to the supremely Merciful: And that the most High God takes no Pleasure in the Smoak of burnt Offerings, or the pompous Addresses of the Great; but only in the pure Flames of a devout Heart; the Integrity of a just Man, void of Deceit and Guile.

Thou, illustrious *Mabummed*, art the Person in whom these Things are verified. May GOD shelter thee with his Mercies, to the Hour of Transmigration, and beyond the last Flight of Time.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THERE are two Actions which take up all the Discourse at present. One is the Siege of *Stenay*, a strong Town in *Flanders*, before which the *French* Army is newly laid down. The other is the investing of *Arras* by the *Spaniards*.

It is the Presence of many illustrious Personages, that renders both these Sieges considerable. In the *French* Camp are present, the King, Cardinal *Mazarini*, and all the Grandees of the Court. In the *Spanish*, are Arch-Duke *Leopold*, the Prince of *Conde*, *Francis* Duke of *Lorraine*, with others of Prime Quality.

They are very vigorous on both Sides in pressing and defending these two Places; as if the Fate of both Kingdoms were now at Stake. In my Opinion *France* runs the greatest Hazard: For, if the *Spaniards*

niards should prove successful in what, it is said, they have resolved upon, that is, the Relief of *Stenay*; if they should give Battle and get the Victory, a Way would be open for them to penetrate into the Bowels of *France*. And it is thought many Towns in this Kingdom would open their Gates to them, whilst the Prince of *Conde* is at the Head of their Army, who does all Things in the Name of the *French* King: Even his Rebellion itself is masqued under the specious Title, "Of taking up Arms to rescue the captive King from the Hands of *Mazarini*, and his Adherents." A pretty Way of seducing the People from their Obedience. The Partizans, and indeed all the *French*, are divided into Cabals and Parties; some espousing the Prince of *Conde's* Interest, whilst others manifest an incorruptible Loyalty to their Sovereign. I approve the Morals of the latter, yet privately rejoice at the Treasons of the former, wishing their intestine Quarrels may continue until the Day of the Earthquake.

Eliachim the Jew follows the Court, which rather ought now to be called the Camp. His private Affairs call him that Way: From him I receive frequent Advice of the most important Matters in that Theatre of War. He informs me, That the King of *France's* Presence, in the Siege of *Stenay*, inspires his Soldiers with more than ordinary Vigour: And that he shews daily Proofs of an extraordinary Courage. He was one whole Night on Horseback, giving Orders, and directing his Engineers. Next Morning he sendeth a Summons to the Governor; who made a stout Reply, being resolved to hold out to the last Extremity; and therefore sallied out of the Town with a Party of resolute Men, who killed near Four Thousand of the Besiegers.

But, alas, these Infidels are only stout whilst well fed: Not knowing what it is to endure the Rigours of Famine, and other intolerable Hardships. In all
the

the *Western* Histories they cannot match the Bravery of a Garrison in the impregnable Fortres of *Merdin*, famous, in our Annals, for sustaining a Seven Years Siege, where the mighty *Timurleng* lay before it with his invincible Army. That Scourge of Heaven, to terrify the Besieged and give them an Earnest of his Resolution, caused all the old Trees round about this Place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater Numbers; declaring, at the same Time, "That he would not raise the Siege" until those Trees should be mature enough to bear "Fruit:" When that Time came he sent a Present of the Fruits to the Governor of the Garrison, as likewise of Mutton; with this Message, "That he" took Pity on so brave a Man, fearing lest he should "starve for Want of Necessaries."

As soon as the Governor had received these Presents, turning to the Messenger, he said, "Go tell" thy Master I thank him for his Present of Fruits: "But for the Flesh we shall have no Occasion, so" long as our Ewes afford us Milk enough to sustain "the whole Garrison. And that thy Master may" be assured we are not in want of that, I will send "him a Present of Cheeses made of the same." Accordingly he commanded four Cheeses to be delivered to the Messenger; which when *Timurleng* saw, and had heard the Words of the Governor, he despaired of reducing that Place, although he had lain before it Seven Years wanting only Two Moons. But had he understood what Sort of Cheeses these were, he would, no Doubt, have changed his Resolution: For, it seemeth, they were made of the Milk of Bitches, and were the very last Sustenance the Garrison had, except the Flesh itself of those unclean Animals.

Believe me, sage Minister, such Examples of Patience and Fortitude are very rare. And this was the more remarkable, in that it was the first Place
where

where that invincible General's Hand met with a Repulse.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THIS is the Anniversary Day of my Nativity; which I celebrate not, as others do on such an Occasion, with Mirth and Revelling, with Musick and Songs. My Chamber is not perfumed with the Incense of *Arabia*, nor with any extraordinary Odours: Neither is it adorned with Flowers, Laurel, or the Branches of green Trees. I am not at the Expence of costly Oils to burn in a Multitude of Lamps, and make joyful Illuminations, as at a Feast. Such pompous Vanity I leave to those who, perhaps, have more Reason to be merry in this Life, than the thoughtful and pensive *Mahmut* can find out.

On the other Side, I spend not this Day in extreme and fruitless Mourning: But, retaining an Indifference of Mind, I consecrate it to the Service of my Reason and Contemplation; which are the only Things considerable in mortal Man.

From the Minute that I first awakened this Morning, I have been pondering on myself and Human Nature. I suffered my anxious Thoughts to start back beyond the Hour of my Birth, reflecting on the Imprisonment I suffered in my Mother's Womb, which yet I cannot in the least remember. And this is the Case of all Men. We know not how we came into this open World of Light from that Region of
Darkness;

Darkness; nor that ever we were so shut up, but as we are told by our Parents; and common Experience confirms us, that this is the Lot of all Mortals. How then shall we be able to discover what State we were in before our Conception? Whether we were in the Rank of Things which have Existence, or whether we were not hid in the Womb of Nothing? I tell thee this Thought has filled me with great Inquietudes. I am restless to know my own Original. I would fain be informed if that which they call the Soul be a Substance distinct from the Body, or only a finer Part of Matter, a Quintessence of the Elements. If it be distinct, as I have Reason to believe, it would be a singular Happiness to be satisfied where it was, before united to this Machine of Flesh and Bones; and whether that Union be voluntary or forced; For I must profess myself to be altogether in the Dark as to these Scrutinies. Sometimes I join with the *Platonists*, and conclude all human Souls to be Particles of the Divine Nature, Beams of the eternal Sun: And, that although our Light be now obscured and veiled under this Cloud of earthly Matter, yet we have formerly shined with an undiminished Splendor, when only embodied in the clearer Air, or more refined Substance of the Sky. Perhaps, I think, for some Errors committed in that superior State, we are sent down into these Bodies, as into Prisons, for our Punishment. Then I am vexed at the fatal Dulness of my Memory, that retains no Idea of my past Condition.

At other Times (for like all Mortals I am subject to Change) I embraced the Doctrines of *Pythagoras*, which, thou knowest, are generally entertained all over the *East*: And, believing the Transmigration of Souls from one living Creature to another, I cannot be certain but that I have been an Elephant, a Camel, or a Horse; or, perhaps, some more contemptible Animal: And for aught I know I have undergone

ergone all the various Kinds of Metamorphosis that
Ovid mentioned.

However, be it how it will, I see no Grounds to
 make any extravagant Solemnity on the Account of
 my being born to what I am now, that is, a Man:
 for I think we are the only Spectacle of Folly and
 Misery among all the Creatures of God.

We boast of Arts and Sciences; yet the wisest of
 Mortals are always most sensible, That they know
 nothing. One Man builds a stately House, a Place
 of Repose and Refuge for himself and his Family;
 another cometh and pulls it down, demolishing the
 only standing Monument of his Brother's Prudence,
 rather of his Folly, who, perhaps, consumed the
 greatest Part of his Estate in that costly Fabrick:
 Whereas, among all his Sciences, had he but learn-
 ed to Know Himself, an humble convenient Cottage
 would have served his Necessities during his short
 life, and so he might have avoided the Stroke of
 Envy.

I tell thee, my Friend, I cannot build Altars to
 Fortune, nor adore the external Pageantry of the
 Rich and Great. I equally hate to be flattered my-
 self, as those who invite their Friends to solemnize
 their Birth-Day.

Yet in thus contemning external Honour I do the
 greatest Reverence to myself, whilst I preserve my
 Reason free from being violated or prophaned by
 Polish Customs.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon,
 of the Year 1674.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R VI.

To the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to
the Grand Signior.

SOMETIMES we seem to be asleep here in this City for want of News. But of late we have been rouzed by Post upon Post: Some bringing Intelligence of the Surrender of *Stenay* to the *French* King; others of the Revolt of *Barcelona* from the *Spaniards*. But that which is of freshest Date, and for which all the Streets of *Paris* are this Night illuminated with Bone-fires; is the Relief of *Arras*, where the *French* have obtained a glorious Victory. The Number of the Dead is not yet known, but said to be very great. And it is certain the Victors have taken above Seven Thousand Prisoners, Sixty Cannon, Five Thousand Waggon, an equal Number of Horses, with all the Plate and rich Furniture of the Prince of *Conde*, Arch-Duke *Leopold*, *Francis* of *Lorraine*, and the other Grandees of the *Spanish* Army. In fine, the *French* are Masters of the Town and of the Field, and all *Flanders* appeareth now too little to hold them.

These continual Successes redound much to the Establishment of Cardinal *Magarini*, who now seemeth above the Stroke of Misfortune or Malice. Yet no Man can call himself happy until the Hour of his Death, which alone releases us from all human Miseries.

Some Days ago I received a Letter from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, which informeth me of the Death of the *Roman* King, and of several Prodigies which were seen before, and about the Time of his Departure.

When he was first taken sick, there arose a violent Tempest of Wind, which blew down the Crofs from
one

ne of the Churches. After this followed a terrible earthquake, that shook the whole City, threatening to remove its Foundations. Moreover an old Eagle, Domestick of the Imperial Palace, and that had lived there many Years, took Wing, the Day before the King's Sickness, and flew quite away. Then the Bells of the Imperial Chapel rung thrice, of their own accord, in the Space of Twelve Hours. Thus the *Jew* assureth me is true. There are additional Reports of strange Apparitions that were seen about *Vienna*, during the Sickness of this Prince, as of a Funeral Procession, after Midnight, through the Courts of the Palace; and of a Shower of warm blood, that fell at Noon-Day, in the Streets of that City. But these I have only from the Mouth of common Fame, which, thou knowest, does not always speak Truth.

I desire thee, and all the Ministers, to make Distinction between those Passages which I ascertain and the doubtful Relations of the Multitude. In these Cases Men are prone to Superstition, and love to be the Authors of portentous News. But thou mayest believe what the *Jew* relateth; for he never affecteth to be fabulous.

It would tempt one to ask, What strange hidden Power produceth these unusual Signs? Whether we Mortals are under the Custody of invisible Beings, who teach the Elements, and other Creatures, to utter the future Events of Fate? Or whether all these Things, which appear so strange and surprizing, be not mere Casualties; Accidents of Nature happening of Course, and only made remarkable by their timing? Who knoweth but that the voluntary ringing of the Bells might proceed from the Motion of the Tower where they hung, during the Earthquake? Or, Why need we wonder that a Cross or a Crescent should be blown down from the Top of an high Minaret, by a violent Tempest of Wind?

These

These Things appear to me as natural as for the Rain to lodge all the Corn in the Fields; or for a Storm to tear up the Trees by the Roots; overturn Houses, and commit a Thousand other Violences. Neither do I perceive any Thing worth Admiration in the Flight of the Eagle. Perhaps some royal Caprice sprung in the Head of that King of Birds, which he never felt before. There is nothing of Prodigy in all this, but only because it happened at such a critical Juncture. Had it been at another Time, no Body, perhaps, would have taken Notice of it, any more than they do of Earthquakes at *Naples*, which are common in that Country, where the Earth is very hollow, being made so by Veins of continual burning Sulphur. They have felt several in that Kingdom within these Two Moons, as also at *Rome*; but no great Hurt has been done.

Nathan informs me also, that the *Venetian* Ambassador at *Vienna* hath distributed great Sums of Money, in Token of his Joy, for the late Victory that Republick obtained against the *Mussulmans*. This appears to me a real Prodigy, that the *Ottomans* who are invincible by Land, yet still come off with Loss at Sea.

Queen *Christina* of *Sweden* is expected here before long. She came to *Antwerp* in the Habit of a Man, which occasions Variety of Censures. The *French* call her the Learned Amazon, she being well versed in many Languages and Sciences. They extol her Virtues and Perfections, styling her the Phoenix of the Age. All the *Western Nazarenes* are devout Admirers of Women: And one of their famous Sages, whom they call *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, wrote a select Treatise in Praise of that Sex; wherein he endeavoureth to prove that they are more excellent and noble Creatures than Men. But he would find few Profelytes in the *East*.

'Tis certain, there have been very famous Women in all Ages, and it would be Envy in Men to deny them their due Praise. Such was *Dido*, Queen of *Carthage*, the *Roman Lucretia*, the *Sybils*, *Theana*, *Pythagoras's* Wife, with his Daughter *Damo*, *Sappho* the Poetess, with innumerable others, both of *East* and *West*, renown'd for their Virtue, Learning, or Valour in the Wars. But it does not follow, that they therefore surpass Men.

Let us keep the Rank in which GOD and Nature have placed us, without being churlish or effeminate. And this is the best Way to get and retain the Esteem of that nice Sex, who hate a Clown and despise a Coward.

Paris, 30th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VII.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Customs at Constantinople.

THOU art he to whom I can unmask: With others I converse (like our Women in *Turkey*) under a Veil. When I write to the *Grande*es of the *Porte*, 'tis necessary for me to dissemble many Things; and to feign some, that I may be credited in others, and not be suspected in all. But with thee I use no Artifice or Disguise: Thou hast a kind of natural Right to my secret thoughts beyond the Claim of a Brother. I owe thee an entire Confidence on the Score of Friendship; and I seem to wrong my self, when I conceal my Sentiments from thee. For, Besides the Tie of Blood, we were Partners together in the Adventures of Youth: and the

the mutual good Offices that pass'd between us fasten'd our Affections with stronger Bands than those of our Birth. Nor were we so unhappy as to suffer the little youthful Emulations, which are common between Sons of the same Mother, to stifle the more solid and generous Efforts of real Love. Our Friendship grew up with our Years, cemented by Interest as well as affection; and I esteem *Pesteli*, but my self, in another Figure. If thou hast the same Regard to me, I am happy. Let us continue to cherish this noble Passion. The least Coldness or Reserve now would appear to me more hateful than a Divorce, more terrible than Death.

'Tis but reasonable, that among the many Services our Great Master claims at our Hands, we should employ some of our Time and Care on ourselves. We owe the Sultan much, but both He and We owe Nature more, without whose Bounty and Providence, We had never had the Honour, nor He the Profit of our being in his Debt. He is more deeply engag'd in Fortune's Tally than We; but in the Accounts of Nature we are all equal. She is the universal Creditor of Mankind. We are indebted to her for all we have; yet, methinks, nothing so much enhances our Score, as the ill Menage of Time: In that we still run in Arrears, whilst the hasty Minutes pass forward, never to be revok'd: and yet we neither lay hold on 'em in their Flight, nor so much as imprint on any of them the least transient Mark of Vertue and Wisdom. Thus our Lives slide away without Profit, till the last Sand tells us, *We are Bankrupts; Nature will not trust us with a Moment longer.*

'Tis Time therefore, dear Brother, for Thee and Me, to look about us; and since 'tis impossible for us to make a full Payment, let us at least compound with Nature, and, getting an Acquittance for what is past and irrecoverable, let us be sure to cancel the re-

remaining Part of the Score, by a wise Improvement of every Minute.

Think not that *Mahmut* is persuading thee to turn Dervise, or to bestow all thy Time in Prayers: Such rigorous Devotion is not consistent with the Life of a Man in thy Station. But, permit me, dear *Pesteli*, to counsel thee not to build Altars to Fortune, and consecrate all thy vacant Hours to her Service. I am told, thou art grown a great Gamester, not only at the Polemick Traverses of Chess, but also at Plays of Hazard: The former of the Two is the most innocent, yet 'tis too intricate and puzzling, deserves the Name of Business, rather than of Recreation: It commits a Rape on the Mind, whilst it requires as much Attention and Abstractedness of Thought, as would deserve to trace out the Conduct of a Battle or a Siege. But the latter have a far worse Influence on our Passions, by exciting us to immoderate Desire, Hope, Joy, and Grief, for mere Trifles, the uncertain Products of Chance. Therefore are they forbidden by our Holy Prophet. And 'tis not to be numbered among the Commendations of a Mussulman, to be dextrous at managing the Cards and Dice.

When thou art disposed to unbend thy Mind, I would rather counsel thee to use some healthful Exercise; such as may ventilate thy melancholy Blood. Our Fathers were wont at such Times to divert themselves with Bows and Arrows, Hunting, Wrestling, and the like Manly Pastimes; thus making their private Recreations subservient to the Publick, whilst they sported themselves into the Discipline of War, and inured their Bodies to Labour, even at those Hours, when their Minds sought Rest.

What! though *Claudius Cæsar* devoted himself to Gaming with Dice, and wrote a Book in Praise of his Folly. What! tho' *Domitian* the Emperor, and *Theodorick* King of the *Goths*, spent whole Nights and

Days in this unprofitable Play ? Thou hast not read or heard of such Examples among the Renowned Sons of *Ottoman*. Our Glorious Sultans were never vacant to these Fooleries: And, if they had, their Practices cannot justify a Subject's Imitation. Neither would'st thou be so in Love with Gaming, didst thou consider what unhappy Destinies have commonly attended the Votaries of Fortune. Whole Estates have been squandered away at Dice in a Night, Families ruined, and the Gamester himself imprisoned in the Morning. He that Yesterday was Master of great Possessions, and a Companion for Princes, by the Effects of this accursed Vanity, has bereav'd himself of All, and is To-day become the Scorn of Beggars.

The *Chinese* are so bewitch'd with Love of Gaming, that when they have lost all their Stakes, they pawn themselves, their Wives and Children; which, if the Fortune of the Dice turn against them, become all Bond-slaves to the Winner. Here is a Dervise in this City of the Order of the *Jesuits*, who lately came from *China*. Among other learned Men, I sometimes converse with him. He relates many pretty Passages of that People; but one is tragical, whereof he himself was an Eye-Witness.

He says, That in the Province of *Queintong*, a certain Nobleman who had served in the Wars, and acquired great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbours who likewise had been a Captain, and much in Favour at the Court. Their Emulations carried them to many ill Offices, and at last to open Defiance. The Emperor being made sensible of the Hatred that was between these two Officers, and being unwilling their Fury should precipitate them to the Ruin of each other, became himself an Arbitrator of their Quarrel; laying his Commands on them, to embrace and eat together, which is an assured Token of Reconciliation and Friendship in that Country.

Country. They obeyed the Will of their Sovereign. But sitting up late one Night at Dice, it was the Captain's ill Fortune to lose all he had to the Nobleman. Mad at his unlucky Chance, and in Hopes to retrieve his Loss, he sends for his Wife and three young Sons, who with himself he pawn'd to the Nobleman for a considerable Sum of Money, and fell afresh to play: But Fate was his Enemy; he lost All. Whereupon in Despair he stabs his Wife and three Children, and lastly falls on his Sword; glorying, that he and his Family should thus escape a hated Captivity to his old Enemy.

Tell me, dear *Pesteli*, hadst thou seen this Tragedy, would it not have made thee resolve against Gaming during thy Life? Assuredly, our Holy Prophet frowns from his Paradise on those who violate his Laws. He knew our Passions, and which were the most dangerous; therefore he prohibited such Things, as are most likely to betray us to Violence, and an incurable Disorder. If thou wilt acquit thyself a good *Mussulman*, thou must not leap over these Prohibitions, accounting them small and indifferent Trifles. Remember the Saying of the Holy Doctor, and Leader of the *Mussulman* Armies, the chaste *Osman*, *A little Spark will set a whole City on Fire*. And the Roman Satyrist has observed, *That no Man becomes wicked all at once*. Think then with thyself, 'tis for this Reason the Messenger of GOD has forbid Gaming to the True Faithful, not as a Thing in itself naturally Evil, but only morally, so as it is a Step to the greatest Vices. For whilst we captivate ourselves to Chance, we lose our Authority over our Passions. We stand or fall at the uncertain Cast of the Dice. We are Slaves to the feeblest Wishes; which if they succeed not, we grow Furious, Profligate, and Impious. Banning all Prudence, Temperance, and Justice, we become Impudent, and fit for the blackest Crimes.

Take not in ill Part the wholesome Admonition of a Brother, who manifests his Love in thus reproving thee without Flattery. Use the same Freedom when thou hearest I am guilty of any unnecessary Vice: For the publick Service turns some Vices into Virtues.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VIII.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

I Believe thou hast a Mind to try my Temper, to make an Experiment upon me, and see whether I'm Proof against thy Anger: Else, why should *Kenan Bassa's* Business be reviv'd again, after it had been buried above these four Years? I examine not what mighty Interest thou hast in that Officer, that thou afresh espoudest his old Quarrel, as if it were thy own. Thy Affairs are best known to thyself. But let me tell thee, 'twill not redound much to thy Credit to be found partial. I honour thee with all the Devoir that is due to a Minister in thy Station, and with something more, for the Esteem a Man has for his Friend is singular and beyond Ceremonies: But still he owes some Regard to himself. Self-preservation is rooted in the Center of our Nature; and few will be knowingly complaisant to their Ruin. I am puzzled what to think, or how to write, thy last Letter has put me into such a Hurly-burly. A Thousand Imaginations, like Whirlwinds, tear up my most solid Thoughts by the Roots. I'm in as wild a Condition as a Man in an Earthquake, leaping this Way and that Way, yet knows not where to fix his Foot in Safety.

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If I persevere in calling thee Friend, perhaps thou wilt accuse me of Presumption. If I change my Stile, and suppose thee under another Character, Ingratitude will be said to my Charge. To vindicate my Actions will be interpreted Obstinacy; and to own myself in the Fault will be counted Weakness: Nay, all the World will call me Fool, in condemning myself for Things, whereof I never was Guilty. What shall I do in this Case? I am naturally Thoughtful and Melancholy. The Words that spring from Resentment cleave fast to my Mind, and breed a Thousand Inferences. My busy Apprehension extracts Menaces out of the most artificial Expressions. I look on myself as marked out for a Sacrifice one Time or other. The Will of Destiny be done, early or late: I will not go out of my Road to avoid it: Since it is but ill Husbandry of Time to borrow it from the ineffable Joys of Paradise, to multiply a few Days or Years of a miserable Life on Earth.

As for the Treasurer, and the rest of my Accounters, let them know, that I will persevere in doing my Duty to the Grand Seignior, without warping to the Right-hand, or to the Left, for Fear or Favour.

But if my Private Agency in these Parts meets with Rubs and Checks for Want of Money, let the Blame rest on those, whose Charge is to supply me with what is necessary for a Man in my Station: For, henceforward, *Mahmut* will be reproached no more for demanding his Pension.

Think not it is an easy Thing for a Man to be always a Counterfeit, and never to have his Mind unbent; to act two contrary Parts at the same Time, to be true and False; a *Mussulman* and Servant of the Grand Seignior in Reality; a Christian and Subject of *France* in Appearance. My Soul is perpetually stretched upon the Rack of watchful Thoughts, and busy Invention, lest by some improvident Word or Deed

my Disguise should fall off, and I appear in my naked Colours.

'Tis but Reason therefore, that whilst this vast Solitude takes up all my Faculties, the Care of my Substance should rest on those who employ me. Let not the Ministers of the Benign *Porte* be peevish at me without a Cause: for I imprecate, Serene Grandee, That God would split my Soul in Ten Thousand immortal Splinters, if ever I betray my Trust. But needless Suspicion would tempt a Man to Treachery.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER IX.

To the Venerable Musti.

THE Pope has been sick for a considerable Time, and 'tis now strongly reported he is dead. They talk of an Express that is come to the Chancellor of *France*, to certify him of it, and to consult about the next Election. But this is not credited here; being only look'd upon as a *Roman* or *Spanish* Artifice, to sound the Inclinations of this Court beforehand; that so they may be able to countermine the *French* Interest, when the Pope shall really die. And 'tis not expected he should live long, being of a great Age, and worn out with Cares and Sickness.

'Tis certain he has made his Will, wherein two Millions of Gold are given to the Treasury, founded by his Predecessors, to serve the Church in its extreme Necessities. But 'tis a Thousand to One, if some future Pontiff, succeeding in that Chair, do not, in his unerring Judgment, interpret his own personal Occasions, or those of his Nephews, to be the extreme Ne-

Necessities of the Church ; and then all this huge Mass of Wealth is entirely gone.

He has likewise bequeathed large Legacies to his Sister-in-law, whom they call *Donna Olympia*, and to others of his Relations and Creatures. And 'tis thought this Lady will more than doubly pay herself, having the Management of all his Affairs. Indeed, during his Reign, it may be said, the whole *Roman Church* was governed by a Woman : For this Prelate would never do any Thing without her Advice.

She was born of an obscure Family, but is a high Spirit, ambitious of Rule, and a Person of great Abilities : Extremely covetous and subtle ; turning and winding all Events to her own Profit. All Preferments were at her Disposal : She sold Bishopricks, Abbies, and other Ecclesiastical Dignities, at her own Rates, and to whom she pleased. In fine, Who-soever had any Business with the Pope made their Addresses to her ; by which Means she hath heaped together a prodigious Treasure, and is esteemed the richest Lady in *Europe*. 'Tis thought, she would have sold even the *Pope*, and *Rome* itself, the Capital Seat of the *Christian Empire*, rather than refus'd a proportionate Offer of Gold, could she have met with a Chapman to her Mind. This would have been a Merchandise fit for the Grand Seignior, were it not reserv'd as a Prize for the victorious Arms destin'd to conquer all Things.

The *French* seem mightily concern'd for the Tragedies acted in *Poland* by the *Muscovites*. 'Tis affirmed, That they have taken the Town of *Vitebsko* by Storm (putting Men, Women, and Children to the Sword) with divers other Cities, and Places of Strength : And that they have laid in Ashes all the Towns and Villages round about *Smolensko* ; so that there is Nothing to be seen but Ruin and Desolation, for above an Hundred Miles round that City ; which also is now closely besieg'd by the Forces of the *Czar*.

If these Northern Infidels go on, and make such bloody Work where-ever they come, they will in a short Time over-run and dis-people all *Europe*. But 'tis to be hoped the *Tartars*, who are lately entered into a League with *Poland*, will put a Stop to the cruel Victories of the *Muscovites*, and chastise the Treason of the *Cossacks*, who join with them contrary to their Faith given to the King of *Poland*.

They say, four *Grandees* of *Tartary* are arrived as Hostages at *Warsaw*, and as many Lords of *Poland*, are sent on the same Errand to the Court of the *Cham*; who, as farther Evidence of his Integrity, has released all the *Polish* Captives in his Dominions, and sent the Ambassadors of the *Cossacks* home, without their Noses and Ears, as a Mark of his irreconcilable Indignation at their Infidelity.

In the mean while, I am extremely afflicted to hear of our continual Losses by Sea. They say here, that above Six Thousand *Mussulmans* were killed in the late Fight in the *Hellepont*; and that we have lost Sixteen Gallies, besides Ships of War. That, Element one would conclude, is fatal to the *Ottoman* Empire. Neither have we had much better Success by Land this Campaign. Yet *Cbusaein*, the Vizier *Azem*, and General in *Candia*, has performed very Heroick Things. To speak impartially, and give due Honour to our Enemies, the *Malteses*, *Venetians*, and *French*, have not been wanting in any Point of Bravery. Which also redounds to the greater Honour of the *Mussulmans*, in that they drew their Sword against the Flower of *Christendom*, and not against Owls and Pigmies. Such are the *Persians*, when we encounter 'em; for either they dare not endure the Lustre, and stand the Brunt of our Invincible Arms; or if they do, they sink under their first Shock.

When I name these Hereticks, I spit on the Ground in Detestation of their Errors: For they are worse than the *Zindicks* and *Giafers*. I have more Charity
for

for a *Christian* or a *Jew*, than I have for these Vermin of the Land. In fine, I wish they were extirpated from the Earth; and that they may, after this Life, be either metamorphosed into Hogs, which Creature, thou knowest, is an Abomination to all good Men and Angels (and they already resemble it in their Uncleaness) or else that they may become the Asses of the *Jews* in Hell, to carry their Burthens for a Thousand Ages.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER X.

To Pesteli-Hali, his Brother, Master of the
Grand Seignior's Customs.

THE God of our Fathers grant thee as much Joy every Minute of thy Life, as I feel at this Instant. Wilt thou know the Occasion of this unusual Transport? I hardly believe myself, when I tell thee of an Adventure, the most surprizing that ever happened to me since my Arrivel in this City. And perhaps thou wilt think I romance in relating it: But assure thyself, that of a Truth *Oucomiche* our Mother is at this Time in *Paris*, with our Cousin *Isouf*.

May a Thousand soft Passions thrill thy Heart, when thou readest this News, as they did mine, when at my Chamber Door I first saw, and knew the Face of her that bare me, after I had given her over for Dead long ago; for I had heard no Tidings of her these eleven Years. Good GOD! so strange and unexpected a Sight, had almost dismantled my Senses, those Out-works of the Soul. For a while I stood still, astonish'd and trembling with Ecstasie, I was not presently satisfy'd, Whether I beheld a
Mortal

Mortal, or the Ghost of one: For they say, these appear in the same Forms as they bore when alive. Neither Age nor Travel, with all other Infirmities and Crosses of Human Life, had so altered her Complexion, but that I easily discerned manifest Features, Lineaments, and Air of my Mother. I concluded therefore, it must be she, or her Apparition, if there be any such Things.

These were my first Thoughts, in that Waking Trance: but her Voice and Address soon put me out of Doubt; when, impatient to see me stand like one Thunder-struck, she ran to me with open Arms, and Tears of Joy in her Eyes, crying out with a Tone and Affection peculiar to Women, *Art thou alive my Son Mahmut? do these Eyes see thee, or am I in a Dream?*

For my Part, I was as much upon the Rapture as she, and hardly knew how to deport myself, or what to say or do. Yet the Fear I was in, lest some body in the House should over-hear us, and make ill Consequences of this passionate Interview, taught me a Lesson of Moderation and Prudence. Wherefore I beckoned to her to suppress her Passions, and converse by Signs, as the Custom is at the Mysterious *Porte*. Those silent Expressions of our mutual Love, Joy, and Admiration, were not less significant, because not cloath'd in Words. Thou knowest there's Eloquence enough in this mute Language. And I was jealous of Words, lest some inquisitive Soul might understand us, though we conversed in *Arabick*.

After our first Endearments and Tendernesses were over, in which my Cousin *Isouf* also had his Share, (for we were all reciprocally overjoyed to see one another in this Nest of Infidels) I began to consult the Safety of us all Three, in providing convenient Lodgings for my Mother and Kinsman. In order to this, we made a Visit to *Eliachim* the Jew, who entertained us at a Banquet, after the Fashion of the
East.

East. We advis'd with that honest *Hebrew* about our Affairs, I having made frequent and sufficient Proof of his Fidelity and Friendship. In fine, he took them both into his House, under the Notion of *Greeks*, his Acquaintance; judging this the securest Way to prevent any Discovery, or even the least Suspicion of our Circumstances. They have continued there these five Days, and their Character hath not been questioned by any. I visit them daily, and we pass away many Hours in recounting the different Adventures of our Lives, in discoursing of our Friends in *Arabia*, *Greece*, and other Parts of the World, and in concerting the best Methods to serve one another, until Death shall divide us from ourselves, as well as from our Friends, and rank us in the List of invisible Beings, whose State and Quality we know not.

Well, but all this while, I believe thou art impatient to know what Motive of their own, or Turn of Fortune, drove them into so remote a Region as *France*, a Country inhabited by none but *Infidels*: Shall I tell thee in a Word? 'Twas Love, on her Part, and the Desire of Novelty, on his.

Our Cousin *Isouf*, from his Childhood, felt powerful Inclinations to travel: Which encreas'd with his Years, and were much heighten'd by his Converse with *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Franks*, and some *Mussulmans* at *Constantinople*, who had seen many Foreign Countries both in the *East* and *West*.

The Relations they made of the Curiosities they had seen, and of their own Adventures, fir'd his youthful Blood, and he form'd a Resolution to depart with the first Convenience from *Constantinople*, and visit all the Regions in the World, if his Life and Health would hold out. I formerly acquainted thee, that he survey'd the greatest Part of *Asia*: Since which he set forth again; and having finished his Travels in that Quarrer of the World, he bent
his

his Course for *Africk*; where he visited *Egypt*, *Barbary*, the Empire of *Morocco* and *Fez*, with that of the *Æthiopians*, and many other Regions under the *Torrid Zone*, too tedious for me, at this Time, to mention particularly, because I write in Haste. Hereafter I shall give thee a more particular Account of his Observations, &c. wherein thou wilt find, that *Isouf* hath not altogether lost his Time.

At length, having satisfied himself with whatsoever he thought worthy to be seen or known in that *Southern Tract*, he parted from *Fez*, with a Design to see *Europe*. Some Bills of Exchange caused him to take *Grand Caire* in his Way, where he encountered my Mother. She, perceiving that he would take Shipping directly for *France*, resolved to lay hold on so favourable an Opportunity of seeing me once more before she died. Wherefore, imparting her Design to him, *Isouf* offered her his utmost Service. And having settled her Affairs at *Caire*, and packed up her Money, Jewels, and other Necessaries, they took the Road to *Scanderoon*, where they soon arrived; and putting themselves into the Habit of *Greeks*, *Isouf* also speaking pretty well that Language, and the *Lingua Franca*, they bargained with the Master of a Vessel then lying in the Harbour, and bound for *Marseilles*. He took them on Board, and, under the Protection and Favour of Heaven, they arrived safe at *Marseilles*, and are now in this City.

Yet, amidst all the Pleasure I conceive in the Presence of so near a Relation as a Mother, I am not without some Qualms of Fear, lest some unfortunate Occurrence should discover her to be no Christian: For then the Issue might prove dangerous both to her and me.

As for *Isouf*, he designs to tarry no longer in *Paris*, than to inform himself of what is most remarkable in this City, and to satisfy the other Ends of a Travel-
ler.

ler. From hence, after he hath visited the chiefest Cities of *France*, he talketh of travelling into *Flanders*, *Holland*, *Germany*, *Swedeland*, and the other Kingdoms of *Europe*. But for *Spain* or *Portugal* he has no Thoughts; either out of Fear of the Inquisition, which is very severe in those Countries, or out of an Aversion to those People, who expelled the *Moors*, of which he relateth very tragical Stories, which they told him during his Residence at *Morocco* and *Fez*. In a Word, he giveth this Character of a *Spaniard*, That he is a Mongrel, between a Man and a Devil. He likes the Company of the *French*, in regard they converse with a natural and unreserved Freedom, which becomes them very well. But he hath spoke with none but Travellers yet, who have been otherwise employed than in studying the artificial Disguise of Courtiers. If he sojournes the Space of three Moons in this Kingdom, he will find some of the *French* as affected in their Way as other People: He will encounter with a new Sort of *Frenchmen* in every Province. For *France* is a mere *Gallimaufry*, made up of the Fragments and Remnants of other Nations. They differ also in their Language, as well as in their Manners, one from another. So that the Inhabitants of *Gascoigne* and *Bretagne* can hardly be understood by those of *Paris* and *Blois*, with the adjacent Parts. The *Western* People are not curious in preserving the Dialect of their Fathers, but every Age introduces a Change in their Speech: Neither are they diligent in retaining their Genealogies: Whereas in the *East*, thou knowest, the Languages remain uncorrupted, the same now as they were two Thousand Years ago, or from the Confusion of *Babel*. The same Care we *Arabians* have of our Tribes and Families.

Son of my Mother, when thou readest the two enclosed, and shalt see the very Hand-writing of the dear *Oucomiche*, and *Isouf* our Kinsman, let thy Heart be like the Valley of *Admoim*, fragrant as a Grove
of

of Spices: For then thy Eyes will convince thee that what I write is Truth.

Paris, 22d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XI.

To Adonai, a Jew, Prisoner in the Tower
of Nona, at Rome.

THIS cometh to thee by the Hand of a trusty Friend: Give entire Credence to his Instructions. To say I am sorry to hear of thy Misfortune would but faintly express my Passion: It is not easily described in Words: I am as melancholly as an Antelope, when the *Sun* is in Conjunction with *Saturn*. This is a sad Sort of a Beast, that will neither eat, drink, nor sleep, during that dull Aspect.

In God's Name, how camest thou to be so free with thy Tongue among the *Romans*? Or what tempted thee to meddle with their Religion and Laws? Was it not enough that thou, and all the *Jews* in that City, had Liberty to frequent your Synagogues, and there curse the Christians in antiquated *Hebrew*? Must you needs rail at them in plain *Italian* too? And that over your Cups, when Men ought to be good-natured to all the World? Of what Import is it to you whether they be Idolaters or no, so long as they give you leave to adore one God, Creator of the Worlds? Or what signifieth it if they are guilty of ten Thousand Injustices and Follies among themselves, whilst you live quietly under their Protection and Government? *Adonai*, I am ashamed of the Immorality of those of thy Nation. I blush for your Ingratitude, Pride, and Malice. Surely if the *Nazarenes* did really believe what they profess, they would

would sacrifice you all to the Ghost of their *Messias* whom, they say, you crucified. They would not leave a *Jew* living in *Christendom*, but do their utmost to exterminate you from the Earth. I speak not this as my Wish; but only to upbraid your Impertinence and Vanity, in thus foolishly provoking those with whose Permission it is that you live and enjoy the Elements.

The Prophet *Moses*, your Law-giver, left you another Rule, a Lesson of Civility, when he said, 'Ye shall not blaspheme the Gods of the People.' Had thou and thy Companions obeyed this Precept ye might have been at Liberty: But it is bad falling into the Hands of the Inquisition. However, I am glad to hear that you are not transported to the Castle of *St. Angelo*; that would have been a tragical Remove at this Juncture. But now, as I am informed, not one of you is in Danger: For they say that all the Prisoners in *Rome* are, by Custom, released upon the Death of the Pope, except those who are in that fatal Fortress. And it is generally supposed the good old Caliph is no long-lived Man. For they never used to remove the Prisoners designed for Death until the Physicians are past all Hopes of the Holy Father's Life.

However, in regard there is no Certainty in human Affairs, but a perpetual Change and Circulation of Events; lest some unhappy Turn of Fortune should either now continue thy Restraint, or hereafter bereave thee of thy Liberty, I send thee here enclosed a Receipt of a Chymical Liquor, which may be of some Service to thee in the strongest Prison on Earth. It was revealed to me by my Mother, who learned it of an *Egyptian* Artist at *Caire*. Despise it not, because it cometh from a Woman's Hand; for I have made an Experiment of it, and find it effectual. It will render Iron as brittle as Glass. It is more powerful than the Water of the River *Styx*,
which

which no Vessel could hold but the Hoof of a Mule. After an Hour's Application thou mayest make the thickest Bars, Chains, and Bolts, fly in a Thousand Pieces, as if they were made of Porcelain.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou considerest the innumerable strange Inventions of Men, prying into the Secrets of Nature, and fortunate in their Searches. Above all, Chymistry hath brought to Light the greatest Prodigies of Art and Knowledge. This, mysterious Science was the peculiar Boast of the primitive *Egyptians*, from whence all other Nations learned it. And had not *Moses* himself been instructed from his Youth in all the Learning of *Egypt*, perhaps he would have been at a Loss when he calcined the Golden Calf, and gave the Dust to the *Israelites* to be mixed in their Drink, as the only Expiation of their Idolatry. Doubtless this Secret, among others, was transmitted down to those Times from *Philemon* the Good Priest, who was in the Number of them who escaped the Flood in *Noah's* Ark, and whose Grandson *Masar* was the first King in *Egypt* after the Deluge.

Philemon, the better to establish the State of his Offspring, revealed to them many hidden Things; taught them the Hieroglyphicks of the *Dgebel Pharan*, or the Pyramids, with all the Myseries of the *Talismans*, and the Chymical Preparations of *Moncatam*; the forcible Waters and Essences, Powders and other Ingredients, by which they made Marble as pliable as Wax or Clay. These Things he had learned of those who perished in the Flood: He retained the Wisdom of the Ancients, his Coevals and Predecessors, leaving the Rudiments of so profound a Knowledge to his Posterity as an invaluable Treasure, of which they could never be robbed. Thus Science became hereditary to the *Coptites*, who bear that Name from *Coptim*, the Son of *Masar*, the first King of *Egypt* since the Rainbow appeared in the Clouds,

Clouds. And it was from one of that Race my Mother learned that admirable Secret.

Trust not to Words, but try the Experiment. The Receipt will give thee all necessary Directions: Yet I counsel thee not to be big with it, like him who having found out the Art of making Glass malleable, or fit to be beat by the Hammer into any Shape or Figure, as the Silversmiths work their Metal, must needs go and discover his Secret to the Prince, expecting a great Reward: When on the contrary he lost his Head on the Spot; the Prince thinking it great Injustice that so many thousand People as got their Bread by making of common Glasses should be all ruined, to promote one Man's Profit and Advantage.

In fine, use this Secret to serve thy self, or the Cause thou art engaged in: But trust it not to another, unless on the same equal Terms as I commit it to thee, wherein the greater Hazard is thine in divulging it.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, once an Eunuch Page in the Seraglio, but now an Exile in Egypt, at Grand Caire.

WHEN I first heard of thy Banishment from the imperial Palace and City, think not that I was sad, or entertained the usual Sentiments of a Friend on such Occasions. No, I tell thee on the contrary I rejoiced (yet not with the Joy of an Enemy) at that seeming Misfortune, as knowing it
hath

hath delivered thee from a real One, in which, according to my Presages, all the Attendants of thy Mistress, the old Queen, were soon after involved.

Thou art obliged to *Bacchus* for that fortunate Calamity, which although it for a while eclipse thy Honour, yet was the only Means to save thy Life.

When I formerly sent thee an Account of my Imprisonment here, and how I was regaled by my Keeper at a Banquet of Wine; when in that Letter I played the Advocate for the Juice of the Grape, I little thought that thou wouldest ever make an Experiment of that Bug-bear Liquor: Although I know it is common, even in the Seraglio, to drink Wine privately, and chase away Melancholy, the constant Familiar of Restraint and Servitude, with generous Computations.

I am no Stranger to the counterfeit Sicknes of those who, for the Sake of this stolen Mirth, put themselves into the Infirmary, that they may there carouse with Freedom, and drink Healths to the Grand Seignior without Suspicion.

Were it not for the convenient Situation of that Apartment, and the Favour of the Bostangies, no Wine could find Admittance into the Seraglio, save what is for the Grand Seignior's Use. But now his Slaves drink it as merrily as he: And I am not sorry that thou art one of the Number. It is a groundless Superstition to refuse the Gift of divine Liberality, and deny ourselves the Use of that Plant, which was made to chear the Hearts of Mortals. Nay, our holy Traditions themselves and all our Doctors tacitly own that the Vine is allowable, and that it was saved among the rest of the Vegetables, by *Noah*, in the Ark: And that holy Prophet cursed the Devil for stealing it away. Perhaps the Story will not be unpleasant to thee.

When God commanded *Noah*, with his Companions, to descend out of the Ark in Peace, they built them Houses, and began to exercise Husbandry:

They

They sowed Corn and the Seed of other Vegetables: They planted also all Sorts of Trees; but when they came to look for the Vine it could not be found. Then it was told *Noah*, by the Angel, that the Devil had stolen it away, as having some Right to it. Wherefore *Noah* cited the Devil to appear before the Angel, in the Name of God, to answer his Theft. The Angel gave Judgment, that the Vine should be divided between them into three Parts, whereof the Devil should have Two, and *Noah* One; to which both Parties consented: Whereby it is evident that Man hath some Share in the Juice of the Grape. For this was the Decision of *Gabriel*, that when two thirds of the Liquor of this Fruit was evaporated away, in boiling over the Fire, the Remainder should be lawful for *Noah* and his Posterity to drink. And thou knowest we *Mussulmans* generally obey this Law in preparing our Wine.

Let the Devil therefore, in the Name of God, have his Share in this tempting Fruit, and then there can be no Injustice in enjoying our own Part. For when that which inebriates is separated, by Fire, from the rest, this Liquor becometh pure, holy, and blessed. This is the Sentence of the Ancients, the immediate Auditors of the Messenger of God, as is to be seen in the Manuscripts they left behind them; which although they are rare and difficult to be met with, yet such as diligently seek Wisdom shall not lose their Labour. *Abu Becre Eb'n Mahomet* hath taken great Pains to collect the Memoirs of Antiquity. He was a learned Doctor among my Contrymen of the House of *Sulpha* (may he rest under the Umbrellas of Paradise.) From him I had this Relation.

But tell me, my dear *Mehemet*, if thou knowest, how camest thou to be the only Man that had the good Fortune to be sentenced to this happy Disgrace? Or, if thou art ignorant, I will tell thee: For it seems the rest of the Company in that Night's Revel were discovered as well as thou, yet escaped all Censure.

sure. It looketh as if they were designedly reserved for Victims to a more inexorable Revenge. And the Event justifies this Conjecture, since, within the Circuit of the Moon, not only they, but all the surviving Creatures of the Sultana *Kiossem* were strangled.

Therefore, again I pronounce thee happy, and doubly blessed in being an Exile, since thereby thou hast escaped the Hands of the Executioner, and art now living in *Egypt*, the most fortunate Region on Earth. Ascribe this to thy propitious Destiny, and to the Favour of *Solyman Kyzliir Aga*; who, foreseeing the Slaughter that would be made of that old Queen's Servants, took this Opportunity to accuse thee to the Grand Seignior, that so he might save thy Life: For it was at his Intercession thou wert banished into this happy Province, which is called the Nurse of all Nations. Improve thy Exile to the best Advantage, and from this Nurse suck the Milk of Science, with which she hath formerly nourished the whole Earth. Be grateful also to thy Deliverer, for he is a trusty Friend, and unchangeable where he once places his Affection. He had a particular Kindness for thee. From him I received the News of thy Escape; for that is the proper Name of thy Banishment. Pour forth devout Oraisons for his Health and Happiness, since thou art in a Land where the Prayers of *Mussulmans* are as effectually heard, at some particular Places, as if they were uttered at the Tomb of the Prophet.

I counsel thee to visit the Prison of *Joseph*, which is in the Dungeon of the Castle of *Caire*. This is a Place of great Devotion among the Faithful, and hath been so in all Ages since the Death of that Patriarch. *Moses* the Prophet, of whom it is said, 'that he died in the Embraces of God,' made his Prayers in this Place; and so did *Aaron* his Brother, when they performed those Miracles in *Egypt*. *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* visited this Place, both he and his Mother

Mother (on whom are centered the Smiles of the Creator :) They there performed their Devotions when they fled from the Persecutions of *Herod*. So did the Prophets and Apostles, as many as were in *Egypt*, with all true Believers. Nay some of the Infidels themselves, having heard of the Renown of this Sanctuary, made their Addresses to Heaven there in Time of great Distress. For here Prayers are infallibly heard, especially if they be said after the Sun hath traversed the Meridian, when the wicked Demons are asleep, who walk abroad until Noon doing all the Mischief they can.

My Friend, when I think of the Region where thou art, I can hardly forbear envying thee. It is a Land of Prodigies and Miracles. It is the Support of Men, and the Granary of the World: Those who inhabit it are full of Complacency and Joy; and those who abandon it burn with a perpetual Desire to return. Its Rivers are clear, and the Waters sweet and rich as Wine; the Eye of God is upon it, who causes the *Nile* to flow at its accustomed Season; whence the Land is made fertile beyond all the Provinces on Earth: This *Nile* is one of the Rivers which God caused to descend from the Springs of *Paradise* on the Wings of *Gabriel*, and hath hid the Place of its Descent among the inaccessible Heighths of Mountains.

There are many strange Things related of the Land of *Alphiom*, and how it was first manured by *Joseph*, being, before his Time, but a Fen or Marsh. The Story also of *Hagar*, the Mother of all the *Ismaelites*, is not unpleasant; thou wilt find it in the Chronicles of *Egypt*: For she was an *Egyptian*, of the Family of the *Coptites*, and was bestowed on *Sarah*, the Wife of our Father *Ibrahim*, by *Charoba* the King of *Egypt's* Daughter. After she was dismissed from her Lady, she travelled to *Mecca*; from whence they sent a Dispatch to the King of *Egypt*, to acquaint him with her Affairs, and with the Birth of her Son

Ismael,

Ismael, imploring his Assistance, in regard she was in a Land barren of all Things. Then the King of *Egypt* caused a Canal to be cut from the *Nile*, at the Foot of the *Eastern Mountains of Egypt*, to the *Red-Sea*, and sent Vessels laden with Corn, Fruits, and all Manner of necessary Provisions, to *Hagar*.

If thou addressest to the Feet of the Doctors, the venerable Prelates of *Caire*, they will soon inform thee of more strange Things than these. It is a noble Exercise to contemplate the Kingdoms of the Heavens and the Earth; to search into their Wonders and Prodigies; to trace the Footsteps of ancient Nations, and the Traditions which know no Origin.

Mehemet, I am an Exile as well as thou: Let us continue our former Friendship in this State, and do one another all the good Offices we can. As for the Misfortunes of human Life, let us bear them with an equal Mind; for they will soon have an End, as well as we ourselves.

May God, who in the Time of *Gog* and *Magog* took up from the Earth the great Alcoran, and the Sheets of Science, the Black Stone, and the Shrine of *Moses*, with the Five Rivers, have thee in his holy Protection and Custody at the Hour of Evil, and at all Times.

Paris, 26th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THOU mayest report it to the Divan for a certain Truth, that the chief Mufti of the *Christians* is dead; which puts all the Courts in *Europe* upon new Strains of Policy.

He

He was called *Innocent X.* after his Assumption to the Papacy: For his true Name was *Pamphilio*. But some say it has been a Custom for the Popes to change their Names, even since a certain Priest was lifted to that Dignity, which was called *Bocca de Porco*, or *Hog's Face*. He, ashamed of this ignominious Name, as soon as he sat in the Chair of *Peter*, assumed the Name of *Sergius*. Yet all his Successors have not observed that Rule.

These Popes have an Authority greater than our principal Musli: For they are obeyed by Kings and Emperors. And being esteemed little less than Gods on Earth, they are solemnly adored on the Day of their Coronation, by all the Cardinals, Princes, Prelates, and foreign Ambassadors at that Time in *Rome*. And for that End they are seated on the Altar, which the *Nazarenes* call the Tabernacle and Habitation of their God.

If I mistake not in my Observation, these *Roman* Caliphs aspire at a Sovereignty over all Kings and Princes; they would make that which they call the Hierarchy, a superlative independent Monarchy, to which all the Governments in the World should pay Homage, and be subject.

This puts me in mind of a certain Preacher at *Naples*, who some Years ago, when *Adonai* the Jew was in that City, and happened to be present in the Church, having made a very elaborate Speech to persuade the People, that the Priests were superior to Kings: at length he broke out into this passionate Exclamation: "O ye Princes of *Christendom*, ye are *Pharaohs*, and we Priests are your Gods. O ye *Pharaohs*, obey your Gods. Ye can only command the Creature, but we make the Creator himself come down on the Altars, at our Pleasure." This Relation I had from the Jew, in his Travels through *Italy*. And it is asserted by some of their Doctors, "That the Pope has not only Power to ex-

“ communicate the greatest Prince on Earth, but
 “ also to pull a Saint out of Paradise, and send him
 “ to Hell.

If they could perswade the *Nazarene* Princes and People to believe they have such an exorbitant Power, perhaps in Time they might reduce them to as blind a Superstition as the antient Kings of *Egypt* were guilty of, who were so besotted to their Priests, that when he whom they call the Cater or Master of the Celestial Influences, commanded the King to kill himself, for that it was the Will of Heaven; the poor bigotted Monarch durst not dispute the Orders he had received, but in simple Obedience, became his own Murderer.

Those *Egyptian* Priests indeed were Masters of great Science, profound Astrologers, excellent Mathematicians, and perfectly skilled in the Secrets of Natural Magick. They performed Things transcending the more common and obvious Works of Nature: By which it was easy to strike a Terror into the Hearts of ignorant Mortals. But as for these *Nazarene* Priests, all that they can boast of is, that they have read the Histories of former Times; and are able to discourse in Philosophy and other Sciences, without having the Power to work any Prodigies: Unless thou wilt count it one, to keep so many warlike Nations in a servile Awe of their Authority, with the bare Pretence of turning a Piece of Bread into a God.

Yet for all this, there are many poor Prelates, and other Ecclesiasticks, who are invested with empty Titles, having little or no Revenues: Among which the Poverty of some is so remarkable as to become a Proverb. Thus it is common in the Mouths of the Romans to say, *The Pope's Mule fares better than the Bishop of Orvietto.*

Illustrious Bassa, live thou in the Faith of a *Myssulman*, and the Favour of the Grand Seignior;
 for

for in that State thou mayest despise the greatest of these Ecclesiastick Infidels.

Paris, 13th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Believe the Secretary of the *Nazarene* Affairs takes me to be a Conjuror, and thinks that I can divine of all the Changes and Alterations that happened at the *Porte*; or that I have some magical Glass, which represents to me the continued Series of remote Events, with all the Transactions of the Imperial Court, Camp, and City: Or else he would not be so late in his Dispatches, and send me such imperfect News. I am forced many Times to address my Letters by Guess, not knowing whether the Person to whom I write be in the same Station he was a while ago; or whether he be among the Living or the Dead: Whether I should direct my Dispatches to *Constantinople*, or to the *Elisian* Shades.

My Intelligence of the *Mussulman* Affairs is many times more owing to the *French* Merchants who trade in the *Levant*; or to the Expresses which come from Ambassadors residing at *Constantinople*, than to that Secretary, whose Care it ought to be, that I should be timely informed of whatever happens in the *Osman* Empire.

Surely *Kisur Dramelec* has some Design upon me, in-being always thus tardy and negligent. I scarce hear from him once in half a Year; whereas he is commanded by his Superiors, as well as mine, to write to me every Moon: And then he sends me such a lame Account of Things, such Fragments

and Scraps of News, that his Letters need a Comment to make them intelligible.

About four Years ago, I modestly taxed him with this Neglect, when I had Reason to do it in my own Vindication to *Minezim Aluph*, Bassa. But *Kisur* heard of it, and was very angry. He sent me a Letter full of Invectives, which I answered with a Kind of Indifference, mixing Raillery with my juster Resentments. How that worked on him I know not; but his Reservedness ever since makes me conclude that he studies Revenge; and that he takes this Method to accomplish it, by keeping me as much in Ignorance, as he dares, of the Changes and other important Occurrences at the mysterious *Porte*. He knows it would be a Crime, little less than capital, not to write to me at all: Such a wilful Contumacy would straight proclaim him a Traitor; since, among the other Instructions which were given him with his Commission, this Charge was none of the least, that he should send frequent Intelligence to all the Grand Seignior's Agents, whether publick or private, in the Courts of *Nazarene* Princes. He is sensible, that such a manifest Contempt of supreme Authority would absolutely ruin him. Therefore he goes more subtilly to work; for he writes, indeed, but very seldom; and then, with cunning Artifice, either quite conceals, or at least disguises the most considerable Transactions, only filling up his Letters with trifling Stories, and impertinent Relations, nothing to my Purpose; thinking by this Means to bring upon me the Displeasure of the Grandees, through the Mistakes I may commit for want of better Advertisement.

Be it how it will, I am strangely at a Loss sometimes what to think, or how to write to my Superiors, or what Sort of Conduct I should use in this Place, amidst so many various Reports as are continually spread abroad in *Europe* concerning the Affairs

fairs of the Seraglio, the shining City, and other Parts of this *Ottoman* Empire; whilst this *Kisur* still delays to ascertain me of any Thing.

I have been wholly a Stranger, till within these few Days, to the Fate of the Captain Bassa, who was strangled about a Year ago, for his Cowardise and ill Conduct against the *Venetians*. Neither knew I any Thing of the Adventure and Flight of his Sons. I was equally ignorant of the Succession of the Bassa of *Buda* in this important Command; and of many other Changes both by Land and Sea.

So at present here are a thousand Rumours stirring about one Thing or other in the *East*. Some say, that *Chusaein* Bassa is strangled, and that the Captain Bassa is made Vizier Azem in his Stead. Others report, that this first Minister was only deposed from that supreme Dignity, the Seals being taken from him; but that, nevertheless, he still continues to be General of the Sultan's Forces in *Candia*. A third Sort affirm, that he intended to turn Christian, holding a secret Correspondence with the Patriarch of *Jerusalem*, by whose Means, and a general Revolt of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and other Christians, under the Grand Seignior's Jurisdiction, he sought to betray the *Ottoman* Blood, and exalt himself to the Empire.

I am not willing to believe, that such monstrous Perfidy could enter into the Heart of that illustrious Hero; yet know not how to contradict it, for want of true Advice.

It is reported also, That Seignior *Apello*, the *Venetian* Barlo, or Resident at the happy *Porte*, has killed himself with a Poniard; being driven to Despair by his long Confinement, and the cruel Usage he had received from the *Mussulmans*. God knows whether it be true or no. It would be much to my Satisfaction to have a particular Account of all these Things, and of whatsoever else occurs worthy of Notice. For

how can I discharge my Trust, whilst I am thus kept in the Dark.

They talk here of a violent Plague that rages in *Muscovy*, and that above 200,000 People have died of it in the City of *Moscow* only, besides Millions that have been swept away in the Provinces of that vast Empire. Those that really know not themselves, nor are acquainted with their own Nature, will yet pretend to penetrate into the Councils of the Omnipotent, and pronounce this as a Judgment on the *Muscovites*, for the Cruelties they have committed in *Poland*. Doubtless, the Methods of Fate are inscrutable.

In the mean while we are plagued here with a Crew of Vagabonds, whom they call *Gypsies* or *Egyptians*: For they pretend to be descended from that Place. They swarm up and down the Country like Caterpillars, devouring the Fruits of the Earth. They boast of a profound Skill in Palmistry, Physiognomy, and other Sciences, cheating People of their Money, under the Notion of telling them their Fortunes. No Body knows from whence they come, or whither they go; for they are as uncertain as the Wind; a nasty Generation, and the very Burthen of the Land. If any Creatures be obliged to them, it is the Mice and Rats, with whom they seem to be in League: For they kill and eat all the Cats they seize on.

Illustrious Minister, I pray Heaven defend thee from all Sorts of Plagues and Vermin, but especially from Monsters in human Shape.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the same.

AS I am alive, these Gypsies have enchanted me; I cannot put them out of my Mind. And perhaps it will neither be impertinent nor troublesome to give thee a farther Information of them.

There are several Opinions concerning the Original of these Vagrants, and they have been thought worthy to be inserted into Histories. Some say, they came out of *Tartary* or *Scythia*, and that they first appeared in these Parts about the Year 1417, of the *Cristian Hegera*. At which Time they entered into *Saxony* in Troops, having the Passport of *Sigismund*, King of *Hungaria*, and Son of *Charles IV.* They had also the Recommendations of divers other Princes, who looked upon them as holy Persons or Prophets. For they pretended, that they were commanded by God to travel over the whole Earth, and not to have either Houses or Lands in their own Possession: And that this was enjoined them as a Penance to expiate the Sins of their Ancestors; who inhabiting *Egypt* in the Days of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, the *Christian Messias*, refused to entertain that holy Prophet and his Mother, when they fled from the Persecution of *Herod*.

Others are of Opinion, that they came first out of *Persia*, and are of the Race of those who adore the Fire: Being forced, once in seven Years, to make Decimations of their People, and send away many Caravans, to seek their Fortune in foreign Countries, *Persia* not being able to sustain their numerous Progeny.

A third Sort affirm, That they are the Posterity of the ten *Jewish* Tribes that were carried away Captives by *Salmanasser* King of *Assyria*. No Body

knows for certain what they are, or from whence. They are of swarthy Complexions, wrapt up in Mantles of Cotton or Wool. They speak seven Languages; profess three Sciences; obey one King or General; who always travels with them. The *Italians* call them *Cingari*, from a Word in their Language which signifies a Kind of Water-Fowl, that hath no certain Nest, but is forced every Night to seek a new Lodging: For so these Gypsies rove from Place to Place. The *Germans* call them *Zingener*, from the Word *Zindel*, which is the constant Appellative of the King of these Ramblers; as *Pharaoh* was of old among the *Egyptians*, and *Cæsar* among the *Romans*. In many Things they resemble the *Torlakins* and *Faquirs* of the *East*; boasting of extraordinary Illuminations, and a constant Familiarity with God: Though some learned Men among the *Nazarenes* esteem them no better than a Crew of Cheats and Hypocrites: Even as they do those *Oriental Santones*; who they say, under the Masque of an uncommon Holiness, commit a thousand Villainies.

God best knows what Judgment is to be made either of the one or the other. But these *Egyptians*, as they call them, whether they are really such or no, have no great Marks of Sanctity, in that they are very unclean. They seldom or never wash themselves, but, like the Swine, wallow in all manner of Filthiness, eating prohibited Meats, and having their Women in Common, which are the two Sources of all Impurity.

As to the *Faquirs* of the *East*, they are strict Observers of the Law of Abstinence and Cleanness; whether they be *Mussulmans*, or the *Gentiles* of *India*: And if in other Matters they may be found faulty, it is very rare: And then they exceed not the Character of Humanity, which thou knowest is by Nature prone to Error, and subject to a thousand Frailties and Oversights. We are all Men, and God does
not

not expect our Conduct to be that of Angels. His Repose is in himself; and if he takes any Complacency in the Things of the World, it is in beholding every Thing according to its Nature. The exquisite Form and Symmetry of a Bee, a Spider, or a Pismire, with the inimitable Architecture of the two former, and the admirable Providence of the latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much Delight as the most celebrated Beauty, Strength, Science, and Performances of Men. For his Power and Wisdom are equally manifest in all Things. Every Creature is perfect in its Kind, only a wicked Man is a Blot in the Universe.

Wouldst thou know what the Western Nazarenes are most busy about at this Time? It is the Election of a new Pope. He is to be chosen by the College of Cardinals, who are Princes of the *Roman Church*. They are all shut up in a Place which they call the *Conclave*. This is a certain Gallery in the Palace of the *Vatican* at *Rome*, where every Cardinal has his Cell or Apartment by himself, having only two Servants to attend him. The *Conclave* is surrounded by the *Roman Militia*, to prevent all Intercourse by Letters or other Ways, between those without and those within. The very Dishes which are served up at the Tables of the Cardinals are narrowly searched, lest any Letters should be conveyed in them. The last Posts from *Rome* assure us, that there were no less than 66 Cardinals thus shut up when they left that City. And there they must remain Night and Day, without taking the fresh Air, or seeing any Body, till they have agreed in their Election. There are two Physicians, a Surgeon, and an Apothecary, shut up with them, to serve them in Case of Sickness.

One of the *Conclave* is the Cardinal *de Retz*, who escaped out of his Prison in this Kingdom, and fled to *Rome* for Protection. From whence he sent a Letter to the Archbishops and other Prelates of *France*,

which, being pronounced a seditious Libel against the King and the Government, was, in the End of the last Moon, burnt publickly by the King's Order, and all Copies of it prohibited.

The King has also sent private Instructions to the Cardinals of his Party at *Rome*, to keep a strict Watch on the Conduct of *de Retz*, and to oppose him in all Things.

Here is nothing but Caballing and Intrigue among these Infidels; they are good at a Stratagem, and know better how to undermine one another, than to face their Enemies in the open Field; which is a Character more suitable to Women than Men. Whereas thou knowest, our Heroes in the *East* know no other Way to Honour, Victory, and Empire, than by downright Bravery and Resolution, subduing all Things by the Force of their Arms. But God, when he divided the Nations of the Earth, and separated the Sons of *Noah*, assigned to every one a different Constellation, according to whose Influence the Genius of each People is disposed. They all obey the Dictates of their particular Stars, and the Orders of eternal Destiny.

Therefore, sage Minister, since *Mars* is the Planet of the Sons of *Ismael*, and the *Ascendant* of the *Ottoman* Empire, there is no Need that we should turn Apostates from the Star of our better Fortune, to court the Glances of *Mercury*, who is only the Guardian of Knaves and Cheats.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1655.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

LET-

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, *Physician to the Grand
Seignior.*

FOrmerly I could have writ to thee with as much Freedom as I could to *Egri Boinou*, (on whom rest the Favours of GOD;) or as I can now to *Dgnet Oglou*, to my Brother *Pesseli Hali*, or to any of my familiar Friends. But when I consider the eminent Station thou possessest, in that the Health and Life of the mighty Emperor is now committed to thy Skill and Care, I am many times at a Stand how to address myself. Methinks thou art tinctured with the Majesty of that Personage, whose Hand thou so often hast the Honour to touch, when required to discover by the Beating of his Pulse the interior Maladies which afflict his Royal Soul. Yet I know thou still retainest thy Humanity

manity, and will not despise those whom thou hast once thought worthy of Friendship.

Suffer me then to converse with a philosophical Freedom, that is, in an Address void of Formalities and Reserves.

I know it is of no Import, whether *Mahmut* be sick or well, provided the Grand Seignior be served. What signify the languishing Pains, or more acute Agonies of a Slave, so long as he is able to carry on his Master's Interest? We are not born for ourselves only, but by the very Condition of our Nature are obliged to consecrate our Lives to the Service of others. It is a reciprocal Debt, from which no Mortal is free. Every Man owes something to his Relations, more to his Friends, but most of all to the Publick.

Therefore I make no Complaints of my Lot, nor murmur at the Will of Destiny. I accuse not the Stars of my Nativity, nor tax them with unkindly Aspects: But am contented with my Fortune, be it good or bad, and resigned to the Pleasure of Heaven.

As Nature has framed my Body infirm and weak, subject to a thousand Maladies; so is my Mind also harrassed with Distempers which have no Number. But above all, I labour under a Kind of intellectual Fever, a perpetual Thirst of Knowledge, which all the Books and Converse in the World cannot satisfy. There is no End of my Doubts and Scruples. Every Thing appears to me as ambiguous as the Answers of the *Delphic* Oracle: Nay, I am a perfect Riddle to myself.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, how I should cure this Dropsy of the Mind, and I will not trouble thee with the inconsiderable Diseases of my Body. I have a high Opinion of you Physicians: And shall put more Confidence in thy Advice, than in the Feffa of the *Musi*. Conceal not thy Art from *Mahmut*, who admires thee with a Respect equal to that which he
pays

pays to the Memoirs of *Avicen*, *Al Raza*, *Helaf*, and the rest of those excellent Physicians, mentioned in our *Arabian Histories*.

And now these Ornaments of our Nation are come into my Mind, permit them to divert me from saying, or thinking any more of myself at present: For it will be better to turn the Discourse to such illustrious Themes. At worst, it will be but an innocent Digression.

In perusing the Lines of those famous Men, I meet with some Passages which are very delightful. Perhaps thou hast seen the same. Yet it will do thee no Hurt, to call them again to thy Remembrance.

I have read in a certain Manuscript, penned by *Ibrahim* the Son of *Helab*, a renowned Physician at *Bagdat*, this Memoir of his Father. ' On a certain Day, says he, that my Father had administred
' Physick to the Emperor *Tuzan*, for which he was
' presented with a royal Vest, rewarded with Five
' Thousand Piaftres, and by the Emperor's Com-
' mand was carried through the Streets in State; I
' observed that he was pensive amidst all those Ho-
' nours, and troubled in Mind, when I thought he
' had greatest Reason to rejoice. Therefore I said
' to him, " My Father, how came it to pass, that you
' are thus dejected at a Time when all the World ex-
' pects to see you dissolved in Pleasure? He answered,
' " Son, he that has bestowed these Honours on me is a
' " Fool, and does things preposterously without Rea-
' son, and therefore I cannot rejoice at these untimely
' Favours he has shewed me, being sensible they are
' not the Effects of his Judgment, but of his Igno-
' rance. I gave him a cathartick Potion which
' worked so strongly with him, that it exoriated his
' Bowels and brought forth Blood. So that I was
' forced to use a different Method, both to remove
' his Distemper, and stop the violent Flux. In the
' mean while, he ignorantly believing, that the
' voiding

“ voiding of so much Blood, procured him the present Ease and Health he feels, therefore ordered these Honours to be done me which thou seest. Now that which saddens me is my Fear, lest some Time or other he may through his Ignorance commit as great an Error on the contrary Side, and suspect that I have done him an Injury, when there is no Ground for it, and so put me to Death.”

Tell me, my Friend, had not this Physician Reason for his Behaviour and Words? He was a Man of great Abilities, accomplished with divers Sciences, and in high Esteem with the Princes and Nobles of *Arabia*.

It were worth thy Pains to peruse frequently the Life of *Avicen*, written by himself, wherein thou wilt behold the Methods he used to acquire a profound Skill in the Sciences: How he was at first puzzled in the Metaphysics, and was almost driven to Despair, till a Dream unfolded to him whatsoever was difficult. When he was at a Loss in any Disquisition, he used to frequent the Mosques, and pour forth devout and fervent Oraisons to the Source of Intellectual Light, till the Thing was manifested to him. He sat up late at Nights, having a Lamp perpetually burning in his Chamber, applying himself attentively to Books and Contemplation. This was his Course, till he was consummate in all the Liberal Sciences, which was in the Eighteenth Year of his Age.

But of all the Physicians whose Names adorn our History, none seems comparable to *Thabet Eb'n Abraham*, for his Skill in exactly indicating the Causes of a Distemper by the different Measures of the Pulse. *Abul Pharai*, his Contemporary and Friend, writes thus of him; ‘ On a certain Day, says he, when I was with *Thabet Eb'n Abraham* of *Harrain*, in the House of *Abu Mobammed* the Vizir, *Abu Abdalla Ebno'l Hejai* the Poet being there also, reached forth his Hand to *Thabet*, desiring him to feel his Pulse. ‘ To whom

"whom the Physician forthwith replied, "Thou hast
 "used a gross Diet, and been intemperate in eating
 "four Milk with Veal." The other answering, that
 "it was true, and all the Company admiring: *Abu'l*
 "*Abbas* the Astrologer also reached forth his Hand.
 "But when *Thabet* had felt his Pulse, "Thou, said he,
 "hast committed an Excess in taking too much of cold
 "Things; for, as I judge, thou hast eat about eleven
 "Pomegranates." Immediately *Abu'l Abbas* cried out,
 "This is a Prophet certainly, and more than a Phy-
 "sician, for he speaks the Truth to a Tittle." Every
 "Body was astonished at his wondrous Knowledge,
 "and I more than all the rest. Wherefore when I had
 "him alone, I said, "My dear *Thabet*, the Study
 "of Physick is common to us both; therefore hide
 "nothing from me, but discover freely by what Art
 "you were able to tell, that the Poet eat four Milk
 "with Veal, and not as with Beef or Mutton; and
 "that the Astrologer eat no more nor less than eleven
 "Pomegranates. He answered, My Mind suggested
 "this to me, and prompted my Tongue to utter it.
 "Then I desired him to shew me the Scheme of his
 "Nativity; which he did at his own House. And
 "considering it attentively, I observed, that the Pla-
 "net *Jupiter* was Lord of the Horoscope. Then I
 "said to him, "It is this speaks, my dear Friend, not
 "you, so often as you make these fortunate Conjec-
 "tures." Thus far *Abul Pharai*.

God knows whether the Stars have any such Influ-
 ence on Men in their Birth, or no. I am not very
 credulous in this Point. Nor can the Authority of
 the Antients, or the Character of the *Persian* and
Chaldean Magi captivate my Mind in an implicit
 Faith of Things so liable to Doubt. Who knows
 what the Stars are made of, or for what Ends they
 are created? Yet I must own, that some Men seem
 to be born with inherent Faculties, which others
 can never acquire with all the Art and Industry in
 the

the World. One Man is of a poetick Constitution; another is genially inclined to Physick; a Third excels in Mechanicks: Every Man has his peculiar Gift. And yet, perhaps, all this while, the Stars have nothing to do in the Matter. However, if there be any Truth in Astrology, the *Persians*, *Chaldeans*, *Arabians*, and *Indians*, seem to be the only Men of all Nations, constellated to understand this Science perfectly. One knows not what to think, amidst so many Appearances of Truth and Falshood. Nor can our Thoughts be of any great Import, be it how it will in these speculative Matters. At the Day of Judgment, we shall not be asked, what Proficiency we have made in Logick, Metaphysicks, Astronomy, or any other Science; but whether we have lived according to our Nature, as Men endued with Morality and Reason. In that Hour it will more avail us, that we have thrown a Handful of Flower in Charity to a Nest of contemptible Pismires, than that we could muster all the Hosts of Heaven, and call every Star by its proper Name. For then the Constellations themselves shall disappear, the Sun and Moon shall give no more Light, and all the Frame of Nature shall vanish: But our good and bad Works shall remain for ever, recorded in the Archives of Eternity.

If from this Manner of Writing thou shalt conjecture I am melancholy, and wilt also reveal the Causes and Remedy of this Distemper, thou shalt be more to me than a Thousand *Avicens*, *Helals*, *Thabets*, or all the Physicians and Astrologers of the East. For these Kind of Thoughts are mournful as the Shadow of Death.

Paris, 23d of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

L E T.

LETTER II.

To Afis, Bassa.

I Know not whether thou wilt praise or condemn the Sentence, which the Elector of Saxony pronounced not long ago on a poor Fellow for killing a Deer. Yet, because there is something very singular in it, I will relate the whole Passage, as I received it from *Nathan Ben Suddi*, the Jew at Vienna.

In the Moon of *Ghouval*, a certain Citizen of *Wirttemberg*, was accused before the Elector for hunting in his Forest, and killing one of his Deer. The Duke, in a Rage, commanded him to be set upon a Stag, his Hands chained to the Horns, and his Feet under the Belly of the Beast; ordering that the Stag with his Burthen should be let loose to run whither he would. The poor frightened Stag, not being accustomed to such a Load, and terrified with the rattling of the Chains, ran away full Speed over Hills and Dales, through Thickets of Briars and Thorns, never stopping till he had measured above three and thirty *German Leagues*; and then, tired with so vast a Race, he fell down. At which Instant, a Caravan was coming, by that Place out of *Silesia*.

The poor Wretch on the Back of the Stag, almost dead with the Pains he had undergone, in so continued and violent a Motion, being also surely bruised, and his Flesh torn and mangled by the Boughs of Trees, as the Stag rushed through thick Woods, cried aloud to the Caravan, begging that some of them would in Mercy dispatch him out of his Torments. But they, either for Fear of the Duke's Displeasure, or for other Reasons, refused him this Kindness. So that after the Stag had rested a while, and recovered new Spirits, he began a fresh Career; and

and never ceased running, till he arrived at a certain Monastery or Convent of Religious, where he beat against the Gate with his Horns, till some of the Dervises opened it, and let him in. They, astonish'd to see a Man thus pinioned to a Stag, his Face, Arms, Legs, and all his Body covered with Blood, and himself ready to expire, immediately brought him Cordials and other Refreshments, whilst some were employed in losing his Chains. But being informed by his own Mouth how he came into this Condition, they began to think of turning him loose again, for Fear of the Duke's Anger. However, suffering themselves to be overcome by the Importunity of the miserable Man, and relying on their Ecclesiastick Privileges, (for here in the West the Convents are generally allowed Sanctuaries for all Sorts of Offenders) they took him into their Protection: But he expired that Night.

It is hard to determine, whether the Duke, or these Dervises, were in the Right or Wrong: The *French*, who of late have by a Fashion learned to grow obdurate, justify the Proceedings of this Prince; saying, that Pity is a Passion fit only for Women, Children, and Fools. They esteem it a Mark of a great Spirit, a Mind capable of Empire, not to be moved with the Sighs or Tears of the miserable; but to frown or laugh at the Misfortunes of others. This, they say, is the only Method to harden Men for War, Conquests, and Plunder; where the Victors are to cut their Way to Honour and Riches through the Hearts of the vanquished, to quench the ardent Thirst of Glory with human Blood, and to celebrate their Triumphs only in the Midst of horrid Massacres and Funerals.

It is true, these Principles and Actions are allowable in Men of the Sword, when they fight the Battles of their King and Country in Heat of Blood. But Clemency and Compassion are Virtues becoming the greatest

greatest Prince, or most valiant General, when their Enemies are reduced by the Fortune of War to kiss the Dust of their Feet, and beg for Mercy: Or when, in Time of Peace, their Subjects fall into a Crime which may admit Indulgence. Certainly these Western Infidels have wrong Notions of Humanity, in asserting, That Cruelty is either a Sign of a noble Nature, or a Step to true Happiness: Since the most hard-hearted Tyrant, one Time or other, will have Need of Compassion himself; especially in Sickness and the Agonies of Death, which perhaps prove more tormenting to him than the merciful and the generous. It is recorded of *Al Hejai Eb'n Hesbām*, a famous Arabian Captain, that when in a malignant Fever he called for Water to drink, and it was denied him by the Physicians, who had Care of his Health: "It is enough," said he, *Rueno'ddaula*, once my Lieutenant, to whom I forgave three Treasons, and who died a natural Death, has refreshed me at this Minute with a Liquor unknown: Sure it is the Wine of Paradise." And from that Moment he began to recover his Health, after which he lived many Years, often rehearsing this Passage amongst his familiar Friends to his last Day.

But the Infidels are either ignorant of these Examples, or if they know them, Pride will not suffer them to learn Morality and Justice. They are destined, the greatest Part, to be incredulous to the Day of Judgment. How many Prophets has God sent into all Nations, to teach them the right Way, and not the Way of such with whom he is displeased! yet they will not be converted; they look on the Apostles and Messengers of the Eternal, with the Eyes of Swine; they grunt under the Burthen of their Sensuality, and, like those filthy Animals, return to their Mire again. Yet that superlatively Merciful winks at their Frailties, and visits them with his Graces every Morning. But they put their Fingers in their Ears

Ears, and turn away in Disdain, as from a Beggar. They reject the King of all Things, as a Fugitive and Vagabond on Earth.

From that delectable Essence, the Odour of which Sweetness is diffused through the Elements, and refreshes the Minds of the True Faithful, let us by continual Devotion and Virtue attract divine Tinctures, till our Hearts be all transformed into Incense, and in this aromatick Pile, our Souls expire like the Phoenix, to revive again in the Joys of Paradise, in Amours which know no End.

Paris, 8th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Wonder at nothing; much less at the extravagant Caprice of Tyrants. Methinks there appears no Novelty in modern Transactions: They are but a Repetition of antient Practices, under new Forms. Of all the Events of this Age, no one has come to my Knowledge which gives me a Surprise. Yet I must confess there is something very singular in the Punishment the Duke of Saxony inflicted, as thy Letter tells me, on a poor Deer-stealer. And, if it be just to put a Man to Death on such an Account, as the *Indians* hold, the Duke seems very ingenious and accurate in the Choice he made of an Executioner.

The antient *Romans* had a Law which they called *Lex Talionis*; which in all Criminal Cases appointed the Punishment to be in some Circumstances adequate to the Fault. And thou knowest, *Moses*, your Law-giver, left much the same Statutes; requiring the Loss of the Eye of him, who had put another

Man's

an's out; a Tooth for a Tooth, an Arm for an Arm, and so proportionably of other Injuries. But this Prince seems to have made a Supplement, where these Laws appeared short; and has shewed a most exquisite Niceness of Revenge in the Destiny of the unfortunate Huntsman, to cause a Stag to be, in so peculiar a Manner, the Instrument of his Death, who had villainously murdered one of the same Species; subtlest, it was a princely Freak of Justice: And had it been done purely to avenge the Blood of the slaughtered Beast, and not in Vindication of his own Right, I could not forbear to pronounce it a Frolic worthy of a Hero. But he himself is frequently guilty of the same Kind of Murther, as are most of the great Men in *Europe*; whose Tables are no other than the Altars of Gluttony, smoking with Flesh and Blood, whilst Hecatombs of Animals are there sacrificed to voracious Appetites, the Idols of these Western People.

It methinks therefore it had been more generous, and becoming a Prince, to pardon the poor Fellow a Theft, which perhaps was the only Method he had to preserve himself and his Family from starving: And, for ought I know, he had as much Right, according to the Law of Nature, to kill a Stag, as the owner has. But there is no Talk to be made of Right or Wrong, where Power over-rules all.

India is at present the only publick Theatre of Justice toward all living Creatures. There it is a Capital Crime to shed the Blood of any Animal, and punished with Death no less than the Murther of a Man. The Princes and Nobles indeed inclose Deer, and other innocent Creatures, in Parks, not with a design to prey upon them at their Pleasure, but to defend them from the Violence of others; whilst those happy Animals range and feed where they please within those Pales, free from Peril, and never fearing any other Death, save what they pay to Nature,

ture, when they have spun out the accustomed Term of their Life. They also build Hospitals for a like Purpose; and are at a great Charge every Year, to redeem a certain Number of Oxen and Cows from Slaughter: For they esteem it a barbarous and inhuman Cruelty to murder those Creatures which are the Nerves of our Life.

The Law of *Moses*, if I mistake not, obliges all of thy Nation to certain specific Tendernesses towards the dumb Animals. And *Eesa* the Prophet, a Man of no obscure Extract, but of a noted Race among the *Hebrews*, says, "Hethatkil leth an Ox, is as if he slew a Man; and he that sacrificeth a Lamb, as if he beheaded a Dog." And in another Place, the same Prophet says, in the Person of God, "To what Purpose is the Multitude of your Sacrifices to me? I am offended with the Smoak of your Burnt-offerings, and nauseated with the Smell of broiled Fat. I take no Delight in the Blood of Bulls, Lambs, or Goats. Who hath required those Things at your Hands? Bring no more vain Oblations, which my Soul hateth."

By these Expressions, one would think the Prophet brings in God, denying that ever he commanded any such Sacrifice or Shedding of Blood, and protesting against it as an Abomination. Where then is the Reputation of those Writings which go under the Name of *Moses*? For in them these bloody Victims are expressly enjoined; God cannot be contradictory to himself. Doubtless, a great Part of the true Law which God gave to *Moses* was lost in the former Captivities of your Nation, when your Cities and Provinces were quite dispeopled, your Fathers led away by the victorious Monarchs of the East, and your choicest Memoirs abolished. So that what remains now is only a Collection of Fragments patched up by *Esdra*s, and other industrious Scribes, to which they gave the specious Title of the Law of *Moses*, that so they might fasten the wavering People

Obedience to something, though of their own De-
filing.

Nathan, I do not go about to seduce thee; examine
all Things. Believe neither me nor thy own Rab-
bies, but trust only thy Reason, which will stand by
thee at the Day of Judgment, when all Things else
shall fail.

Paris, 8th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER IV.

To Dgebe Nafir, Bassa.

THESE *Nazarenes*, like the Followers of the
Prophet, are divided into innumerable Sects;
and so it is in all Religions; Men cannot think alike;
Nature itself delights in Variety: God has diversified
the Faculties of our Souls, as he has the Constitutions
of our Bodies. The Zealot is subject to Choler, the
Bigot to Melancholy, the Libertine is of a sanguine
Complexion; and as for the Rest, they are but so
many walking, speaking Lumps of Phlegm. This is
the physical Division of Mortals; under which are
comprehended the various Tempers which result
from the different Mixture of these four radical Prin-
ciples. And for this we must thank *Galen* and *Hip-
pocrates*.

But if we consult the Astrologers, they will assign
as many different Humours and Complexions as there
be Stars in the Heaven, at least as there be Constel-
lations. They will tell ye of the Bull and the Bear,
and God knows what heavenly Stories. The Dragon
shall spit Venom on one Man's Nativity out of his
Mouth; and give another a poisonous Lick with his
Tail. If we believe all they say, there is not an
Herb

Herb in the Field but has its particular Star, whose Influence causes it to grow and prosper; though *Moses* tells us, that the Vegetables appeared on the Earth, even before the Stars themselves had their Existence in the Heaven.

But, whether there be any Truth in Astrology or no, this is certain, that Men differ in their Sentiments of Religion, as they do in their Faces. The Physiognomy of Faith is infinitely various. One Man believes in *Moses*, another in *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, a third in *Mahomet*, our holy Lawgiver. Then these are subdivided into innumerable Parties. The *Jews* have seventy eminent religious Factions. There are numbered seventy and one Sects of *Christians*, and seventy two of *Mussulmans*. These are all at Odds about Words and exterior Ceremonies; so zealous for Charity and Peace, that they are in perpetual Wars for its Sake, murdering one another in the Love of Love. And such stout Champions for the Truth, that they scruple not to tell ten thousand Lies in its Defence.

The Differences between the *Greek* and *Armenian* *Nazarenes*, the *Nestorians* and *Jacobites*, with other Sects of the East, are not unknown to the Ministers of the *Porte*. But perhaps thou art a Stranger to the new Schisms of the West.

The most eminent Division of *Christendom* at this Time is into *Catholicks* and *Protestants*. The former obey the *Roman* *Mufti*, and boast of an uninterrupted Series of *Caliphs* from *Peter* the Vicar of the *Messias*, down to the present Pope. The latter are the Followers of *Luther* and *Calvin*, Men who pretended to certain new Lights, and claimed a Right to reform the Errors of their Fathers in Matters of Faith and Worship. God best knoweth who is in the Right or Wrong of these two Parties. But they have always been at Daggers drawing in Defence of their several Tenets; prosecuting and massacring

sacrificing one another for Conscience-sake. Both Sides appeal to the written Law, to apostolical Traditions, to the Testimony of the Ancients, the Decrees of Councils, and the Practice of those whom they call the primitive Church. Yet neither Part will allow the other a sufficient Judgment to interpret those Memoirs of Antiquity, nor an authentick Power to decide Controversies of this Nature. Thus their Disputes are like to last till the final Day of Decision, when all human Quarrels shall be determined before the Grand Tribunal.

In the mean Time they take all Advantages to execute their Spight and Malice on each other, under the Notion of Justice and Piety. We are daily alarmed here with tragical Relations of horrid Murthers and Butcheries committed on the *Protestants of Piedmont*, and other Parts under the Duke of *Savoy*. Whilst some say, that all these Reports are false, and the Sufferings of those People are, according to Law, the due Punishment of their rebellious Actions.

It is not in my Power to adjust their Differences; nor is it material to a *Mussulman*, which of them has the Law on their Side. Yet if I were inclined to take any Part, it should be that of the Oppressed. Cruelty I abhor; and our holy Prophet has forbid Force to be used in Matters of Religion, since the Conscience is responsible to none but God.

May that God, from whose Unity have sprung all the different Essences in the World, and all the Variety in Nature, give us Grace to love the whole Creation, and not to shed Blood, unless in the sacred Combat.

Paris, 13th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER V.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

I Had concluded thee dead, till thy Letter certified me to the contrary. So long a Silence between Friends would put any Man upon the same Thoughts, Ten Years have slipt away between my last to thee, and thy Answer. I hope thou dost not measure Time after the Rate of the Seven Sleepers. Perhaps thou hast been enjoined a ten Years Silence and Abstinence from all Manner of Conversation by the Superior of thy Convent. Such Severities are not uncommon in religious Societies, where the main Business is to acquire Perfection. The *Armenian Monasteries* are much more rigid, where, but for one extravagant Word, I have known a Man's Tongue locked up for the Space of two and twenty Years, under Pain of Excommunication; and then released, only for the Sake of a most significant Jest put on the Patriarch in mute Signs. Wit will find a Way to vent itself, though it be at the Fingers Ends; and, for ought I know, thou hast obliged the Abbot to take off thy Censure by the like Method. There was Abundance of Satyr in the Subsannation of the ancient *Romans*; and no less Rhetorick in the Shrug or Grimace of the modern *Italians*. The Mimicks of *Scaramouchi* are a perfect Lampoon; and *Harlequin* is Burlesque all over.

Thou knowest I always entertain thee with one frivolous Discourse or other to divert thy Melancholy; and thy own Letters give me Encouragement. They seem to be writ in a pleasant Humour. But, tell me, have I guessed right at the Cause of so tedious a Reservedness, or no? Hast thou been forced all this while to speak with thy Hand, Feet, Nose,

Nose, and the emphatic Motions of thy Head and Eyes? If it were so, I fancy thou wert excellent Company among thy grave phlegmatick Brethren, and in a fair Way to understand the Language of the Beasts, who by curvetting, creeping, leaping, frisking their Tails, and other Postures, express their various Passions, Desires, and Necessities, as intelligibly to those who are used to them, as we can do by the most elegant Addresses in Words.

But to be serious: If for the Sake of Virtue this Penance be imposed on thee by him who presides over thy Convent, or thou hast voluntarily undertaken so difficult a Part of Self-denial on the Score of Philosophy or Religion, thou hast approved thyself wise and brave in not flinching. A Coward in religious Mattes is as despicable as in the Engagements of the World. It is honourable to face Temptations, and come off with Victory.

As for what thou desirest to know, concerning the Sepulchre of King *Childeric*, it is esteemed a Piece of great Antiquity, in regard he was the fourth Monarch of *France*. He reigned over the *Gauls* or *Franks* in the Year 458, *Severus* being Emperor of *Rome*, *Severinus* and *Degalaiphus* Consuls. Yet in little more than three Years, he was deposed and banished by his Subjects, whilst *Ægidius*, a *Roman*, was crowned in his stead. Neither did this Man please the People so well, but that, after some Experience of his Oppression, Avarice, and other Vices, they expelled him also, and recalled their lawful Sovereign. For *Ægidius* had vexed them with unreasonable Taxes, fleecing them of many Millions, which he privately sent out of the Kingdom, disposing of this vast Treasure at *Rome*, and among his Friends in other Parts, as a Support against future Contingencies: For he looked for some Back-blows of Fate. *Childeric* therefore, being restored to his Crown, enjoyed it till his Death, which was in the Year 484.

After whom succeeded in the Kingdom, *Clodoveus* the Great, who was the first *French* King that embraced Christianity.

The Time when *Childeric's* Tomb was first discovered was about two Years ago, when the Cathedral of *Tournay* wanted Reparation. For as the Labourers were digging up the old Charnel-House, they encountered a long Stone; which, giying them some Fatigue, they broke in Pieces, and found under it the entire Skeleton of a Man lying at Length, with Abundance of *Greek* Medals of Gold, and some other Curiosities of the same Metal, among which was a Ring with this Motto:

SIGILLUM CHILDERICI REGIS.

All these Relicks were at first possessed by the Canons of that Church, where they were found; of whom they were begged by the Arch-Duke of *Austria*, who has them in his Custody. Therefore those who told thee they are in the King of *France's* Hands were misinformed themselves, or designed to abuse thee. For this cannot be supposed, during the present Wars between *France* and *Spain*; when they are more ready on both Sides to plunder one another, than to grant Civilities of this obliging Nature.

I perceive thou art grown a great Antiquary; and therefore, in Token of my Esteem, I have sent thee a Cabinet of such old Things as I have scraped together in my Travels, and during my Residence in this City.

The Agates, which you will find in the uppermost Drawer, may easily be dated by their Figures, which are all after the Fashion of Gentile *Rome*. As for the Shells in the Second, I leave them to thy own Judgment; only this I will say, that they are not common. The Third containeth a Miscellany of several Antiques. The Knives were used by the an-
cient

tient *Romish* Priests in their Sacrifices. The Weights are at least twelve hundred Years old, by the Parallels which I have seen in the King's Library. The Rings are also of the *Parthian* Make; and the Arrow to which they are fastened retains its oriental Venom to this Hour; as thou wilt find by trying it on any Animal that deserves it. But, after all, the lowermost Drawer contains nothing but Counterfeits. For those Medals are the Works of *Parmezan*, the finest Graver in the World. If thou knowest not his Character, I will tell thee in a Word; he was famous for imitating so exactly the most antient Medals, that the Transcripts could not be discerned, even by the most skilful Artists, from the Originals.

Accept these with the same good Will as I did, when they were presented to me, and tell me wherein else I can gratify thy Wishes.

You Monasticks are infinitely happy in the Advantages of Retirement and Tranquillity. You are free from the Cares which molest other Mortals. The Bell rings you to Prayers, and to your Repast. You have nothing else to regard, but your Contemplations and Studies. Many great Lights have sprung from your various Orders. And I will tell thee, Father *William*, the World will be disappointed if thou shouldest prove a Dark-Lanthorn, and only be wise for thy self.

Paris, 25th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VI.

*To the most Illustrious and Invincible Vizir
Azem, at the Porte.*

BY the Sound which the Sun makes at his going down, I swear I was not mistaken in the Idea I had of thy Generosity. And the Dispatch, with which thou hast honoured the Slave *Mabmut*, confirms me in a perfect Security of thy Favour and Protection.

I shall, with exquisite Diligence, obey thy Orders: But it cannot be attempted without vast Sums of Money. And if I may be thought worthy to give Advice to my Superiors, the most effectual Way to accomplish this will be by sending one of the principal Ministers to this Court, with a splendid Embassy; for this young King expecteth very honourable Addresses from all that seek his more intimate Friendship: Therefore a *Chiaus* would be slighted on such an Occasion, and marr all the Design. I would counsel, that some Body be sent who perfectly understands the Genius of the *French*, and the particular Aims of Cardinal *Mazarini*.

Under the Protection of such a One, I should be able, without Hazard of a Discovery, to act all that is necessary to carry on this Design with good Success. Here are Abundance of needy Courtiers, on whom Gold will have a powerful Influence. But neither I in Person, nor any one whom I shall depute, can make such Tenders, unless there were here some known publick Ambassador from the Grand Signior to countenance the Business. For otherwise it will presently be whispered, that some private Agent lurks here incognito. They will start a thousand Chimeras of Jealousy, and so I may run the Hazard of a second Imprisonment, when the Cardinal shall

shall-call to Mind the Occasion of my first. All that I can then say of my being a *Moldavian* will find no Credit; and it will be no less than a Miracle, if they do not expose me to a Scrutiny for the Mark of Circumcision; which, if it be found, all is betrayed and ruined.

I do not value the Punishments they will inflict on me, nor the Loss of my Life: But I dread the more important Consequences of such a Discovery; the unmasking the Secrets of the Grand Signior to Infidels.

These are the chief Reasons I have to offer in Behalf of an honourable Embassy. As to the Person whom thou shalt think fit to employ in so glorious a Trust, I will not presume to add any Thing to what I have said already, that he be a Man of Experience in the *French* Affairs, well versed in the Knowledge of *Christian* Policy, the different Interests of the Courts of *Europe*, and one that exactly knows what Advantage to make of the new Pope. For, after long Debates, the Cardinals have at last elected one, who has assumed the Name of *Alexander VII.*

It is hard to judge at his first Accession to that Sovereign Chair, what Interest this Prelate will embrace, whether that of *France* or *Spain*; or whether his Conduct will be neutral, deporting himself with an equal Indifference to all the *Nazarene* Princes, whom he calleth his Sons, endeavouring to compose their Quarrels, and unite their Forces against the *Mussulmans*. I tell thee, no Body can be yet assured, what the Temper of the *Roman* Mufti may prove; for it is usual for the aspiring Cardinals to promise many Things, in Hopes of the Papacy, which they never perform when they have once obtained the uncontrollable Command. Dissimulation is ranked among the principal Virtues in the Court of *Rome*: And he that knows not how to disguise his Affections

is not thought worthy of any important Trust. *Adonai* the Jew hath lost his Liberty in that City for being defective in this courtly Accomplishment. It seemeth he, and some others of his Nation, railed too passionately and openly at the Idolatry of the *Romans*. Yet I expect daily to hear of his Release, for I understand by a Letter from him, that he was excepted out of the Number of those whose Condemnation is irrecoverable.

I reproved him for his Immorality in reflecting on the established Religion of the Country where he resides. But this Kind of Arrogance is the peculiar Vice of the *Hebrews*. They despise all other People in the World: Whereas, thou knowest, the impartial God respecteth not one Nation more than another; for they are all equally the Works of his Hands. And, for ought we know, he tolerates the Variety of Religions that are extant in the World, with the same Indifference as he dispenseth his common Blessings to such an infinite Number of Men of diverse Faces.

The Multiplicity in the Universe exalteth the divine Unity, which is the Root of all. And if there be ten thousand Myriads of Worlds, they all sprang from one Cause, and there they end. For He is the First and Last of every Thing.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna:

THE *Egyptians* have a Proverb, that he who thinks and speaks of God only when he is melancholy, sacrifices to the Planet *Pharavis* or *Saturn*, and

and not to the most high and exalted King of all Things, who is the Fountain of Joy to Men and Angels.

I counsel thee not to lift thyself in the Number of those who adore the Stars, by cherishing sad Ideas of the ever indulgent and merciful Divinity; nor think thyself the less liable to this Censure, because it proceeds from a Nation which was once at Enmity with the Sons of *Jacob*. Despise not the Wisdom of that People, from whom even *Moses* your Law-giver learned all his, and from whom all Nations borrowed Improvements of Learning, if they are not indebted to them for its first Rudiments.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive that I consult thy Happiness, and would have thee chase away vain Fears and superstitious Thoughts, the mere Product of an ill-tempered Spleen, which is the peculiar Malady of thy Nation. Let thy Heart be always chearful; for God loves every Thing that he has made: The Universe overflows with his Bounty. Be not too religious, nor strain the Faculties he has given thee for thy Support, and not for thy Bane.

I had rather hear from thee Matter of News, than these dismal Scruples about thy Soul. If thou art not willing to embrace the *Mussulman* Faith, in God's Name, continue to observe the Law of *Moses*, and prosecute thy Affairs with Alacrity.

Thou hast been very slack of late in sending me Advices of what passes at *Vienna*, and other Parts of *Germany*. We have flying Reports here of the Death of *Eleanor* the Empress; and that on the same Day whereon she died, *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, the Emperor's Son, was elected King of the *Romans*. I know not how to write to the Ministers of the *Porte*, until thou hast ascertained me of these Things. For God's Sake, be speedy in thy Dispatches, and inform me what is done at the Diet of *Frankfort*. Rouse up thyself, and banish superfluous Cares. Remember,

that as there is but One God, so there is but One Law, but One Thing necessary to Men, that is, *To live according to Reason*. This is engraven in every Man's Heart, and there needeth no Comment to explain it. Thou art a sufficient Lawgiver, Rabbi, Doctor, and Interpreter to thyself. Let not others amuse thee with Fables.

I will now acquaint thee with something of Certainty. The *French* have gained *Landrecies*, a strong Town in *Flanders*. It was surrendered to them on the 22d of this Moon; and the next Day all the Garrison marched out, consisting of 1500 Men, besides 300 wounded.

The King is gone, upon this good News, to view and take Care of his new Conquests: For this is not the only Town the *Spaniards* have lost: They talk of *Maubeuge*, *Bovines*, and *Conde*; all which, according to fresh Report, are in the Hands of the *French*. This young Monarch is strangely fortunate.

If thou canst inform me of such successful Campaigns among the People of the North, fail not to do it in Season; for we are not placed in these Stations to whistle to Sheep.

Paris, 29th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIII.

To Mustapha Lulu Beamtulla, a Man of
the Law.

I Would willingly be admitted into Paradise, as well as other *Mussulmans*. Neither would I think, speak, or do any Thing which might prejudice my Title, and baulk my Pretensions to eternal Happiness. This Desire is natural to all Men; and when I profess it, thou mayest believe me without an Oath.

Oath. Yet, methinks, I would not go hoodwinked to Heaven, but would fain enjoy the Benefit of my Sense and Reason, in my Advances to that Region of Blifs.

I believe the Alcoran is the Oracle of God; and it is so firmly imprinted in my Memory, that I could repeat it *verbatim* from the Beginning to the End, without missing a Versicle. I give an entire Credence to the Doctrine of the Resurrection; being naturally desirous of Immortality: But I cannot entertain the gross Conceit, which the greatest Part of *Mussulmans* have of the Resurrection; that is, that our very Dust shall be raised again, and organized into a Body. The *Nazarenes* are of the same Opinion. But, methinks, there is no Need of stretching and straining Nature. Besides, this Opinion is inconsistent with other fundamental Doctrines of the *Mussulman* Law.

We are all taught to believe, that the Souls of Just Men, Saints, and Martyrs, immediately on their Departure from the Body, ascend to Paradise. If so, then they either live there in an unbodied Estate, or they have new Bodies assigned them by the same Providence which gave them their old. Be it which Way it pleaseth God, it will appear a manifest Botch in the Works of the Omnipotent, an Indecorum in Nature, to make these Souls either cast off their new Bodies at the Day of Judgment, for the Sake of their old rotten Relicks, after they have enjoyed all the ravishing Delights of *Eden* for so many Ages; or to stand in Need of any Bodies at all, after they have lived so long in a separate Condition. There is no Sense in it. Doubtless, this Opinion was first hatched by those who believed the Sleep of the Soul, and held that it was inseparable from the Body. For then they had no other Way to comfort themselves with any probable Hopes of a surviving Immortality, but maintaining, that as the Soul slept with the Body in the Grave, so both Soul and Body should conjointly rise again at the Day of Doom.

Or

Or perhaps this Figure of our Resurrection was inculcated to insinuate the Faith of an immortal State, into the duller Minds of those who were incapable of comprehending either the Pre-existence of Souls, their Self-subsistence after Death, or their Translation into other Bodies.

It seems to me much more easy to believe, according to the most obvious Works of Nature, that, after our Dissolution here, we shall either assume some Body of Air, Fire, or other elemental Supplement, or by magnetic Transmigration shall be united to some vegetable or animal Embrio, than to dream of recollecting all our scattered Ashes together after so many thousands of Years, wherein they have been dispersed, perhaps thro' all the Ranges of the Universe.

Surely our holy Lawgiver, and all the other Prophets, intended no other Thing by the Doctrine of the Resurrection, but only to convince the World, that the Soul was immortal, and that, consequently, there would be a Reward of good and bad Works after this Life. We shall live for ever, old Lawyer: And what signifies it, whether we have the same Bodies or others, so long as we are happy in any State: And if we are metamorphosed we cannot fail of our specifick Felicity, since every Creature is happy in his own Essence. Then let us be Apes, Dromedaries, Camels, or any Thing but Hogs, and we shall have Bliss enough. That Creature is the very Emblem of Uncleanneſs, and therefore its Life cannot be the Object of a *Mussulman's* Wish. Yet we know not the Laws of our Change or Transmigration from this mortal Life: For the Soul, according to *Pythagoras* and the Ancients, is capable of all Forms.

If thou wonderest what has put me upon this Discourse, it is the Remembrance of what I have heard thee relate of the Apparition of dead Men's Bones in the Cemetery of *Grand Caire* in *Egypt*, at a certain Season

Season of the Year, when Multitudes of People by Custom flock thither to behold this wonderful Scene of a Sham Resurrection. I can give it no better Title, since in all Probability 'tis only the Effect of some Artifice used by the *Christians*, to procure Money from the admiring Crowd. And I'm confirm'd in this Belief by a Letter I received from *Mehemet* the Exil'd Eunuch, who now resides at *Caire*; and having been curious to observe this celebrated Miracle, among the other Rarities of this City, sent me such an Account of this Passage, as convinces me there's some Cheat in it.

He tells a great many other Things of the Superstition and Ignorance of the *Egyptians* as to the Pyramids, and the supposed Spirits which guard them. In all, he laments the Condition of Mortals, who have so far degenerated from themselves, and suffered their Reason to be debauched with Fables.

Sage *Mustapha*, thou art of the Race of those who have preserved Science and Philosophy. A Halo of Light invests thy Soul. Let no dark Opinion of God and his Works eclipse thy Intellect.

Paris, 20th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman Kullir Aga, Prince of the Black Eunuchs.

THY Dispatch came in an happy Hour: Yet the Contents of it surprized me. 'Tis a strange Turn of Fortune, that the Bassa of *Aleppo*, after so many Rebellions, should become the Sultan's Favourite, and be invested in the highest Dignity of the Empire. Yet, who knows, but this may be the only

only effectual Course to reclaim him, and of an Enemy to render him a Friend: For Ambition is a Vice so nearly bordering on Virtue, so refin'd and subtle in Complexion, that when the Passion which cherishes it, is once gratified with its proper Object, it soon becomes a Virtue itself, and transforms a Libertine to a Hadgi, ranking a Man to Day among the most deserving Heroes, who but Yesterday was in the Number of the Seditious.

Therefore, I cannot but highly applaud the Counsel of those, who persuaded the Grand Seignior to this uncommon Choice of the Vizer *Azem*. The whole Empire has languished for want of a Man of Abilities in that supreme Station, ever since the Seal was taken from the most illustrious *Chousaein* Bassa through the Malice of his Enemies. And in this Juncture, they could not have pitched on a Man more capable of a Charge, than this bold Bassa; who, besides his Experience in the Wars, both by Sea and Land, is looked on as the stoutest Man in this Age. As for his former Crimes, they proceeded only from his Discontent and Thirst of Glory, which is now sufficiently allayed by the Bounty of our Sovereign. The Cause therefore of his Extravagancies being thus seasonably removed, the Effect will naturally cease.

But suffer me to ask thee; Do they not resent, at the Seraglio, his Approaches to that Sanctuary of Mortals with such a formidable Retinue? Thou tellest me, he is attended with forty thousand Men, an Equipage fit for a Sovereign Monarch. Perhaps, 'tis only the Effect of his martial Genius, and that he is willing to appear like a Soldier: Or, it may be, he really suspected Danger, and that he was designed for a Sacrifice, which made him come thus guarded to the Feet of his Master; that his Son might revenge his Death by some desperate Attempt on *Constantinople*. Be it how it pleases God, it seems, the Sultan wink'd

wink'd at all, and received him with such Marks of his Esteem and Affection, as are seldom vouchsafed to Subjects. I hope the Event will answer his Expectation. These new Methods of Clemency may prove more successful, than the severe Conduct of former Times. Men of great Souls are sooner subdued by Favour, than Force and Cruelty.

I am extremely obliged to thee for thy Instructions, which I shall exactly observe in writing to this supreme Minister. Thou hast matched my own Thought in this Advice: For knowing that Bassa's Temper, it will be policy as well as Justice, frankly to own what I have writ against him, and not stuff my Letter with abject fawning Submissions, or sneaking Excuses; he is brave himself, and will be pleased to see a Man resolute in his Duty.

However, let the Consequences be what it will, I must follow the Measures of my own Integrity. There is something so satisfactory in Truth, and an honest blunt Carriage, as far surpasses the little faint Pleasures of Artifice and Dissimulation. And I should be weary of my Life, were I forced to preserve it by such effeminate Tricks. Yet, I must confess, 'tis a vast Encouragement, to find thy Sentiments the same. What is this World, that we should be so fond of it? Or what is this Life of Mortals, that we need be so over-studious of prolonging the Respiration of that Breath, which may with as much Ease be all breathed out at once, as by so many successive Millions of Moments; for Death properly possesses but an Instant of Time; no more does Life. Every Gasps renews the One, and the last commences and finishes the Other. As to Pleasure and Pain; we generally have an equal Share of them. And it appears to me an equal, if not a greater Happiness, at once to be freed for ever from the Latter, than by such an irksome Composition to protract the Enjoyment of the Former.

Brave

Brave *Solyman*, when I contemplate thy Virtue, it inspires me with Courage against the vain Mists of Fear, which the Magick of Opinion has rais'd before the Eyes of Mortals. I embrace thee with an extended Soul, and wish thee the two Extremes of Happiness, Plenitude of Joys in this Life, and an immortal Series of Felicities in Paradise. Live forever, thou generous Son of *Cham*.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER IX.

To the most illustrious Vizir Azem, at the
Porte.

BY the Souls of all my Progenitors, I was glad to hear the News of thy Advance to this glorious Height of Power: Yet when thou wert Bassa of *Aleppo*, and held Correspondence with the *Venetians*, I accused thee to the Divan, doing thereby no small Service to the *Ottoman* Empire: For which thou hast now Reason in Honour to reward me; knowing that I prevented a great deal of Confusion and Blood. It will not become the first Minister, to cherish private Revenges, or harbour ill Thoughts of a faithful Slave. In discovering thy Intrigues at that Time I did but perform my Duty to the Grand Seignior, thy Lord and mine. Nay, for ought thou knowest, I was happily instrumental in saving thy Life, which might have been lost in the Pursuit of those hazardous Projects thou wert then engaged in. Be it how it will, thou art now living, and installed in the most illustrious Charge of the Empire. And without Flattery I speak it, a braver Man could

not have ascended to that Dignity, May God long continue thee in it, to the Joy and Advantage of all the *Mussulmans*.

All the World extol thy Valour and Boldness; especially the *Nazarenes*, among whom the *Bassa of Aleppo* is famous. They also highly commend thy Justice. And thou wilt find in the Register, that when I acquainted my Superior of thy Revolt, I was not envious in concealing thy Virtues.

Therefore I beg of thee not to be partial in thy Resentments; but consider *Mahmut* as a faithful Slave, who will never transgress the Commands of the Mysterious Bench, nor suffer any sinister Motives to bias him, though 'twere in favour of his own Brother. For this is the severe Conduct that is expected of me by my Superiors, and which thou thyself wilt require at my Hands.

But, I believe, thou needest not these Addresses to move thee to Generosity. Thy own native Justice will suggest to thee, that I rather merit a Reward than a Punishment for doing my Duty, though it were in accusing thyself.

Confiding therefore in thy Goodness, and my own Innocence, I shall not despair of that Protection and Favour from thee, which all thy Predecessors have afforded me, since my Arrival at this Place. Nay, I think thy Friendship and Esteem is rather due to me than a thousand Sycophants and Flatterers.

I will in this Confidence write freely to thee, as I have been commanded; and vent my Thoughts, without a timorous Reserve: For thou art the just Judge of the Judges among the Faithful.

There is no doubt but thou hast heard of the Duke of *Lorrain*, a famous Warrior in these Western Parts, but now a Prisoner of State in *Spain*. I sent Intelligence last Year to *Mustapha Berber* Aga, of the Grounds and Circumstances of this Prince's Con-

Confinement, whereof thou can'st not be ignorant, For all my Dispatches are made publick to the Ministers of the blessed Porte.

The Brother of that Duke immediately succeeded him, by the King of *Spain's* Orders, in the Command of the Army in *Flanders*; they call him *Duke Francis*. Every Body thought that he had consented to the Imprisonment of his Brother, as being disgusted at his Inconstancy, Avarice, and other Vices. It was supposed also, that his own Ambition, and Thirst of Honour, had corrupted the Fidelity and Love he owed to the Son of his Mother; as knowing that by his Fall, he himself should rise to the Dignity of General, which his Brother enjoyed during his Liberty.

But now it is evident, that this *Duke Francis* did all along dissemble his Repentments of his Brother's Calamity: for he is lately revolted from the King of *Spain*, and come over to the *French*, with five thousand Horse and Foot. He has openly declared, That he will never give Rest to his Sword, till he has either procured his Brother's Release, or deeply revenged the Injuries have been done him. He was received by the *French* King with all imaginable Endearment and Caresses. The whole Court is emulous in striving to excel one another in the Demonstrations of their Civility and Respect to this Prince; and they have culled out the best Quarters for his Soldiers. This Nation is always hospitable to Strangers; more especially to such as court her Friendship after this extraordinary Way, who enter into their Interests, and engage in their Quarrels. Yet neither *France* nor all the Kingdoms of *Europe* together can match the Bounty of the munificent *Porte*, which pardons and receives, with open Embraces, her most implacable Enemies on their Submissions and Repentance.

Commander of the *Mussulman* Grandees, thou art not a Man; and hath not exceeded that Character in the worst of thy Errors. Now thou art assumed to a Charge which requires the Fidelity and Prudence of an Angel. If thou shalt reform the State, and restore the *Mussulman* Affairs to their true Lustre, we shall have Reason to contemplate thy Life in some measure as a Parellel to that of *Crassus*, who was pardoned three Treasons by *Cæsar*, and afterwards became the most loyal and serviceable Man in the *Roman* Empire.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemer, an exiled Eunuch, at Caire in Egypt.

THOU telleth me wonderful Things of *Egypt*, such as almost surpass Credit. And I perceive thou thyself doth not believe the Story of the annual Resurrection of Bones, which is so much talk'd of by Travellers. My Cousin *Isouf* ridicul'd it with smart Reason, and was almost in Danger of his Life among the bigotted *Moors* and *Coptites*.

But I could hardly imagine there had still remained in that Region (which has undergone so many Revolutions of Government) any Footsteps of the primitive *Egyptians*. Yet, it seems, the Priests of those early Ages were particularly careful to transmit to Posterity an exact History of their Kings, with Memoirs of their Actions; the Building of the Pyramids; the Place of the Statues; the magical Mirrour; the City of the black Eagle; the Castle of Demons

Dæmons seated on the Brow of the Mountain of the Moon, the Palace of Adamant, with innumerable other Rarities.

I tell thee, my dear *Mehemet*, I know not how to believe all those romantick Stories. It cramps my Reason to hear of a Brazen Tree with Iron Branches and Versatile Hooks, to catch Liars and Cheats, and there detain them till they should do right to those whom they had injured, Altogether as improbable is the Story of *Gabdafarouis*, the Statue set up by King *Gariac*.

Who can read of that Monarch's being carried in the Air by Eagles, but may as well believe the romantick Voyage of *Domingo Gonfales* to the Moon. If thou knowest not that Story, I'll tell thee in short, That this was a certain *Spaniard*, who in a Passage to the *Indies*, being by Shipwreck cast ashore on the Island of *St. Helena*, with a Negro his Slave, they were put to their Shifts so far as to divide that unpeopled and desolate Island between them out of pure Necessity, that they might both find Provision enough to keep them from starving (for it seems, there was great scarcity of every Thing that served the Uses of Life.)

In this Condition, Necessity, the Mother of cunning Devices, taught them to hold Correspondence with one another, though living at opposite Angles of the Isle, by the Help of certain wild Swans which they took out of their Nests very young, and brought them up as they do Pigeons at *Babylon*, and *Aleppo* to be Letter-Carriers.

Afterwards, as the Story goes, *Domingo* trying several Experiments on his Birds, and finding all successful; at last having got Four and Twenty of them together, and having brought them up to his Lure, he ventured his Carcass with them in the Air, fastening them together with Ropes and other Materials. But the extravagant Animals one Day took Wing, and carried their Master to the Moon; where he resided

passed a considerable Time ; saw and conversed with the Inhabitants of that neighbouring Globe, visited the Courts of several Lunar Princes, and was kindly received by them all, even at the Seraglio of the Chief Emperor, or Grand Seignior himself. And having been presented with three Stones of matchless Virtue and other rich Gifts, he had his Audience of Conge, and came down to the Earth again, where he published a Journal of his Travels, out of which I have extracted this short Epitome ; not thinking it worth the while to trouble thee with the entire Relation of his ingenious Whimsies.

Doubtless, there is nothing so easy, as to invent new and unheard-of Fables, to amuse the credulous World, and captivate their Understanding. And I have told thee this, as a Parallel to those monstrous Fictions of *Egypt* : Such as that of King *Gancam's* being carried in a Pavilion on the Shoulders of Spirits : His magical Tables, and the rest of his glorious Whim-Whams. And that of the Queen *Borfa*, who sat on a fiery Throne, and lived in an enchanted Castle, whose Walls are full of Pipes, which conveyed to her the Addresses of all sorts of Plaintiffs, and her Decree and Decision of Controversies back again to them. Such another is that of *Bardefir's* silver Tower, and his sitting before his People in the Clouds of Heaven : And *Bedoura's* sending an Angel who made such a horrible roaring, that it caused an Earthquake.

Who can without laughing read the Story of the Idol of the Test, which distinguished between Harlots and Virgins by the Touch of their Hand ? Or of the Spirits which guard the Pyramids, one like a naked Woman, walking about in the open Air at Noon, and making Men run mad for Love of her : Another in the Form of an old Man with a Basket on his Head, and a Censor in his Hand ? A third of a black Woman with a monstrous Child in her Arms ?

There

There is no End of such Fables. Neither can any Man of Reason, stoop to so much Easiness as to regard them. And it is a Pleasure to me, when I consider thee as a Man actually satyrical upon Opinions and Traditions repugnant to Sense.

Mehemet, whilst thou art in *Egypt*, remember that thou wert born in *Arabia*, where Science has flourished for these thousand Years.

Paris, 28th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XII.

To Zornesfan Mustapha, Bassa of the Sea.

I Will not pretend to Divination, nor flatter thee with Presages of better Fortune against the *Venetians*, during thy Command of the Navy, than thy Predecessors have had; yet I believe thou hath more Honesty and Valour than some of them. And I congratulate thy Rise to this Dignity.

If my Intelligence be true, a more glorious Fleet has not sailed out of the *Ottoman* Harbours, than appears now at Sea, under thy Command. May thy Success answer the Expectation of the *Mussulmans*. But I tell thee, thou hath need to look about thee; for thou wilt encounter a valiant and subtle Enemy.

These *Venetians* are not like the rest of the *Nazarenos*, superstitiously devoted to the Sentiments of their Priests. That kind of Bigottry chains up Mens Spirits, and renders them effeminate: It blinds them and robs them of their Sense and native Vigour. But these are bold, resolute People, fearing neither Man nor the Devil. They are also well versed in Stratagems, being as cunning as Serpents. In fine, *Venice* is a Commonwealth made up of Soldiers and Statesmen:

men: And thou can'st not expect, that the Sea makes them degenerate. Therefore look for hot Entertainment, whenever thou engageth those Aboriginal Tar-pawlins. I speak not this to discourage thee, but to arm thee with due Caution. Thou knoweth the same God who made them, made thee, and all the Men in thy Fleet. Thou hath also the Happiness to serve the most Victorious Empire in the World. Fear nothing therefore: But when thou loosest from the *Hellespont*, with the invincible Fleet, adorned with Ensigns of high Renown, the prosperous Streamers of *Mahomet*; when thou heareth the All-chearing Clarions and Timbrels breathing the lofty Menaces, the vital Airs of War; then let thy noble Heart flourish with brave Thoughts, and brisk Resolutions. Yet let not a false Assurance of Victory make thee rash, and bereave thee of that Conduct, which is as necessary a Qualification in a General as Courage. Consider that the Fortune of Battles is uncertain: Therefore do all Things with great Precaution. Trust not to the Force of thy Commission, in that thou fighteth for the Law and Honour of the Prophet. But remember the Proverb of the Ancients, which says, *The Devil often carries the Standard of the living God*. There may be those in thy Fleet, who are treacherous, and at the Devotion of the *Nazarenes*. For I hear that both Spahis and Janisaries were very unwilling to embark themselves; and God knows, how far the *Venetian* Gold may work on some of the Officers. Though their Resentment seemed to be appeased by the Bounty of our glorious Sovereign, yet the smallest Occasion may renew their old Discontent again; and put them on more dangerous Tumults at Sea, than those they were guilty of ashore: Or at least they will become more remiss and cold in the Service of the Grand Seignior.

Be it how it will, if the Navy has not good Success the Blame of all will be laid on thee. Pardon therefore the Freedom I take in advising thee, since it is an Argument of my Affection and Concern for thy Honour and Safety: And no Man can with Reason be offended at another for warning him of Danger. In a Word, I wish thee the good Fortune of the *English*, who have lately taken an Island in the *West-Indies* from the *Spaniards*: They call it *Jamaica*.

It seems, that the King of *Spain* had possessed this Isle, from the Time of the first Conquests in *America*, where his Subjects have committed horrid Cruelties on the Natives; for which they are now punished by that new Commonwealth, who boast that they are established by God to reform or overturn all the Kingdoms of *Europe*.

Thou hast heard, I suppose of *Oliver* the Sovereign of that Nation. He appears like another *Gingiz Cham*, setting up for a Prophet and Founder of a new Empire. He has refused the Title of King which was offered him by the *English States*, with all the Ensigns of Royalty. But he aims at a more sublime Character, laying the Foundation of his Hopes in a pretended Modesty, assuming only the Stile of Protector. They say, he talks of leading an Army to the Gates of *Rome*, and when he has subdued the Pope, that he will march or sail to *Constantinople*, and drive the Grand Signior out of his Seraglio.

I tell thee, these are not Things to be contemned or laughed at. For this *Oliver* has the Fame of a Great and invincible General: And I can assure thee all the neighbouring Kings and States court his Friendship. In fine, he makes the most formidable Figure at present of any Prince in these Western Parts.

If it will divert thee at Sea, to hear of the Transactions by Land, know, that *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, Son of the German Emperor, is elected King of the Romans in the Room of his deceased Brother. There's also a Diet at *Frankfort*, where they have too many Discords and Quarrels of their own, to have Leisure to plot any Mischief against the Empire of True Believers. These Infidels, in their publick Councils, are like Women scolding away the Time that should be employed in Action.

There arrives daily a great deal of News out of *Sweden*, *Muscovy*, and *Poland*. One Post informs me of a Plague raging at *Moscow*, and other Cities of that Northern Tract: Another alarms us with Intelligences of Sieges and Plundering of Towns, Dispeopling of Provinces, and a Deluge of Blood and Slaughter; For the *Swedes*, espousing the Quarrel of the *Muscovites*, endeavour to make their own Game in *Poland*; many Princes and great Men, with their Towns, Villages, and Vassals, revolting daily from the unfortunate *Casimir*, and submitting to the *Swedish* Monarch.

And here in *France*, those that go not to the Wars make private Campaigns at Home. Here's Nothing but Duelling and Murder among Men of the Sword; whilst the *Ecclesiasticks* are combating one another with their Pens, and the Lawyers with their Tongues.

In *Switzerland* they're mad about Religion. At *Dantzick*, two Eagles were seen combating in the Air. And, as if all Nature were in a ferment, the Winds have been at Variance in the Bowels of the Earth, which has occasion'd frequent Earthquakes, in that Part of *Germany*. The King of *Poland's* Brother is dead, and the Queen-Mother of *Sweden*.

We must all die at the determin'd Hour; and there is no other Terror in Death, but what is created by our own Opinion, nor any greater Pain than attend our Birth. For at our Dissolution every Element

of which we were compounded, takes its proper Share, and that which is divine in us returns to that which is divine in the Universe.

Paris, 28th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of
the Customs at Constantinople.

OUR Kinsman *Isauf* is now gone for *Muscovy*, having visited the most remarkable Places in this Kingdom. I receiv'd a Letter from him, dated at *Diepe*, a Sea-Town over against the *English* Coast. He was just going abroad, as he tells me, when he deliver'd his Dispatch to the Post. GOD grant him a prosperous Voyage to that Region, and whithersoever his Genius or Fortune carries him.

I am extremely pleas'd with his Conversation. Whilst I was in *Paris*, I was never sensible of Melancholy, unless it were in the Evenings, which forc'd us to part Company. He has an excellent Memory, and recounts all the Adventures of his Life with a great deal of Ease, both to himself and his Hearers. He was never at a Loss for Matter, or confounded one Circumstance with another, but ranking every thing in its due Time and Place, deliver'd all with a Clearness and Grace, which affected me with singular Delight.

Besides, He has a ready Wit, lively Fancy, and Judgment enough for one of his Years. I tell thee, the Relations he has made of his Travels, with his regular Deportment here in *Paris*, of which I have been a Witness, have imprinted in me such an Opinion of his Ability, that I have trusted him
with

with some particular Instructions, in order to a settled Correspondence between us, in whatsoever Court he resides. For, in a Word, I find him mature enough for Business of Moment: And it is Pity his Parts should be buried, without ever appearing in Action.

If he succeeds in what I have put him upon, when he arrives at *Archangel*, a Sea-Port in *Russia*, and a Place of great Commerce and Traffick, I shall have good Reason to hope for more important Matters, when he comes to *Moscow*, the chief City of the Men who worship the Eyes of their Emperor. And then it will be Time to give a due Character of him to the Ministers of the *Porte*. Wherein thou wilt have many Opportunities to perform the Office of a Kinsman and Friend. Those of the same Blood ought thus to serve one another with Integrity and Affection: For in so doing we help ourselves, strengthen the Interest of our Family, and shall find Returns in Time of Need. As thou hast receiv'd Favour from *Kerker Hassan* Bassa, on the Score of being his Countryman; so there is greater Reason that thou shouldst shew Kindness to *Ious*, who partakes of our Blood.

There arises a vast Complacency from doing good Offices, though to a Stranger, or even to an Enemy. Man is naturally generous, and he has debauch'd his Soul; who acts contrary to this Principle. Yet the greatest Part of Men are degenerated. They pursue Lions, Tygers, Bears, and such like ravenous Beasts, with inexorable Hatred and Revenge; they bear secret Antipathies against Spiders, Toads, Serpents, and other venomous Creatures; and yet they are all these Things, or worse, themselves. Ever since *Astrea* abandon'd the Earth, there has been a strange Metamorphosis in our Race; Men have for the most Part forsaken their Humanity, and chang'd Nature with the Savages. Nay, we transcend them in

whatsoever is cruel and vicious: As if our Reason were given us only to teach us the most refined Methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquisite Spur to Vice.

Isof has presented me with solid Observations of this Kind in his Travels, especially in *Africk*: He says, That Region is not more prolifick of strange and horrible Beasts, than it is of monstrous Men, Brutes, and Devils in Human Shape. And though he relates some fair Things of the *Indians*, and other People in *Asia*, yet they are intermix'd with tragical Reports, and mournful Memoirs; such as stain the History of our Race, and make it evident, that it is hard to meet with one good Man among Ten Thousand. The whole World is over-run with Oppression, Cruelty, Avarice, Perfidy, and Lust.

He relates strange Things of the Antiquities of *Egypt*. He calls it the only Scene of Wonders and Miracles on Earth. Indeed this Country was very famous among all Nations for the Wisdom and Learning of her Priests; who, in the first Ages of the World, understood all the Secrets of the Elements, the Virtues of Plants and Minerals, and were perfectly vers'd in the Science of the Stars and Spirits, and in all Manner of mysterious Knowledge. They were said to make Statues and Images, that could speak, walk, run, and counterfeit all Human Actions. They were also exquisite in making miraculous Talismans and Mirrors, with any Kind of magical Work, whereby they kept the People, and even the Princes, in a profound Awe and Veneration of their prodigious Knowledge and Power, and likewise defended their Country against all Invaders. For no sooner did an Enemy appear with his Armies on the Frontiers of *Egypt*, but these Priests had present Intimation of it by their Secret Art, even in their Chambers, perhaps at a Hundred Leagues Distance. Then, by their Enchantments, they either caused

caused Fire to consume them in their Camps, or turned their Swords one against another, or sent an Army of winged Serpents to destroy them. So that for many Ages no King ever prospered that fought against the *Egyptians*.

But let not Thou and I, dear Brother, suffer our Reason to degenerate, by giving Credit to Fictions and Romances, though vouched by some of our Countrymen; such as *Murat Alzman*, *Eb'n Abdalboh*, and others.

He also tells many remarkable Passages of the Pyramids of *Caire*, the Overflowing of the *Nile*, the Mummies, and other Things, which I have not now Time to rehearse; but in another Letter I will gratify thee with a more ample Account of his Observations.

In the mean Time, live thou to enjoy the Fruits of thy own Travels in the *East*; which if it matches not the South in Prodiges and stupendous Inventions; yet it surpasses both it, and all the rest of the World, in Justice and Morality.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1655.

L E T T E R XIV.

To Ismael Kaidar, Cheik, a Man of the
Law.

THOU hast the Character and Fame of a great Historian; a Man of Intelligence both in the Records of past Times, and the Transactions of the present: Therefore the Name of *Christina*, late Queen of *Sweden*, cannot be strange to thee. I doubt not but thou hast heard of this Princess, so celebrated

throughout the Earth for her Learning, and other noble accomplishments; and how she voluntarily resigned the Crown to one of her Kinsmen. But, perhaps, thou knewest not the true Motives which induced her to this Royal Caprice: For it deserves no better Name, as thou wilt understand by the Sequel.

Her Father, who, for his successful Wars and perpetual Victories, was called the *Great Gustave*, dying, left her in the entire Possession of his Kingdom, and new Conquests in *Germany*. But, during the Time of her Reign, *Piementelli*, the *Spanish* Ambassador at *Stockholm*, by daily conversing with this great Queen, used such plausible Insinuations, as prevailed on her to have a more favourable Opinion of the Pope, and his Religion, than she had before entertained: For all the *Swedes* are educated in an Aversion for those of the *Roman* Faith. I need not explain to thee these Distinctions of Belief, among the *Nazarenes*; thou art versed in their History, as well as in our own. Suffice it to say, That this Ambassador possessed *Christina* with so fair an Idea of the *Catholick Religion*, that she abandoned her Crown, and has ever since been a Queen Errant, a Royal Rambler through *Europe*, being resolved to make Experiment of the Generosity of the *Catholick* Princes, whose Virtue *Piementelli* had so highly extolled.

It would be a Work of seven Moons for the most industrious Scribe to relate all the particular Magnificences with which she has been entertained in her Travels through *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Alsace*, *Inspruck*, *Italy*, and *Rome*, where she now resides. Every Prince of the *Roman* Church, through whose Territories she passed, was ambitious to appear prodigal of his Favours and Civilities to their illustrious Stranger: Perhaps to evade the Lashes of her Wit, which, they say, is very Satirical. Or it may be for other Reasons more forcible and poignant. Be it how it

it will, the *Roman Wits* have not spared her, as thou wilt perceive by the following Verses, which, on the First Day of the Moon of *January*, were found in the Hand of *Pasquin*, and on the Portal of the Palace *Farnese*, where she resides:}

*Pazza, Gobba, & Zoppa viene dal Norte,
Del Monarcha Invitto l' indegna Figlia,
Mentre Pologna Gente & si Scompiglia,
A vane Pompe Rome apre le Porte;
Contra questi Applausi l' ungrida forte,
Et in basse Note l' altro bis Biglia.
Corre la Sciocca Genti, alza le ciglia,
Ride Pasquin del Papa, & della Corte.
Su su venite voi Ruffiani Snelli,
Et portate a Christina 'stravagante,
Di venere il Scettro ne i Pazzarelli:
Vuol parer dotta, et è rozza Pedante.
E in Braccio a mangiator di Ravanelli,
Vuol parer casta, & è Putana Errante.*

I send thee these Verses in the Original, knowing thou art a Critick in the *Italian* Language; besides, they will not be found so well in *Arabick*. Thou that hast been in *Rome*, knowest what *Pasquin* is, and art no Stranger to the Humours of that City.

Let not Lampoons of morose *Italians* abate thy Charity for this renowned Princess: But let her Extravagancies be an Argument of the Greatness of her Soul; and remember the old *Roman* Proverb, which says, *There's no surpassing Genius without some Mixture of Madness.*

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

HAVING the Space of an Hour before the Post goes, I could not forbear to inform thee of a new Star which lately appeared in these Parts, moving in a direct Line from East to North. The Astronomers have made accurate Observations on it, and yet are at a Loss what to conclude. Some say, it is below the Moon, others place it in the Sphere of the fixed Stars. One will have it a Meteor; a Second affirms it to be a Planet; whilst the *Jews* report every where, that it is the Star of *Jacob*, and a Sign that their *Messias* is at Hand.

Nathan Ben Saddi, one of that Nation at *Vienna*, sends me strange Stories, concerning the Prodigies which shall go before, and accompany the Appearance of the Deliverer of *Israel* (as he calls him.)

He says, There shall speedily come a Sort of People from the uttermost Parts of the Earth, of a black and horrible Aspect, so that whoever shall but cast an Eye on any of them, shall immediately die, as by the Glance of a Basilisk. For every one of them shall have two Heads and seven Eyes, glowing and sending forth Sparks of Fire as poisonous as the Flashes of the Wind *El Samiel* in *Arabia*. They shall also be swift as Stags. And, about the same Time, an extraordinary Heat shall flow from the Sun, which, being dispersed through the Elements, shall corrupt the Air, Earth, and Waters, and infect all this lower World with such pestilential Qualities, that a Million of *Gentiles* (for so the *Jews* call all that are not of their own Nation) shall die every Day. And Men shall be in so great Consternation, that they shall run up and down the Streets crying, *Wo, Wo to us and our Children!* They shall dig their own Graves, and go down into them of their own

own Accord, expecting Death. But that all this Time the *Jews* shall be in Safety and Health.

This *Hebrew* adds, that the Light of the Sun shall be totally extinguished for the Space of thirty Days; during which horrible Darknesh the *Christians* and *Mabometans* shall acknowledge their Errors, and many of them shall embrace the Law of *Moses*; for which GOD, being moved to Mercy, will restore that Planet again to its former Brightness.

But what he says next is an unhappy Presage to the *Romans*, whose Empire, according to this Tradition, shall be extended over all the Regions of the Earth, for the Space of nine Moons. After which Term, GOD shall send the first *Messias*, the Son of *Joseph*, who shall gather the dispersed Tribes of *Israel*, and conduct them to *Jerusalem*; from whence he shall issue forth, with a victorious Army, and lay waste the *Roman* Empire, sack *Rome* itself, and carry away the immense Riches of the *Christians* to *Jerusalem*; and the very Fear of him shall reduce all Nations to his Obedience. He shall fight with *Armillai Harascha*, the Antichrist of the *Christians*, and shall destroy Two Hundred Thousand of *Armillai's* Followers; but, in the End, shall be slain himself, and the good Angels shall transport his Body to the Apartment of the Fathers.

The *Jews* hold, That this *Armillai* shall spring out of an Image of the *Virgin Mary* in *Rome*, made of Marble, with which the most Wicked and Profligate among Men shall be enamoured, and commit the most execrable Uncleannefs that can be named. the Result of these adulterous Congresses shall be, That the Statue, by a supernatural Power, shall prove Impregnate; and, cleaving asunder, shall be delivered of this young *Antichrist*, who is to vex and persecute the *Jews*, and afflict them with greater Calamities, than either they, or their Fathers felt, since the Beginning of the World. They shall be forced to flee

into the Desarts, and hide themselves in the Dens and Caves of the Earth, living only on the Grasse and Herbage, with the Leaves of Trees, till the great *Michael* the Archangel shall thrice wind his Horn. Then shall the Second *Messias*, the Son of *David*, with *Elias* the Prophet appear, who shall rescue them out of all their Troubles, and lead them triumphant to Paradise.

This is the Sum of what *Nathan*, and all the *Jews* believe concerning the Last Times, which, they say, are now approaching: As is evident by the Rising of this New Star, accompanied with terrible Thunders and Lightnings. And the chief Patriarch, or Prince of the *Jews*, is come from *Jerusalem* to *Vienna*, to prepare those of his Nation in the Western Parts for the Grand Revolutions, which they believe are ready to fall out in the World. All the *Jews* in that City went out a League to meet him with great Pomp and Solemnity.

In the mean while, I hear that the Son of the late *Vizir Azem*. makes a Confusion among you at *Constantinople*, and the Parts adjacent, being at the Head of Fifty Thousand Men, on Pretence to revenge the Death of his Father, but really to recover his ravished Mistress, the fair *Soltana Zamouvre*, who was forced from his Seraglio by the Grand Seignior's Command. Women and Wine, according to the Proverb of the *Franki*, make all the Disturbance in the World. And without calling to Remembrance the *Trojan Wars*, the unhappy Effects of *Helena's* Perfidy, we may conclude, that Women are the Occasions of many Quarels among us.

There is a Peace lately concluded between the *French* and the New *English* Commonwealth: By which Means, the Exiled King of the *Scots* was forced to depart from this Realm, which has been his Sanctuary for many Years. He went away at the Beginning of the Treaty, and has wandered up
and

and down *Germany* ever since; sometimes keeping a Court like a King, at other Times living incognito, and very privately, with only two or three Attendants. That poor Prince is very unfortunate; yet, they say, he bears his Calamity with singular Moderation, and a certain Royal Stiffness of Mind, which will rather break than bend.

This Pope is a great Peace-maker, and has sent Nuncios with Letters to all the Princes in *Christendom*, within the Pale of the *Roman Church*, earnestly persuading them to Unity and Friendship, that so their Arms may be turned against the *Mussulmans*. His Predecessor was of another Sentiment, and would not intermeddle with the Quarrels of any. One Day, as he was looking out of a Window of his Palace, with some Cardinals, they espied two Men fighting in the Street; whereupon they desired the Holy Father to interpose his Authority, and command Peace; But he refused, saying, *Let them fight it out, and then they'll be good Friends of Course*. And turning to the *Spanish Ambassador*, he said, *So will it fare with your Master and the King of France; when they have sufficiently wearied one another with Wars, they will gladly embrace the Proposals of Peace*.

Here is great Rejoicing for the Reconciliation newly made between the King and his Uncle, the Duke of *Orleans*, who haveing been estranged a long Time, the latter having espoused the Prince of *Conde's* Cause. But now he has abandoned it, and is come to the Court.

These Infidels are as inconstant as the Winds, which vary to all the Points of the Compass.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1656.

L E T T E R

LETTER XVI.

To Solyman, his Cousin, at Scutari.

I See thou art given over to a Spirit of Discontent. Nothing can please thee. Thou murmurest at Providence, and castest Obloquies on the Ways of GOD: As if the Order of all Things, and the Established OEconomy of the Universe, must be changed, to gratify thy Humour.

Formerly thou wert troubled with dull, melancholy Thoughts about Religion: Now thou art angry with thy Trade, and pinest that thou wert not educated in the Academy. A Mechanick Life, thou sayest, is tedious and irksome; besides, that it is beneath one of thy Blood to be always employed in making of Turbants. Thou wishest rather to have been a Courtier, Soldier, or any thing, save what thou art.

Cousin, Let not Pride and Ambition corrupt thy Manners. Dost thou not consider, that all True Believers are obliged to exercise some Manual Occupation, and that the Sultan himself is not exempted from this Duty? Did not the Prophet himself practise it, and enjoin it to all his Followers? Hast thou not heard his Words, when he said, *No Man can eat any Thing sweeter in this World, than what is acquired by his own Labour.* Doubtless, all the Prophets, and Holy Men, have gained their Bread by their lawful Employments, *Adam* was a Gardener, *Abel* a Shepherd, *Seth* a Weaver, *Enoch* a Taylor, *Noah* a Shipwright, *Moses*, *Saguib*, and *Mahomet* were Shepherds; *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* a Carpenter, *AbuBecre*, *Omar*, *Othman*, *Gali*, and *Gabdorachaman*, were Merchants.

Dost thou esteem thyself of better Blood than *Adam*, from whom thou receivedst thine? For Shame prefer not thyself to *Noah*, the Restorer of Man-

Mankind, to *Jesur the Messias*, to *Mahmut* our Holy Law-giver, and to the rest of those excellent Persons, who thought it no Contempt to work at their several Trades, and eat the Bread of their own Labours.

Besides, Dost thou consider the dangerous Intrigues of a Prince's Court? Art thou sufficiently armed with Wit and Dexterity, to secure thy Station against the wily Trains of designing Men? I do not reproach thy Abilities: Yet I think thou wilt do better in the Post allotted thee by Destiny; that is, in thy proper Calling, than in the perilous Condition of those, who stand or fall at the Pleasure of others. Whereas thou art now thy own Man, and needest fear no Tempests of State, or Frowns of thy Prince, so long as thou pursuest none but thy private Affairs. Many Sovereign Monarchs have envied such as thee, when they have seen, how cheerfully and quietly they pass away their Time under the Umbrella of an obscure and private Life: Whereas, at the Court, there is Nothing but Intriguing, Plotting, and Treachery; one undermining another, to make Way for their own Advance. The Court is a perfect Theatre of Fraud, Dissimulation, Envy, Malice, and a Thousand Vices, which there act their various Parts, under the Habit and Disguise of seeming Virtues. There a Man must flatter the Great, and speak against his own Sense and the Truth, to procure the Favour of some dignified Fool: Than which nothing is more ignoble and base.

This puts me in mind of a pleasant Repartee, which *Diogenes* the Philosopher gave to a Courtier. The Spark passing by *Diogenes*, as he sat in a Tub eating of Turneps, put this Scoff upon him; *Diogenes*, said he, *If thou wouldst but learn the Art of Flattery, thou needest not sit here in a Tub, serancking of Roots.* To whom the Philosopher replied, *And thou vain-glorious Man, If thou wouldst but learn to live contented*
with

with my homely Fare, needest not condescend to the Fawning of a Spaniel.

But Cousin, Let not this Passage cause thee to emulate the Philosopher's Manner of Life, for he had his Vices as well as other Men. If he was no Flatterer, yet he was proud and opiniative: He laid Trains for the Applause of Men in all his Actions, and so taught others to become Flatterers, though he was none himself. All his pretended Humility, Mortification, and Rigour, were but so many Decoys for Fame. Of this *Plato* was sensible, who was a far more excellent Philosopher than he. As this Sage was one Day walking with some of his Friends in the Fields, they shewed him *Diogenes* standing up to the Chin in Water, whose Superficies was frozen over, saving one Hole that *Diogenes* had made for himself: *Pub*, says *Plato*, *Don't regard him, and he'll soon be out: For had he not seen us coming this Way, he would not have put himself to this Pain.* Another Time, this Philosopher came to *Plato's* House, and as he walked on the rich Carpets, with which the Floor of the Hall was covered; *See* said *Diogenes*, *how I trample on Plato's Pride.* *Yes*, said *Plato*, *but with greater Pride.*

Certainly, the greatest Philosophers, Doctors, and even Saints themselves, have their Errors and Failings. Do not therefore affect to change thy Calling, for the Life of a Student, or a contemplative Man: For the same Discontent will still haunt thee in that State, which makes thee so uneasy now. Thou art a perfect Stranger to the intolerable Anguish of Mind which afflicts thinking Men, and such as apply themselves to the Study of the Sciences. They labour under a perpetual Thirst of Knowledge and the more they learn, the greater and more ardent is their Desire of farther Discoveries. So that the most accomplished Sages are no more satisfied with their own Acquisitions, than he who has never meddled with Books.

Then

Then as to their Bodies, they are always vexed with one Malady or other, proceeding from the violent Agitation of their Spirits, the Intenseness of their Thoughts perpetual poring upon Books, and their sedentary Life.

In all that I have said, I do not dissuade thee from seeking after Knowledge, I rather counsel thee to read Books, and I gave thee the same Advice in a former Letter: But do it with Moderation. Let not thy Studies intrench on the Affairs of thy Calling. Read Histories, or other Tracts, according to thy Fancy, when thou hast nothing else to do. But do not follow it so close, as if thou aspiredst to the Character of a compleat Historian, or Philosopher. Still remember that thou art a Turbant-Maker, and that by the Decrees of Fate thou art born for this Business. Follow it with Alacrity and Mirth. When thou art at thy Work, it will be pleasant meditating on what thou hast read at thy spare Hours. Thou wilt find thyself much more happy, in thus mixing Studies with the necessary Offices of thy Trade, than in abandoning thyself wholly to a contemplative Life. And, in the Midst of thy Disgusts, thou mayest comfort thyself with this Reflection, That thou art of none of the most despicable Callings, which serve the Necessities of Man's Body. Had thy Employment been only to make Papouches or Sandals, which cover the Feet, it might have been an Argument of Discontent to thee, in regard the Foot is the most contemptible Member in the Body. But now thou passest thy Time in making Ornaments for the Head, which is the noblest Part, and Commander of all the Rest, thou hast no Reason to repine.

If, after all, thou resolvest to change thy Course of Life, I advise thee to turn Soldier, for then thou must be contented and patient per Force.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

L E T T E R

LETTER. XVII.

To Melec Amet.

THE *Nazarens* boast much of the new Converts they have made from the *Mussulman* Law to the Faith of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*. On the 23d of the last Moon, a *Moor* of *Tripoli* was baptized in a Church of this City; and the next Day he was anointed with the Chrism or Holy Oil (as they call it) which, they say, has a Virtue to confirm and strengthen him in his new Religion. On the 25th, he was cloathed all in white Linen, and walked in Procession through the Streets, with Musick playing before them, whilst the Ground was strewed with Flowers. When he arrived at the great Mosque of this City, a Priest gave him that which they esteem the Body of the *Messias*, but in Reality is only a Wafer, with the Figure of a Man crucified on it. These Wafers are made, and sold to the Priests by the common Bakers of the Town, and yet they make the poor, ignorant People believe, with four Words they can change them into an immortal God.

The Renegado *Moor* appears very zealous and devout, frequenting the Temples, and visiting all Holy Places. He walks along the Streets with Beads in his Hand, which the People interpret as an Argument of his Piety to the *Virgin Mary*, the Mother of *Jesus*. For when they pray to her, it is the Custom to number their Oraisons on Beads. But all this while, they consider not that he may be an Hypocrite, as to their Religion, and, instead of addressing his Prayers to her, may direct them to GOD alone; as all the True Faithful do, who use Beads in rehearsing the Divine Ejaculations, as well as the *Christians*, in repeating their Ave Maria, which they say, was the Salutation that *Gabriel* gave the *Virgin*, when he entered her Oratory.

Be

Be it how it will, he gets Abundance of Money by his Devotion: For the *Franks* are really very charitable, and give plentiful Alms to the Poor: but especially to one under his Circumstances they are extremely liberal, that so they may imprint in him a more fervent Affection, and profound Reverence for their Religion.

But he is not the only Convert they brag of. Many Captives they either wheedle, or force to turn *Christians*. Thus, he that was taken at Sea by the Ships of *Malta* Twelve Years ago, when it was reported through *Christendom*, that he was the Grand Seignior's Son, is of late turned *Christian* and Friar, having solemnly, and in Publick, abjured the *Mussulman* Law, cursed our holy Prophet, and all those of his Race, with the Believers of the Alcoran. He is like to come to great Preferments in the *Roman* Church: They call him The *Ottoman* Father; and boast, that the True Heir of the *Turkish* Empire, is a *Christian*, and in their Custody.

Yet after all the Profelyte of greatest Fame is *Don Philipppo*, the Son of the Bey of *Tunis*, of whom I made mention in one of my former Letters. This Prince is now at *Valentia*, under the King of *Spain's* Jurisdiction, who allows him a considerable Pension, and has given him Leave to marry a Princess of that Country, very beautiful and ingenious, but of a poor Fortune: He has one Son by her. It is said the King of *Spain* designs to set forth a mighty Fleet of Ships; and, having furnished this Prince with all Things necessary for a Warlike Expedition, will send him thus equipped to claim the Government of *Tunis*; or, in Case of Denial, to make a Descent in that Kingdom, and fight for it. But I believe this will only prove a *Spanish* Rhodomantade, that Monarch having Work enough cut out for him in *Europe* and *America*, by the *French* and *English*, to divert him from any such wild Enterprize on *Africk*. However it be,
this

this *Don Philippo* is much talked of in *Chriftendom*, and the *Spaniards* flatter themselves with the Hopes of conquering a great Part of *Barbary* by his Means, he having many Friends, and a confiderable Interest in thofe Parts.

Thou mayeft acquaint the Divan, that *Osman* the Dwarf is ftill living, and ferves the Porte with a fecret and untainted Zeal. Two Days ago he difcovered a cunning Practice of Cardinal *Mazarini*, whofe Motions and Intrigues he watches very narrowly. He affures me, That this Minifter has difpatched away two Agents to the King of *Sweden* and Elector of *Brandenburgh*, with a Letter to each of thefe Princes from the King of *France*, alfo with blank Papers, and the King's Seal, giving them Inftuctions to fill up thofe Blanks, and feal them with the King's Signet, according as they found the Treaty go forward between thofe Princes. The main Design of this Trick being to hinder them from entering into a League againft the King of *Poland*, by all the Artifice thefe Agents could ufe, in exactly timing and fuiting their counterfeit Letters, to the Difficulties and Mifunderftandings that always happen in fuch Treaties, that fo they may exasperate each Party againft the other, as Occafion offered, without being obliged to fend to *France* for frefh Letters, which would breed too much Delay, and fpoil their Design.

By this thou mayeft perceive, that Cardinal *Mazarini* comes not fhort of his Predeceffor *Richlieu*, in managing the Affairs of Foreign Courts. He is the very Soul of all the grand Bufinefs in *Chriftendom*.

A general Heart-burning has poffeffed the *French*, efpecially the Inhabitants of *Paris*, ever fince the Conclufion of the laft Year, when the King iffued out certain Orders, commanding that all the Gold and Silver Money in the Kingdom fhould be brought

into

into his Mint to be new-coined. The Merchants first complained of this Edict; and then it was murmured at by all the Trading People. At length the Parliament of *Paris* took it into their Consideration, and opposed the King's Pleasure: upon which he banished Eight of their Members, and has several Times prohibited them to assemble; yet they persisted to meet, till he banished more of them: Which, instead of awing them into the expected Compliances, has but incensed them more: And the discontented Clergy blow up the Coals, as do likewise the Friends of the Prince of *Conde*. The Parliament are very bold and peremptory in their Proceedings, having expressly forbid the Citizens of *Paris* to obey the King's Order, and decreed that Nothing should be done in their Assembly, till the banished Senators be recalled.

Things being at this Pass, we expect Nothing but Insurrections, Massacres, and other Effects of popular Fury. The Rich are laying up vast Quantities of Corn and other Provisions, as if they expected a Siege. And the Poor fare the better for it, whilst great Largeesses are given among them by the Grandees of the Parliament, to engage them in the Faction. Besides, Thou knowest, the Multitude always delight in Novelty and State-Tempests, hoping for Plunder, and to enrich themselves by the Ruin of others.

I know not what Conduct is fittest for me to use in this Case. Whether it will be best for me to abide in this City, or follow the Court, which is now at *La Fere* in *Picardy*: Or whether I should retire to some other Place, less liable to civil Disturbances. I wish the Ministers of the Porte would send me full Instructions, what I ought to do in these Emergencies.

From *Rome* we hear, That the Pope and Cardinals are in great Consternation on some Intelligence they have

have received, that the *English* intend to make a Descent on the Territories of the Church. That Nation is now become the great Bug-bear of all *Europe*, since they have moulded themselves into a Commonwealth.

Every Kingdom and Empire has a Time to rise, and another to fall. But who can determine the Period wherein the *Ottoman* Glory will decline, which is not yet advanced to its Zenith?

Paris, 27th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

L E T T E R X V I I I .

To Sedree Al' Giraw'n, *Chief Treasurer to*
the Grand Seignior.

TH.Y Virtues have at length raised thee to a glorious Trust, the Charge of immense Wealth. Thou hast in thy Custody the Riches which cannot be matched in the Universe. GOD inspire thee with Graces suitable to a Dignity so full of Temptations. I hope thou wilt not be affronted at my Prayer, as was thy Predecessor *Kienan Bassa* at some Counsels of like Nature, which I gave him in a Letter. Some Men are strangely cholerick, and look on those as Enemies, who give them good Advice. I only warn'd him of the ordinary Cheats that are practis'd at certain Times in the Treasury, which thou knowest to be true, as well as I. And I tell thee farther, he himself was suspected by many in the *Seraglio* not to have been altogether exempt from Guile.

Whether he were or not, I performed but my Duty in giving him necessary Cautions. For such is the Will of my Superiors, that I should not be afraid

afraid to unravel the Secrets of those that are false to the Grand Seignior. I did not charge him with such a Crime, and therefore he had no Reason to be angry: But some Men will pick a Quarrel with their own Shadows. In a Word, this Grandee forgot himself.

In saying so, I do not reflect on his Original, or that he was found sleeping on a Dunghill in *Russia*, a poor ragged Infant, when the *Tartars* took him Captive, among many Thousands of others, in the Plunder of *Isfinarow*, and sold them to the *Capa Agasi*, for thirteen *Piafiers*, by Reason of his Beauty. I do not call to mind the Circumstances of his Youth: since it is common for the meanest Slaves to arrive at an extraordinary Grandeur by their Merits, or at least through the Favour of the Sultan.

But what I aim at is, That in his being disgusted at the Remonstrances I have made of some private and sinister Practices in the Treasury, he forgot that he himself is still a Slave to the Grand Seignior, as well as I, and therefore not above Instruction.

Well, it seems he is now made Captain Bassa, and thou succeedest him in the Office of Treasurer. To him I wish all imaginable Success and Victories at Sea, for the Sake of our Great Master and the *Musfulman* Empire; to thee for thy own Sake, and for my Brother's, whom I know thou wilt ever respect as a Friend, I wish Increase of Riches and Honours, even as thy Merits and Services augment in the Esteem of the Sultan, and of all the World.

And I tell thee, I have far livelier Hopes to see this latter Wish take Effect than the former: For what Reason have we to expect better Luck from the Courage or Conduct of this *Ourcos Kienan*, than from the brave *Zornesan Mustapha*, who commanded the Fleet last Year?

This unhappy Thought has put me into as melancholy a Humour, as *Aeneas* was in, when the Queen
of

of *Carthage*, required an Account of the *Trojan Wars*: For I have heard that *Cara Mustapha* Bassa succeeded *Zornesfan* in the Command of the Fleet, and in the Revolution of a Moon was made Mansoul again, for the sake of *Kienan* Bassa, or rather for the Sake of the licentious Soldiers, who, it seems, command all Things. I have been informed also of all the other Tragedies acted at the Seraglio, since the second Moon of this Year. Neither are the Causes and Origin of so much Slaughter and Bloodshed hid from me. It is too apparent, that there is an universal Disorder and Corruption in the Discipline of the *Janizaries*.

I formerly wrote to the *Kiaya* Bey on this Account. But, it seems, Avarice, the Root of all Evil, had rendered him insensible and obdurate.

Is it not a Shame, that the Pay of those who serve the Grand Seignior in the Wars should be detained not three or four Moons, but five or six Years, by their corrupt Officers? They sit at Home enjoying their Ease, Revelling in Taverns, and committing a Thousand Riots; whilst the others undergo numberless Fatigues abroad, and are reduced to the extremest Necessities, not having so much as the Vests allowed them by the Sultan to cover their Nakedness! And if they complain of their Sufferings, instead of Redress, they meet with nothing but Taunts and Reproaches, as if they were not worthy to eat the Sultan's Bread and Salt, though they freely hazard their Lives for him. It is no Wonder, the *Janizaries* are so unbridled in their Rage, after so many Provocations.

Yet I cannot but lament the Fate of those unfortunate Men, who were sacrificed to the Fury of that insolent Militia: Especially, I condole the Loss of the brave *Solyman Kyzlir* Aga. The *Janizaries* had an old Grudge against him, ever since his hot
Dispute

Dispute with the Bostangi Bassa, and now they were resolved to execute their Revenge.

As for the Kiaya Bey it seems to be a Stroke of Divine Justice, that he, who had been the Cause of all this Mutiny, should in Remorse strangle himself, and so go to Hell as an Expiation for the many Lives he had cast away.

And there is little less to be said in respect of the Musti, who was Chief of those that betrayed their Master, Sultan *Ibrahim*. To tell thee my Sentiments, I am heartily sorry for all the Rest; But to those who were concerned in that Treason, there seems no Pity due. And the Musti may thank GOD and his good Stars, that his Life went not with the Others. They report here, he is fled into *Egypt*.

But what was that *Gelep Assan*, who headed this Rabble of Mutineers? I had heard Nothing of him, before the Intelligence I received of his sudden Rise, and equally precipitate Fall, during this Tumult. He was, I suppose, some passionate Fool, of an ill contrived Midriff, which used to make a Quarrel between his Heart and his Spleen: And from this intestine Broil he habitually learned the Way to set People together by the Ears. A popular Man, an Incendiary, and one that knew how to wheedle the Vulgar to his own Ruin. Who can give an Account of these Things? Or who can unravel the Web of Destiny? Though there is Nothing strange in this particular Case, yet in the general it is prodigious, that such little Instruments should be able to give so terrible a Shock to the Frame of an ancient and mighty Government!

He was a Man of no Fame or Character, and yet for the Space of two Moons he may be said to command the greatest Sovereign in the World, Sole Proprietor of Fame and Honour. And had he pushed on his Interest, it is not improbable, but that he might

might have exalted himself above his Master, and secured his Post against all After-claps. For, according to my Intelligence, he had, during the Sedition, heaped together prodigious Sums of Money, the Presents of Bassas, and other Ministers of the Porte, who all adored this new-rising Comet, and sought his Protection and Favour against the barbarous Rabble. But it seems he was infatuated with too much Glory, and considered not that every Body watched all Opportunities and Occasions to ruin him: And that his very Followers would be the first to betray him, as soon as the Hurry of their Insurrection was over. This generally happens to all Ringleaders of Parties. When once the Spirits of a Faction are spent, the Lees, (which consist of Regret and Confusion) are discharged on those who first fermented them, mixed with the Revenge of the State.

There are Abundance of Great and Brave Men gone: But the old *Negidher* was of their Council, and he brought them to Ruin, as he did the *Corcis* of *Mecca*, when they conspired against the Life of the Prophet. This Devil entered the Temple (where they were assembled) in the Shape of an ancient Man, decrepid, and leaning on a Crutch. And when he was commanded to withdraw, he told them, *He was a Senior, who had seen all Ages, and remarked the Occurrences of Time; that he was expert in unfolding Secrets, and rendering difficult Things easy.* In a Word, He used so many plausible Insinuations, that they admitted him into their Assembly. But none of their Counsels prospered.

That malicious Dæmon is often present in the Cabals of seditious Men; and though they see him not yet he secretly undermines their Plots, and brings them to Shame and Punishment. For he is the Spirit of Envy; and though he be himself a Rebel, and the Ringleader of a Faction in the Kingdom of the

Air,

Air; yet such is his spiteful Nature, that he seldom suffers any Rebellion to thrive on Earth: Not for any Love that he bears to Government, but because he delights to be active in Mischief, be it what it will; and the Guardian Spirits will not suffer him to mix with the established Divans of an Empire.

The all-good God preserve thee from the Malice of wicked Dæmons that always hover about Treasures of Gold and Silver.

Paris, 22d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

THE Troubles of the Sublime *Porte* touched me so nearly, and embarked my Soul in such a Tempest of solicitous Thoughts and Anxieties for the Honour and Safety of the *Osman* Empire, that I had no Leisure to think of my own particular Hazards whilst I was writing the other Letter. Yet I have been engulfed in Abundance of vexatious Circumstances and perilous Accidents.

It generally happens, that when one Misfortune befalls a Man, it brings a Train along with it. So that at some Seasons we seem to be besieged with Evils, or at least so closely blocked up by an Army of Calamities, that there is no Passage left open either for Relief or Intelligence.

So has it fared with me of late, and with thousands of others, I doubt not, in this populous City. The Rebellion of the Prince of *Conde* is the Occasion of all this. For the King, having some Reasons to apprehend a secret Conspiracy of the Prince's Friends and Well-wishers in *Paris* and other

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G

Places

Places, has caused a very severe Scrutiny to be made of all Strangers and Sojourners. The Soubasnies or Officers go to every House within their Precinct, taking down the Names of all the Inhabitants in Writing, and seizing the Persons of those whom they suspect. The Prisons are filled with People of all Ranks, and the Nobles are sent to the Castle in the Wood of *Vinciennes*. It is said, the King has a List of many Thousands of *Conde's* Party in *Paris*, who designed, on a prefixed Day, to take up Arms for that Prince, and that their Example would have been followed all over the Kingdom.

God knows what is in the Hearts of these Infidels; I am sure *Mahmut* is wholly a Stranger to their Plots. Though last Year I received certain Instructions from the Vizir *Azem*, commanding me to act secretly in the Prince of *Conde's* Behalf, to abet the Faction, and use all the Endeavours and Art I could, to raise a new Party for him among the Courtiers. But I waved so dangerous an Employment, by proposing to him the vast Expences it would require, and the Necessity of sending some extraordinary Embassy to this Court to countenance the Business. To tell thee the Truth, I esteemed it a Thing impracticable, and a mere Caprice of that active Bassa, who had a natural Kindness for Rebels, and delighted to have a Hand in difficult Undertakings, whether there was any Likelihood of Success or not.

But he is dead, and let that atone for all his Rebellions, when he had the Command of *Aleppo*. I love not to load the departed Souls with Accusations. What I have to say is in my own Vindication, who could not approve his politick Chimæra: In regard, had it succeeded, no Profit or Advantage would from thence arise to the *Ottoman* Empire: And had it been discovered, not only I, and all the Secrets of my Commission would have lain open to the Infidels, but also it would have been an eternal Dishonour and
Blemish

Blemish to the high, resplendent *Porte*, to be found guilty of violating, in so notorious a Manner, the Faith it had given to the most ancient and puissant Monarchy among the *Nazarenes*.

Besides, I know not but this Minister had a private Grudge against me, for accusing him formerly to the Divan, when he held Correspondence with the *Venetians*: And that he studied this Way to be revenged, by employing me in an Affair which must needs be my Ruin. However, I think I had Reason to be cautious and apprehensive of the worst. This made me dispatch to him a Letter full of specious Umbrages, seeming to approve his Design, but entangling it with such Difficulties, as would divert him from farther Thoughts of it.

Yet after all, I have been really brought into Danger, on the bare Suspicion of being concerned on the Prince of *Conde's* Side; by which thou mayest guess at the Consequence had I hearkened to the *Vizir's* Advice.

One Morning early the Officers appointed for this Purpose entered my Chamber: And having demanded my Name, Business, and Quality, I answered, ' My Name was *Titus Durlach Nieski*; but that for shortness, and to denote my Country, I was commonly called *Titus the Moldavian*; and that by this Name I was well known to Cardinal *Mazarini*, as I had been to his Predecessor *Richlieu*, and other Courtiers of great Quality. I told them likewise, that I was a Clerk, who understood some foreign Languages, and therefore had been often employed by those Cardinals, in translating Books out of *Greek* and *Arabick* into *Latin* and *French*: For which Reason, being recommended by Cardinal *Richlieu*, I had been introduced into the Acquaintance of several Nobles, whose Children I taught those Languages: And that some of them had promised to make me Curate of *St. Stephen's Church*, as soon as it was vacant.

They seemed to be very well satisfied with what I said; but told me moreover, ‘ They had a Commission to search my Lodgings for Arms and treasonable Papers.

It is impossible to express the Horror I was in, when I saw them go roundly to work, prying into every Corner, and searching my Trunks, Coffers, and even my Bed itself. Not that I had any Guilt upon me of concealing either Arms or Papers relating to this Conspiracy, but my Concern was for my Box of Letters to the Ministers of the *Porte*. As for Arms, they found no other but an old Sword, which I told them I travelled with out of my own Country, and a Brace of Pistols for the same Use, to defend me from Robbers, Assassins, and other Injuries.

These Fellows seemed mightily pleased with the curious Workmanship of my Weapons, surveyed them all over, and having drawn my Sword out of the Scabbard, and made a Pass or two with it against the Wall, after the *French Mode* of Fencing, they put it up again, telling me, ‘ They had no Authority to take these Arms from me, since they were necessary for my Defence.’ But when they came to my Box of Letters, and saw them written in a strange Character, which none of them could read, they began to look on one another, and change their Countenance, as if there were some dangerous Matter contain’d in these Papers, and therefore writ in Cyphers.

They went aside to one End of the Chamber, whispering together, and nodding their Heads with all the Symptoms of Jealousy. At length, I, interrupting them, said, “ You need not, Gentlemen, be concerned about these Papers: They were left with me by a Merchant-Jew of my Acquaintance and they are Letters of Correspondence, between him and some of his Brethren at *Rome, Venice, Amsterdam*, and other Places in *Europe*. It is therefore they are written in a Character which to you
“ appears

" appears strange, it being *Hebrew*, the national
 " Language of the *Jews*. They contain only Mat-
 " ters of Traffick, being Letters of Mart and Ex-
 " change : For you know the *Jews* are the greatest
 " Merchants, Brokers, and Bankers in the World."

These Words, with some Gold which I gave them,
 dispersed all their Suspicions, cleared up their cloudy
 Brows, and turned their Frowns into Smiles and com-
 plimental Addresses. They told me, " I was a very
 " honest Man, and they would do me what Service
 " they could." So bid me adieu.

By this thou mayest see the mighty Power of that
 charming Metal, which commands all Things. For
 whatever I could have said without that had been
 insignificant. But these Idolaters melted into an In-
 difference at the first Sight of glistering Pistoles ; and
 when I had once rendered them thus ductile, it was
 easy to frame them to the most devout Appearance of
 Respect and Friendship. They promised and swore
 no Hurt should be done me.

But I knew the Fickleness of human Fidelity bet-
 ter than to repose any great Confidence in these Mens
 Words. As soon as they were gone, I conveyed my
 Letters to *Eliachim*, who could easily conceal them
 in any private Corner of his House, desiring him to
 furnish me with some Letters of indifferent Concerns
 written in *Hebrew*, that if these Searchers should
 come again, and demand a second View of my Box,
 perhaps with Design to carry it to some Minister of
 State, I might have those *Hebrew* Dispatches ready
 to shew, which, being put in the same Box, would
 not be known from the other by such ignorant Fel-
 lows, to whom *Hebrew*, *Arabick*, and *Chinese* were
 all alike, and so I should be acquitted from all future
 Trouble of this Nature.

And this Event answered my Expectation : For
 within three Days the same Men came again, with
 others in their Company, pretending they had fresh

Warrants, and were sworn to be impartial. Wherefore I was forced to attend them, whilst they carried both me and my Box before a Cadi, or Judge, who having examined very strictly concerning my Name, Country, Religion, and other Matters, and seeming well satisfied with all my Answers, at last sent for a Priest well versed in the *Hebrew* Tongue, ordering him to peruse the Letters; which when he had done, he assured the Cadi, that there was not a Word in any of them relating to the State, being purely Matters of private Contracts, and Bargains between Merchant-Correspondents with Bills of Lading, &c. So I had my Box of Sham-Letters restored to me again, and was honourably dismissed.

Yet though this Storm was soon blown over, I was very near running on Rocks and Sands through the Persecution of thy Predecessor *Kienan Bassa*, and *Kisur Dramelec*, with many others in the Seraglio: The first keeping from me the Pension allowed by the Grand Seignior; the second either sending me no Intelligence, or else baffling me with trifling News, nothing to the Purpose; the rest aspersing me to the Ministers of the Divan.

I desire thee to send me the Arrears that are behind for the Space of nineteen Moons, as thou wilt find in the Register of the *Hafna*. Had it not been for *Eliachim*, that honest Jew, I should have been ruined in this Place for want of Money.

I need not say more to thee, who knowest that Gold is the Grand Talisman, which works all the Miracles in the World.

Paris, 22d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

The End of the SECOND BOOK.

LET-

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. V.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Dgnet Oglou.

WHO can penetrate into the mysterious Conduct of Destiny: Whether GOD governs this World by the Influence of the Stars, or by the Ministry of Spirits, or by his own immediate Power? Or whether all Things did not proceed from Chance, and are still ruled by the same? Be it how it will, there remains something adorable. Even that Chance itself, supposing *Epicurus's* Opinion true, is worthy of Supreme Honours and Sacrifices, which has, with such exquisite Luck, performed all the Parts of infinite Wisdom, and Fore-

cast in forming and preserving the Universe. Were I a Disciple of that Philosopher, every Morning when I beheld the rising Sun, and at Mid-day when I saw him climb the Meridian, and in the Evening when he takes his Conge of this upper World to visit our Antipodes, would I with profoundest Veneration cry out, "O eternal Chance! O omnipotent Casualty! O incomprehensible Blindness! I adore thee, I burn Incense to thee, and do all Things which the duller Sort of Mortals think are only due to an All-wise, All-good, and an All-mighty God." Thus would I address to that infinite Pell-Mell of Atoms, could I believe with *Epicurus*, that from such an inconceivable Hurly-burly proceeded all this admirable Beauty and Order which we behold.

Thou wilt perceive by this, that I am religiously disposed; and rather than not adore some Supreme Being, I would make a Deity of that which to others is the Fountain of Atheism. And I think there is Reason on my Side. For let this World be produced how it will, whether by the casual Concourse of Atoms, or by the deliberate Act of an eternal Mind, whether it be eternally Self-existent, according to the *Stoicks*, or by the genuine Result of the divine Ideas, as the *Platonists* say; it is but just that we should pay the most devout and grateful Acknowledgments to the Source of so many immense Prodigies and Wonders.

But then, what shall we say for all the *EVIL* that appears in the World? That there is such a Thing as *EVIL* scattered up and down through all the Ranks of Beings, and as it were blended and rivetted in their very Essences, is manifest at first View; and every Man has his Share of this epidemical Contagion. But whence it proceeds, who can inform me? I am not the first that have asked the Question. Many Years ago the inquisitive World was busy in searching out the Root of *EVIL*. And there

there were almost as many Opinions about it, as there were Nations on Earth.

Some asserted, that all *EVIL* came out of the *North*: Others derive it from the *South*; as if the two Poles were the Centres and native Seats of this Malady of the World. But these seem to be Men of short Discourse, and shallow Reason, supinely credulous, and willing to take up with any thing rather than to be at the Pains of attentive Contemplation.

Yet this Opinion has so far prevailed in these *Western* Parts, that the *Nazarene* Priests, when they celebrate their Mass, stand on the North-side of the Altar at the Reading of the Gospel, turning their Back to that Quarter of the World. And the Reason they give for this Ceremony is, because in the written Law it is said, *Out of the North comes all EVIL*. I have heard them seriously maintain this Argument. But God knows whether there be any such Place in the written Law or no; or, if there be, whether it must be taken in this Sense. Yet I must confess the *Romans* have some Reason to believe it, having experimentally felt a great deal of *EVIL* from the Northern *Goths* and *Vandals*, who, in former Ages, rushed out of their frozen Regions, and came down like a Torrent upon *Italy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, making Havock of all Things Civil and Sacred. And if this be the Ground of their Ceremony, they have greater Reason now to change their Station, and turn their Backs to the *South-East*, having been much more fatally handled by the victorious *Mussulmans*.

The ancient *Parthians* held, that there were two Principles or Sources of all Things, viz. *GOOD* and *EVIL*; and that there has been an eternal Quarrel between them; but in the End, they say, the *GOOD* shall get the Victory, and exterminate the *EVIL*: This Opinion was embraced by a

Se^t of Christians whom they call *Manichees*. The Founder of that Se^t was a *Persian* by Birth: His Name was *Manes*, a very learned Man, as Records of the *East* testify; yet the Christians rank him among the most pernicious Hereticks. He taught, That Wine was the Blood of Devils; and therefore forbade it to his Followers. He also prohibited the Flesh of Animals. This he learned from the Priests of *Egypt*, where he resided a considerable Time.

But to return to the Sentiments of Men concerning the Origin of *EVIL*. There are some who affirm God is the Author of it; which is not far from Blasphemy. Others say, that when the Devils were exterminated from the Earth, they in Revenge sowed the Seeds of *EVIL* in the Universe. But that of the *Stoicks* seems the most plausible to me: For they asserted, that nothing is *EVIL* of itself, but that the Contrariety which we behold in the World is very good, and conduces to establish the Order and Oeconomy of all Things.

My dear *Dgnet*, do not esteem me an Atheist, because of the Liberty I take in discoursing of these mysterious Things. There are a Sort of People here in the *West*, whom they call *Deists*, that is, Men professing the Belief of a God, Creator of the World, but Scepticks in all Things else. They have no implicit Faith in Historical Religion, but think it the Part of Men, as they are endued with Reason, to call in question the Writings of Mortals like themselves, though they had the Character of the greatest Prophets. Thus they think it no Sin to canvass the Books of *Moses*, and the *Hebrew* Prophets, the Gospel of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and the Alcoran of *Mahomet*, our holy Law-giver; chusing what is agreeable to Reason, and rejecting the rest as fabulous, inserted either by the Craft of Men, or the Interloping of the Devil.

I protest,

I protest, there appears to me no Reason to call these Men Atheists or Infidels. They rather seem to deserve the Title of Philosophers, or Lovers of Wisdom and Truth. And it is from them I have learned this Unwillingness to be imposed on in Matters of Religion. I find them in all Things Men of great Morality and Goodness, far exceeding the Zealots of the Age in true Virtue and pious Actions. But they make no Noise of what they do: And whilst only their human Frailties are conspicuous to all, their Benefactions lie concealed under the Veil of an unparallelled Modesty.

Such of Old were the Associates of *Zeid Eb'n Raphaa*, my Countryman. This was a Person of an ardent Spirit and prodigious Understanding, educated in the *Mussulman* Law: But when he came to those Years, wherein Men usually examine the Grounds of their Religion, he sought the most learned Men, and such as are versed in all Sciences. After he had conversed some Time with them, and found them to be Persons of Integrity, as well as Men of Sense, he proposed to them the Convenience of frequent Clubs among themselves, where they might, with an unrestrained Freedom, discourse of all Things, and, being united in an inviolable Friendship, might improve one another's Knowledge and Virtue, without regarding the Legends and Harangues of the Mollahs. This Society composed Fifty Books of so many several Kinds of Science, that they called them *Ech-wanossapha*, or the Writings of the Sincere Fraternity, concealing their Names. They treated of human and divine Matters, without Reserve or Caution: asserting, that the *Mussulman* Religion was corrupted and alienated from its first Institution, having imbibed many Errors; and that there was no Way to restore it to its primitive Purity, but by joining to it the Philosophy of the Ancients. In a Word, they endeavoured

deavoured to reform whatever was amiss in the Doctrines and Manners of the Faithful; by reducing both to the Standard of Reason.

I know not whether thou wilt approve or dislike their Enterprize. But I am sure thou art sensible, as well as I, that there are Bigots among the Followers of the Prophet, and that those deserve Correction. The Devil will set his Foot in the Temple of God: But do not thou follow his Steps. If thou do, He that made the Devil fetch thee back again.

Paris, 30th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER II.

*To the Nazin Eschref, or Prince of the
Emirs at the Porte.*

THE *Christians* say, it is an Argument of God's Love, when he chastises them; therefore they have no Reason to be peevish, or call it an Effect of his Anger, that a dismal Plague is broke out in the Territories of the Pope, the Kingdom of *Naples*, and other Parts of *Italy*. This Contagion rages so vehemently in *Rome*, the Capital City of the Western *Nazarenes*, that above a Hundred Thousand Persons of several Ranks have forsaken the Place. The Pope's Palace is shut up, and no Access granted to any, not even to foreign Ambassadors, without great Precaution; and then none of their Retinue are admitted with them.

It is said Seventeen Hundred die daily in that City, and Six Thousand a Day in *Naples*. Nay, in some Places the Living are scarce sufficient to bury

bury the Dead. The Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, to prevent the spreading of the Infection in his Territories, hath forbid all Intercourse between his Subjects and those of the Pope, neither will he permit so much as a Nuncio to pass through his Dominions.

This Mortality hath frightened Queen *Christina* from *Rome*. She hath sent to desire Passes of the Duke of *Savoy* and other Princes, designing for *France*. She is already on her Voyage, having been presented by the Pope with Ten Thousand Crowns, to defray the Expences of her Travels. Here are great Preparations making for her Reception; the King having sent Orders to all the Governors of Towns and Provinces, through which she must pass, to receive and entertain her with a Magnificence due to her Sovereign Dignity, and worthy of the *French* Grandeur and Hospitality.

In the mean Time this Court is in a sullen Humour, by Reason of a late great Loss they have suffered at *Valenciennes* in *Flanders*. This Place was besieged by the *French* at the Beginning of this Campaign, but was relieved by the *Spaniards* this Moon, who killed above a Thousand Men on the Spot, took Five Thousand Prisoners, with all their Cannon and Baggage. Among the Captives of Note is the *Maréchal de Ferte Seneterre*, General of the *French* Army. The Names of the others are wanting. *Maréchal de Turenne* himself very narrowly escaped, by timely withdrawing his Brigade from the Fight, for which some stigmatize him with Cowardice and Treachery; whilst others affirm he acted the Part of a prudent Captain in thus retreating, since it was impossible to restore the Battle with any Success.

From *Sweden* we hear, that the Elector of *Brandenburgh* hath entered into a League with the King of *Sweden*, by which both their Armies are united against the King of *Poland*: And it is said their first Design will be upon *Dantzick*. That Country is in a horrid

horrid Confusion, the Nobles, Gentry, and Boors, being all in Arms, some deserting their Sovereign, others adhering to his Interest. King *Casimir* hath invested *Warsaw* with an Army of Forty Thousand Men. In the mean Time the *Hollanders* have sent a great Fleet of Ships of War into the *Baltick Sea*, but to what End is not known, nor what Part they will take, whether the *Swedes* or *Poles*. Yet the latter hope for great Assistance from them, there having been lately some Misunderstanding between the *Dutch* and the *Swedes*. The *Muscovites* also have entered *Poland* with a numerous Army, and the *Tartars* are coming with another to the Aid of King *Casimir*.

Thus is *Poland* become the Stage of a most terrible War; and which Side soever gets the Victory that unhappy Country will be near ruined.

Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at *Vienna*, and a private Agent for the Grand Seignior, sendeth me Word, that the Emperor of *Germany* hath an Army of Thirty Thousand Foot and Twelve Thousand Horse in *Silesia*, who are to join with the *Muscovites*, and do some considerable Action against the *Swedes*, whose continual Victories, and growing Greatness, giveth Jealousy to those puissant Monarchs. He informeth me farther, that the Emperor hath dispatched a Courier to the Prince of *Transylvania*, with Instructions and Letters, to engage him to a Neutrality.

But the young *Ragotski* is as wild as his Father, and hateth to be led by the Nose.

Thou mayest inform the Ministers of the Divan, that *Adonai* the Jew is dead of the Plague in *Rome*, having first taken Care to transmit to me all the Papers which concern the mysterious *Porte*.

This Court, at present, is at a Place called *La Fere* in *Picardy*; a Province bordering on *Flanders*. From whence there may be a more frequent Inter-course between the King and his Camp.

Prince

Prince of the holy Line, I have sent thee all the News that is stirring at this Juncture, saving some trivial Matters which are not worth a *Mussulman's* Knowledge; much less thine, who art distinguished from the Croud of true Believers by wearing the sacred Colour of the Prophet.

Paris, 30th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER III.

To Melec Amet.

HERE hath been a strange Accident lately, not many Leagues from *Paris*, which hath occasioned various Discourses, and put the Philosophers upon a new Scrutiny. One Morning a certain Peasant, or Farmer, walking over his Lands, as his Custom is, to number his Sheep and other Cattle, missed a Barn, or Store-House, which stood in a Field at some Distance from his Habitation. Surprized at this, he hastened towards the Place where he saw it but the Night before: When, to his no small Astonishment, he perceived that not only the Barn but a great Part of the Field wherein it was built was sunk into the Earth. He immediately ran and called some of his near Neighbours to behold this strange Spectacle: And the Fame of it spread all over the Country. Divers learned and ingenious Persons have been there to make Observations of this Accident. But none dareth venture near enough to the Chasm to look down into it; because the Earth continueth breaking and falling in, which maketh a Noise like the Salvoes of the Janizaries, when the Grand Seignior visits the Arsenal.

One

One would conclude, by these uncommon Symptoms, that the Earth groweth antient and weak, that her inward Strength and Vigour decayeth, and that we are every where in Danger of being swallowed up. I have not Time to write more, it being Midnight and the Post ready to go.

The Almighty and All-good God have thee in his holy Protection.

Paris, 30th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER IV.

To Zornezan Mustapha, *Baglerbeg* of
Erzram.

I WILL still congratulate thy Happiness, even in this last Change of thy Fortune; which, although it be a Kind of Descent from the more lofty Stations thou hast possessed in the *Osman* Empire; yet it is attended with honourable Circumstances, and an inviolable Security. Thou art not out of the Sultan's Favour, banished to *Egypt*, and confined to a narrow Pension during thy Life, as hath been the Fate of several *Grandeess*: But thou art withdrawn from the Intrigues of State, the Toils of War, and the Plots of a Courtier's Life, to the sweet Retirements of the Country, the peaceable Possession of a rich and fertile Province, where thou mayest pass thy Days in an uncontrollable Ease and Felicity.

I am not surprized at the Fall of so many great Men at the *Porte*, nor do I much regret the Death of those who were known Enemies to the Government:

Yet

Yet it troubles me to think how the Brave and the Loyal had their innocent Blood mingled with that of Traitors and Villains. But these Things are unavoidable in popular Insurrections, when the Sovereign is compelled to sacrifice to the Multitude whomsoever they require. Thus fell the illustrious *Solyman* among the criminal Eunuchs, although he himself was free from Stain: But he was a Negro, and that was his Ruin; for the Malecontents could not discern the fair Qualities of his Soul.

Curse on that Fool *Chaban Kalfa*, and double Curses on his rampant Wife *Mulkly Kadin*, who gave the first Occasions to all this Disorder and Spoil of noble Blood. I remember the honest *Solyman* gave me once a Hint of the feminine Debaucheries practised in the Queen-Mother's Apartment: But he spoke of it with so much Modesty and Reserve, that it hardly made any Impression on me at that Time: Otherwise I should have imparted it to the *Vizir Azem*, or some other Minister of the *Divan*; for so am I commanded, in Cases that touch the Honour and Safety of the Grand Seignior. And I tell thee this was none of the least Importance. For as it appears the Women were undermining the most sacred and firmly established Government in the World: They were not contented to wallow in their own impious and unnatural Delights, but would have set themselves as a Pattern to others, and by Degrees have infected the whole *Mussulman* Empire with a new Species of Debauchery: Which as it began and was carried on by embezzling the Royal Treasures, selling Places to Men of no Merit, Buffoons, Pimps, and Asses; so it would have ended in enervating our Militia, corrupting all the Faithful, and laying the Empire naked to Infidels.

How many *Vizirs*, *Chaimachams*, Captain *Bassas*, and other Officers, have we had killed this fatal Year? Among the rest I cannot but reflect on the poisoning

poisoning of the Chiaux Bassa, after he was made Vizir Azem, as a Stroke of divine Justice, for having embued his Hands in so much noble Blood when he enjoyed that Dignity once before. God pursues the Cruel with invincible Scourges.

But what was that *Achmet* Bassa, who took Advantage of the Sultan's domestick Troubles, and foreign Wars, to disturb his Government in *Asia*, and raise a Rebellion, which threatened even the Imperial City itself? By the Course of his Fortune it looketh as if he were not contented with his Command in *Asia*, and therefore took this new celebrated Method to obtain a higher Dignity, viz. by rebelling against his Master: Else why was he made Bassa of the Sea, in the room of *Ouroos Kienan*? The Bassa of *Alep-po* first brought into Fashion this daring Way of growing Great. And if it be thus countenanced by the Grand Seignior, in all Probability, he will have Reason to make Peace with the *Christians*, that he may have Respite and Forces to employ against his own Subjects.

Amidst all these Things, nothing afflicteth me so much as the horrible Loss our Fleet hath sustained at Sea. We have various Reports of this Combat; but in general they agree, that the *Mussulmans* have lost seventy two Ships and Galleys, with an infinite Number of Men; that the *Venetians* have taken the Isles of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, and that they are advancing to besiege *Constantinople*. This News is a great while in coming to us: So that if it be true, and the *Venetians* pursued their Victory, for aught I know, by this Time the Imperial City, the Refuge of the World, may be laid in Ashes.

I have often proposed the Necessity of Platforms along the *Hellepont*, to guard that important Avenue of the sacred *Porte*. Had they put in Practice *Mahmut's* Advice, perhaps, the *Nazarenes* would have had no Occasions for their present Triumphs. But
now

now they banquet in the open Streets; all Christendom rings with the News of our Disgrace. The Drunkards of *Europe* insult over the Professors of Sobriety: Amidst their Bowls of Wine, they blaspheme our Prophet, and sing in the Praise of *Bacchus* their God. They menace the Conquest of *Asia*, and threaten to exterminate the *Mussulmans* from the Earth.

Enraged at these prophane Boasts, I stop my Ears, and, turning round in a divine Frensy, I pray that God would baffle the Infidels.

Paris, 6th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER V.

To the most Renowned and most Illustrious
Mahomet, Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

THAT incomprehensible Majesty which has no Resemblance, at whose Pleasure all Things are disposed and ordered in Heaven and Earth, by whose particular Providence, for the Good of the *Osman* Empire, thou art exalted to this glorious Trust, to be Vicar of the Vicar of God; augment thy Graces and Virtues, and bless thee with superlative Wisdom, and perfect Tranquillity.

I revere thy accomplished Soul, consummate in all moral and political Science. Thou art the most experienced Man in the Empire. And I cease to condole the late Tumults and Riots at *Constantinople*, though their Effects were fatal to some brave Men, since thou art chosen to this Dignity, from whom the whole Empire may expect, not only a serener State of Affairs, during thy Administration, but also
a Root-

a Rooting up of the Causes of these publick Distempers, and of all other Evils which infest the Monarchy designed for the Conquest and Reformation of the whole World.

According to the Custom of the East, I approach thee not without some Present: But pardon the Slave *Mahmut*, who can send thee none worthy of thy Grandeur. I have enclosed in a Box the true Effigies of the present King of *France*, with that of his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, his Brother the Duke of *Anjou*, and his Cousin the Prince of *Conde*; and also that of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and Queen *Christina* of *Sweden*, who is now at the *French* Court. Accept also from an Exile, a little Cabinet containing twelve Watches, of so many different Contrivances, according to the circular Variation of the Moon in the Space of thirty four Years. They are the Work of my own Hands; therefore I shall not commend them. Each is wrapt up in a Piece of Silk, wherein is wrought in *Arabick* Letters the Method of using it. Perhaps thou wilt find some Diversion in trying the Experiments mentioned in those Tables. However, despise not this mean Testimony of *Mahmut's* Respect; but consider, that if I come short of the curious Artists in *Europe*, yet my Labour is passable enough for a *Musselman*, among whom there is scarce another Watchmaker to be found in the World.

If thou wouldest know the Occasion of Queen *Christina's* being at the *French* Court: She came thither from *Rome*, when the last Moon was in the Wane. Her Passage was by Sea to *Marseille*, having touched at *Genoua*, and received magnificent Gifts from the Republick; but they would not permit her to land, for Fear of the Plague, which then raged in *Rome*, and was the Cause of her leaving that City.

How-

However, the *French* shewed no such timorous squeamishness, but received her and her Train with open Arms. She landed at *Marseilles* on the 29th of the 7th Moon; and when she had made her publick Entry, the Consuls of that City, with all the Nobles, met her in Coaches, the great Guns were discharged to welcome her, and she was carested with all the Demonstrations of Honour that are shewed to the Queen of *France* herself in her Progresses,

The same Entertainment she received at *Aix*, *Avignon*, *Lions*, and, in fine, all along the Road to *Paris*, the Keys of Towns being surrendered to her (for such was the King's Pleasure) and a Canopy of State born over her Head, when she entered any Town, and received the Addresses and Compliments of Governors, Prelates and other great Men in Authority. She was likewise magnificently treated by the Princes, and the Chief Dukes of the Realm: And, on the 8th of the last Moon, made her Entry into this City on Horseback, apparell'd like a Man: Where having staid some Time she departed for *Compeigne* to visit the Court, which resides there now.

It is not supposed she will tarry long in *France*, but, as soon as she hears the Plague is abated in *Rome*, and the adjacent Parts, she will return thither, to pass away the Residue of her Life, in that Nest of Princes and Prelates of the *Nazarene* Belief.

A little before she left *Rome*, the *Spaniards* there had conspired to seize on her Person, as also on the Pope; to have murdered the *Portugal* Ambassador, and set the City on Fire. But the Plot was discover'd, and Conspirators put in Prison: For the Sentence of Death is never passed in Criminal Cases among the *Nazarenes* without a formal Tryal.

Here

Here is a Rumour as if a great Fire had, some Moons ago, broke out in *Constantinople*, and consumed much of that City. I wonder none of my Friends, nor any other residing there, have sent me an Account of any such Thing; which fills me with Hope that this Report is false.

From all Hands we are assured, that the *Swedes* and *Brandenburghers* have obtained a great Victory over the *Poles* and *Tartars* at *Warsaw*; the vanquished having lost above Six thousand Men on the Spot, with all their Ammunition and Baggage: And unfortunate King *Casimir* was forced to fly, with a small Retinue, towards *Hungary*.

It was the general Expectation of *Europe*, that the *Muscovites* and *Germans* would have done something Extraordinary for the *Poles*, and by some surprizing Action put a Check to the *Swedish* Successes and Triumphs. For when the *Muscovite* Ambassador was at *Koningsberg* endeavouring to withdraw the Duke of *Brandenburgh* from the *Swedish* Interests, he vomited forth terrible Menaces, in case they complied not with his Master's Proposals. And one Day in a furious Zeal, he took a large Goblet of Wine, in the Elector's Presence, and having drank it off to the Czar's Health, the Barbarian said aloud, *Thus shall the great Emperor of the Muscovites devour all that oppose him.* But, now it seems, these were all empty Bravadoes, and the *Muscovites* were resolved to stand by, and see who got the better. The same may be said of the Emperor, and Prince of *Transylvania*, so of the *Danes* and *Hollanders*, who now all declare for the strongest Party.

Magnanimous Vizir, if the present Engagements and Wars in *Dalmatia* and *Candy*, besides the domestic Troubles of the *Ottoman* Empire, did not wholly employ the Arms of the *Mussulmans*, doubtless, it would be an Undertaking no less profitable than

than glorious, to succour the distressed *Casimir*, turn the Tide of the *Gothick* Conquests, and oblige the *Poles* to an eternal Fidelity and Gratitude to the Grand Seignior.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER VI.

To Abraham Eli, Hogia, Preacher to the Seraglio.

I Have frequent Access to the King's Library, which Favour was first granted me by Cardinal *Richelieu*, who often employed me in translating some curious Treatises out of *Arabick* into *French* or *Latin*. The *French* seem very fond of Eastern Manuscripts, wherever they can meet with them: And they have no less Regard for Men who are skilled in those Languages. That Minister especially was very inquisitive into the Wisdom and Learning of *Asia*. He monopolized *Persian*, *Syrian*, and *Arabick* Books, and was a professed Patron of Linguists. He coveted the Acquaintance of Strangers and Travellers, that he might, by their Means, inform himself of the different Laws, Customs, and Religions of Foreign Countries, and of whatsoever was rare, and worthy of Observation, in any Part of the World.

Hence it was, that I received evident Marks of his Esteem, as soon as he knew that I understood the *Greek*, *Arabick*, *Hebrew*, *Turkish*, and *Sclavonian* Languages. He often made use of me, as I have said, and gave me free Access to his own and the King's Library. And tho' his Successor, Cardinal

dinal *Mazarini*, is not so much addicted to Studying of this Nature as to the Affairs of State; yet he has continued to me the Privilege of visiting this Treasury of Learned Books, where I pass many Hours.

One Day I cast my Eyes on a Manuscript written in *Arabick*, and endorsed with this Title,

[*The Original Covenant of Mahomet, the Prophet of the Arabians, with the Professors of the Faith of Jesus.*]

and underneath was a *Latin* Inscription, signifying, That this Manuscript was found in the Convent of *Christians* Fryars on Mount *Carmel*. I have transcribed the Contents of this Parchment, and sent it inclosed to thee, that thou mayest judge whether it be real or only counterfeit: For the *Nazarenes* assert it to be the true Agreement of the Messenger of God; and therefore reproach all the *Mussulmans*, with Disobedience to our Lawgiver, and breaking the League, signed and sealed by Him, whom we call the Seal of the Prophets, and witnessed by the Four Principal Doctors, *Abu Becre, Osman, Omar, and Haki*.

If thou wilt peruse the inclosed Paper, it will be easy to discern, whether We are guilty of this Violation of Faith, or They. For though supposing this to be the real Testament of the Prophet, as is pretended, that Favourite of Heaven grants many Articles of Peace, Assistance, and Friendship to the Followers of *Jesus*, with Immunity from Taxes and Imposition, Liberty of Conscience, Freedom of Marriages, &c. Yet it is evident, that he promised not these Things, but on certain Conditions to be observed on the Part of the *Christians*; as, that none of them should harbour or

or hold Correspondence with the Enemies of the True Believers, or privately accommodate them with Arms, Horfes, Money, or any other Necessaries of War: But, on the contrary, should hospitably receive the *Mussulmans* into their Houses for three Days, and protect them from their Enemies. If therefore the Christians should fail in any of these Points, the Prophet declares his Covenant to be void, and that they shall not enjoy the Indulgencies granted therein. All this thou wilt see is recommended solemnly to both Parties to be religiously performed till the final Con-ummation.

Now all the Dispute is, Whether We have first transgressed these Articles, or the *Nazarenes*? For if it can be proved, that they are the first Aggressors, then they have no Reason to complain of their Misfortunes, or accuse the true Faithful of Oppression and Tyranny, as they commonly do: Since it is manifest, that they have drawn these Evils on themselves, by their Breach of Faith and Infidelity, disannulling the Covenant of God and his Prophet, and forfeiting the Benefit they might have claimed by Virtue of it. Be it how it will, the Prophet is free from Blame; let the Guilt rest on the Persons that were criminal.

I know not how it comes to pass, That the Christians of this Age think and speak more reproachfully of our Holy Law-giver, than did their Fathers, who lived in his Time, or immediately after it, and who by Consequence could better inform themselves of the Circumstances of his Birth, Life, and renowned Actions. Some ancient Writers among the *Nazarenes* make honourable Mention of him and his Family. They conceal not the early Signs of his Heroic Virtue, and the Grandeur to which he was destined. I have read in a certain Christian Author, That when the Prophet was but Nine Years Old, under the

Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who carried his glorious Charge along with him to *Damascus*, and that whilst they were at *Boz'r*, a learned Monk, whose Name was *Bobira*, came out of the Convent to meet them; and taking Mahomet by the Hand, in the Presence of many Christians, he said aloud, *This Youth is born to accomplish great Things: His Fame shall be spread from East to West: For as he drew near to this Place I saw a bright Cloud descend and cover him.* Sultan *David* also prophesied of him, in that which the Christians reckon the 50th Psalm, and the 2d Versicle: Where that divine Poet thus sings, from *Sion* GOD hath proclaimed the Empire of Mahomet. But the Christians have interpreted this in another Sense, though the Original remains a standing Witness against them. So *Moses* in the Pentateuch uttered a Mystery when he said, God came from *Sinai*, he rose up from *Seir*, and was manifested from Mount *Paran*. Intimating hereby the Descent of the written Law to *Moses*, of the Gospel to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and of the Alcoran to *Mahomet*. The *Messias* also said to his Disciples, *If I go not away, the Called of GOD will not come to You.* But the Christian Interpreters wilfully hide these Things from the Vulgar, lest their Eyes should be opened. There appears an obstinate Malice and Ignorance in all their Actions.

Who will not laugh at the foolish Spite of the *Spaniards*? who, in a certain Town, had a Custom, as oft as they entered into the Church, or came out, to spit on a black Image of a Man sitting on an Ass near the Gate. But a *Mussulman* Ambassador coming thither from the Emperor of *Morocco*, and observing this vain Ceremony of the People, asked the King, *What Person that Statue represented?* He made Answer, *That it was the Image of Mahomet, the Arabian Prophet, That cannot be,* replied the Ambassador, *since our Prophet never rode but on Camels:*

messes: It is rather the Figure of the Messias; who indeed is recorded to have rode on an Ass. The King, troubled at this Answer, consulted the Priests and learned Men, who all concluded, That the Ambassador had spoke the Truth. And therefore, instead of offering any more Indignities to this Image, they fell into another Extreme, and built a Chapel for it, burning Incense to the senseless Stock, and paying it divine Honours. Thus they prayed to that, which but a little before they had cursed; and turned into a God that, which they had esteemed almost as bad as the Devil. God's Curse be on the Devil, and all his Adorers: But on the Holy Prophet, and all his Followers, may Blessings shower down, and rest till the Knot of the Sphere is dissolved.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER VII.

To Murat, Bassa.

KNOW for certain, that *Don Juan de Braganza*, late King of *Portugal*, is dead. He left this World on the 6th of the last Moon, after he had been tormented Ten Days with the Stone: His Queen has the Supreme Power in her Hands during her Son's Minority, whose Name is *Don Alphonso*. This young Prince was crowned within a few Days after his Father's Decease, to prevent the Plots of the *Spaniards*, who support a powerful Faction in the Kingdom of *Portugal*, and are not without Hopes to reduce it again to the King of *Spain's*

Obedience. The World is always busy, either in recovering old lost Interest, or seeking of new.

The Marshal *de la Ferte*, who was taken Prisoner by the Prince of *Conde* in the Battle of *Valenciennes*, and having a Price set for his Ransom, had Liberty to go whither he would on his Parole, either to bring the said Sum, or surrender his Person by a certain Day; finding himself slighted at the *French* Court, is resolved to perform his Promise at the prefixed Time, and go over to the Prince of *Conde's* Interest, who will not fail to bestow a very honourable Command on a General of such Merits.

In the mean Time, the Count of *Harcourt* plays Tricks with his Master, and holds private Correspondence with the *German* Emperor. He is a serviceable or a dangerous Man, according as he is pleased or disgusted, and therefore they court him on both Sides. He is now at *Brisac* in *Alsace*. I cannot admire a Man that is thus industriously troublesome to his Prince, without any Thing of Merit or Bravery to boast of, save his former Services in *Catalonia*, which have been sufficiently repaid with Royal Condescensions and Favours. And those who make a Parallel between his Case and that of the Marshal *de la Ferte Seneterre*, consider not that the last fell into his Enemies Hands only by the Chance of War: Whereas the other is a wilful Apostate, if he embraces the Emperor's Proposals when no Necessity constrains him, and Honour flies in his Face.

From the North we are informed, That Count *Coningsmark*, Generalissimo of the *Swedish* Forces in *Prussia*, as he was sailing from *Wismar*, was taken Captive by the *Poles*, and imprisoned in the Castle of *Wessel-munden* near *Dantzick*. And the Inhabitants of that City missed very narrowly of taking the Queen of *Sweden* herself. It is certain they have

have got a vast Booty from the *Swedes*, consisting of eighteen Chests full of Gold, with Coffers of the King's Jewels, and other rich Things.

These King *Casimir* demands for himself, with a Million of Rix-dollars, to be paid him by the *Dantzickers*; requiring also, That they should furnish his Army with all Sorts of Ammunition and Provisions: Which, though it be a heavy Burthen, yet those loyal Citizens think nothing too much for their King.

The *Muscovites* in the 9th Moon besieged *Riga*, a City belonging to the Crown of *Sweden*, but have newly raised the Siege, after they have lost above Ten Thousand Men before the Place.

This is all the News I can send thee, save that the *French* have taken *Valencia*, a City in *Italy*.

I wish I may hear as prosperous Intelligence as this last from *Candia*, after such immense Charges and Slaughter: But Victory is in the Disposal of the Angel of Time.

Paris, 2d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER VIII.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior of the
Convent of Dervises at Cogni in Natolia.

IT is difficult to define the particular Temper of my Soul, when I first received the News of thy Predecessor's Death, that Renowned and Venerable *Bedredin*, who, as thy Dispatch informs me, is gone to Paradise. I was neither in Passion, nor yet insensible, but wholly resigned to the Will of Heaven. I considered his immense Virtues, and the Course of Nature: His wonderful Age, and more

admirable Actions, a Life equally measured by Hours, and Prodigies of Piety: For he was not in the Number of those who let whole Days pass away without the least good Work, or without leaving any Impress on the Track of Time. I express myself according to the vulgar saying, [*Time passes away*:] Whereas in my Opinion, Time stands still, and only We pass away, with all Things subject to Motion and Change. It is like the Mistake of those, who, sailing on the Water, think the Trees and Mountains move, whilst only they themselves are driven before the Wind: Or like the Philosophy of those, who, trusting to their grosser Sense, maintain, the Sun whirls round our World, though according to Reason and better Philosophy, that Globe of Light stands still, whilst ours turns round its Axle-tree, and so deceives our Eyes. Thus, whilst we Mortals glide over the uncertain Waves of human Life, and pass by the visible and fixed Land-Marks of Time, Day and Night, we imagine those Land-marks move, and not we ourselves: Whereas Day and Night remain for ever, steadfast and invariable in their successive Intervals, and only the Elements and Bodies compounded of them are subject to Change.

Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years are not properly the Measures of Time, but of the Motion and Duration of all corruptible Beings: For Time is infinite, and beyond all Dimensions. In a Word, it is no otherwise distinguished from Eternity, than barely by a Name.

All that I have said on this Subject is comprehended in the *Arabian* Proverb, which says, *To-Morrow is never*. Doubtless there is no Paradox or Heresy in saying, *It is always To-Day*.: Or that this Hour, this Minute is eternal. And from this Truth sprung the Contemplation of those who place Eternity in a Point or Instant.

But

But to return to *Bedredin*, that Faithful of the Faithful, may his Soul repose in the Mercies of God, and his Memory be blessed. May *Gabriel*, the Friend of the Prophet pray for him; then *Michael*, *Israhphiel*, and the Messenger of Death, with all the Angels who made Oraisons for the divine Favourite, after his Translation from this earthly State. And when thou and the religious Fraternity under thy Care have performed the accustomed Prayers and Expiations for the illustrious Prelate deceased, there is no Question but that he shall be in a Condition to intercede for you and for the whole *Mussulman* Empire; for he was a perfect Saint, and the Beloved of God.

O sage and reverend Successor of that holy Man, suffer me to tell thee, thy Name *Hebatolla* [the Gift of God] fills me with glorious Presages of thy Life and Administration in that renowned College, where the incomparable *Bedredin* shined so many Years. Now he is gone to God, and to the Gardens of eternal Retirement, having left his Seat on Earth to thee, replenished with the sacred Odour of Virtue.

He was a religious Imitator of the Prophets, and of all holy Men in general; a devout Admirer of the Messias, and a faithful Disciple of the Sent of God. Now he is gone to set down with them in the Chisoles of *Eden*, on the Banks of immortal Streams, and Rivers of Wine, Milk, and Honey, which glide along the Aileys of Paradise. This is the Recompence of heroick Virtue, the Crown of good Works, the Bliss prepared for chaste and purified Souls, who in their Transmigration from this Earth carry no Stains of Vice along with them: For nothing impure can find Admittance into that World of glittering Essence.

O *Hebatolla*, what is there in this obscure Globe that deserves to be compared with those serener

Joys above, those unsullied Pleasures, that untarnished Blifs? And yet sometimes we taste strange Felicities here on Earth. But it is only when the Gates and Casements of Paradise are open, when a Celestial Wind transports hither the Leaves of the Trees of *Eden*, and perfumes the Air and Skies with the transcendent Odour of that happy Region, wafting also imperfect Sounds, Musick in soft Fragments, and Echoes from the Choirs of the Blessed. Then it is the Hearts of Mortals feel a secret and inexpressible Joy springing up from the Root; this lower World (if I may so express myself) is all entrenched with Pleasure. This happens not every Day, but only at the Seasons of divine Indulgence, on the Festivals of some particular Saints, and in the Time of the immortal Jubilee, when God exhilarates the Universe with uncommon Favours, and an infinite Largesse.

As for the Rest of our Enjoyments, they are mitigations indeed of the Pains and inseparable Miseries of this mortal Life; they prevail on us to wait the appointed Hour of Fate, and not hurry ourselves out of the World before our Time: But they deserve not to be placed in the Rank of true Felicities.

However, our Patience under this Fatigue of Life, our Indifference to Pleasure and Pain, Poverty or Riches, Sickness or Health, Honour or Disgrace, with all the other Objects of human Passion, will prove a singular Argument of Merit, a prevailing Recommendation to the Life to come, and an effectual Passport for Paradise. For he that is thus insensibly, yet willingly weaned from the fulsome Joys of Earth by the very Course of Nature and Decree of Destiny, must unavoidably ascend to a purer Region, to a Place capable of satisfying his aspiring Soul: For Nature created no Appetite to baulk it.

This

This is the Life so recommended by *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, whose Character thou hast in the Library of thy Convent. Here I send thee in a Box that which by all the *Nazarenes* is esteemed his true Effigies. I remember I once saw another of the same Lineaments in the Treasury of the *Grand Signior*. These Pieces are very rare, because not copied by the Hands of common Painters, but by the most celebrated Masters in *Europe*. And the original Draught, they say, was made by the *Messias* himself on a Handkerchief, which he claped to his Face, and so left his lively Pourtraiture.

I cannot ascertain the Truth of this Tradition: But in regard this is one of those Copies which is closetted by the greatest Monarchs in Christendom, I send it to thee as a worthy Ornament of thy Cell, without either the Peril or Scandal of Idolatry.

The pious *Bedredin* was covetous of any Memoirs of the *Messias*, whether written in *Hieroglyphicks*, or in the more usual Characters of Speech. He would have made no more Exception at a Picture, than at a Poem in Praise of that Holy Prophet; and I question not but thou equallest him in the same Indifference.

I could not so easily procure the true Picture of *John*, surnamed the *Baptist*; but here I will give thee a short History of his Life. This was a famous Prophet, who lived in the Days of the *Messias*, and was of the Race of the Priests. His Habitation was altogether in the Desert, for he was an Eremit, and lived in a Cave on one of the Mountains of *Judæa*: Some of the *Jews* took him for *Elias*, others for the *Messias*, and a third Sort said, he was *Mahomet*, whose coming was foretold in the Book of their Law, and in the Writings of their Prophets.

But *John* denied that he was any of these, calling himself in Modesty, a Voice or Echo. His Life was very abstemious; for he fed only on the Tops of Plants and wild Honey, drinking nothing but Water of the Fountain which ran by the Side of his Cave; and his Body was only covered with a Vest of Camel's Hair, using a leathern Thong for a Girdle.

To that solitary Residence of his there was great Resort of People from *Jerusalem*, and the Cities round about; for the Fame of his Sanctity had spread through all *Palestine* and *Syria*.

He washed all his Disciples with his own Hands in the Waters of *Jordan*, from whence he was called the *Baptist* or *Washer*. He daily preached Repentance and good Works to the incredulous *Jews*; and openly declared, that *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, was the *Messias*. That holy Prophet it seems was one of *John's* Disciples, and had been washed by him in the River *Jordan*.

In fine, after many Years of heroick Virtue and Piety, *John* had his Head cut off by the Order of *Herod* the Governor of *Judæa*, because he had reproved the Tyrant for marrying his Brother's Wife.

Behold these Memoirs are the best Presents the poor exiled *Mahmut* can send thee, when he congratulates thy Accession to that holy Chair: Yet such as these were more welcome to thy Predecessor than Gifts of Silver, Gold, or precious Stones; for he was a diligent Collector of choice Antiquities, and select Fragments of History: He was also a liberal Patron, and Encourager of Philosophy and all Sorts of Learning. Follow thou his Example, and the true Faithful will be eternally obliged to thee. Thou hast a fair Opportunity, there being, as I am informed, the best Library in thy Convent of any throughout the *Mussulman Empire*:

pire: And the *Dervises* under thy Government are Men addicted to the Study of the Sciences. It is Pity such Inclinations should want Encouragement, whilst the Infidels are every where busy in founding New Academies, and augmenting the Old. There is one lately erected in the Dukedom of *Cleve*, by the Elector of *Brandenburg*, where the Oriental Languages and Sciences are professed. If the *Nazarenes* are thus curious to pry into our Learning, why should we be remiss in attaining the Knowledge of their Languages and Histories, since thereby we shall be in a Condition to know their greatest Secrets?

Sage *Hebatolla*, let not the Infidels have any longer Occasion to term us Barbarous and Ignorant: But remember, That in promoting Literature thou wilt perform a meritorious Service to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER IX.

To Selim Al' Mosel, *Venerable* Imaum of
the Mosch of Sancta Sophia.

PRAISE be to God, sole Lord of the *Zenith* and the *Nadir*, Possessor of infinite Regions, who hides the first *Meridian* in the Palm of his Hand! The Names of *Peru* and *Mexico* are not now foreign in the *Ottoman Empire*, especially to Travellers and Men of Science.

When our Fathers first heard of *America*, they had no other Way to express so unknown a Part of the Word, than by calling it the Land of the
Golden

Golden Mines, because of the Abundance of that Metal which was brought from thence by the *Spaniards*, since their Conquests in those Parts. But now we are no Strangers to the Geography of that remote Continent. Commerce and Traffick have rendered all the known Nations of the Earth familiar one with another. And I remember, when I was at *Constantinople*, the Names of *Peru*, *Mexico*, *Florida*, &c. were as common in the *Copha Hans*, as the Nams of *Indostan*, *Turquistan*, *Gurgistan*, or any other Province of *Asia*. So that a Man would have been laughed at, who in speaking of *America* should have used any Circumlocutions, as to call it the Empire of the Golden Mines, the World beyond the Great Sea, or the like.

Yet we must confess, our Knowledge in this Kind is owing to the *Franks*, who sail into those far distant Regions, and at their Return communicate their Intelligence and Observations to us; for else we had been yet altogether Strangers to the History of that New World.

It was first discovered by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genoese*, in the Year 1492, of the *Christians Hegira*. This Man had a happy Genius in contemplating the Motion of the Sun, and the Frame of the Universe. He was no Stranger to the Extent of our Continent, and the Situation of all its Parts: He had been often at Sea, and seen divers Regions: and particularly when he was in *Portugal*, the most *Westerly* Part of *Europe*, he took great Delight to walk on the Shore in the Evenings, and observe the Setting of the Sun. This Custom of his produced various Thoughts in his Breast. But what was of most Import, his Reason suggested to him, that it could not consist with the Order of Nature, that the Sun, after he left our World, served only to give Light to the Fishes, or gild the Waves of the *Western Ocean*: Therefore, on good Grounds he concluded, there
must

must be some unknown Land, beyond those mighty Tracts of Sea, which washed the Western Shores of *Europe* and *Africk*.

This Thought made him uneasy, and put him upon a Resolution of attempting a Discovery. He made Proposals to the Republick of *Genoa*, but was rejected. Then he addressed himself to *Henry VII.* at the *English* Court; where not finding Encouragement, he went to the King of *Spain*, who, approving his Design, furnished him with two Ships. He sailed on the Ocean for the Space of two Moons without seeing any Land, which made his Mariners mutiny, their Provisions falling short. They threatened to throw him overboard, if he would not return. But he with mild Words, and strong Reasons, appeased their Fury; promising to sail back again, if they saw not Land within three Days. On the third Day, the Boy on the Main-top-mast saw a Fire, and within a few Hours afterwards, they came within View of Land.

When he had made his Observations, and done what was requisite in his Circumstances, he returned, to give the King of *Spain* an Account of his Expedition.

After his Death, *Americus Vesputius* was sent to conquer the unknown Regions; from whom that whole Continent is called *America*; but methinks, not without some Ingratitude to the first Discoverer.

It would be endless to recount all the particular Adventures of the *Spaniards* in these Parts, with their Cruelties and Massacres: Suffice it to say, to the eternal Infamy of that Nation, that, according to their own Writers, they Butchered in cold Blood above Twenty Millions of the Natives, in the Space of Twenty Years: And all this for the Lucre of their Gold; though under the Pretence of propagating the Christian Religion.

I will not list myself in the Number of those who pretend to be God's Privy Counsellors, neither will I presume to descant on Things out of my Reach: But the *Spaniards* have lately felt a terrible Blow in *Peru*; which, if it be not a Mark of the Wrath of Heaven, is at least a Sign that the Earth is weary of them, especially in those Parts, where they have stained it with so much innocent Blood.

The City *Lima*, not many Moons ago, was all swallowed up by an Earthquake; and *Calao*, another City not far from it, was consumed by a Shower of Fire out of the Clouds. Eleven Thousand *Spaniards* lost their Lives in this Calamity: and the Earth devoured a Hundred Millions of refined Silver, which the Lucre of the *Spaniards* had forced out of its Bowels. All the Mountains of *Potosi*, from whence they dug their choicest Metal, were leveled with the Plain, and no more Hopes of Gold were left to their insatiable Avarice.

I leave the Judgments of these Events to thee, who art of the Holy Line, full of resplendent Thoughts, prophetick *Ischarif*, consecrated *Emir*, Glory of the House of *Mahomet*. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that this Calamity of the *Spaniards* in part resembles the Fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*, and the rest of the nine Cities of the Lake. The *Infidels* say there were but Five. Let them alone in their Errors; it is certain the *Mussulmans* have the only true History of former Times. Doubtless, God is severe in Chastisements, when he is incensed against a Nation. Witness the People of *Aod* and *Themod*, with the Men of the Valley of *Smoke*, and the City whose Inhabitants were in one Hour all turned into Statues of Stone, and are to be seen at this Day, as a standing Monument of Heaven's Displeasure. Yet no Nation is ruined till it ruin itself, as God speaks in the *Alcoran*.

O *Emir*, in whose Veins run the most purified Blood in the World, pray for *Mahmut*, That he may never turn Apostate from God and his Prophet, nor do any Thing which may hurry him to an untimely Fate.

Paris, 17th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER X.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

THIS following Summer, if all Reports be true, is like to afford some Campaigns of Blood. The general Discourse here is, That the *Grand Signior* will speedily have an Army of Three Hundred Thousand Men in the Field; Part to act in *Dalmatia* and *Candy* against the *Venetians*; the rest to be employed against the *Persians*, the more inveterate Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*.

That saucy Ambassador *Ishmael Bir Couli Can* deserved the Punishment was inflicted on him for his impertinent Huff, and drawing his Sabre in the Presence of the greatest Monarch of the World. And let it be an eternal Precedent to the Envoys of Foreign Princes, that they may learn a Lesson of Modesty, when they address to the Lord of their Lords, and not, by Presumption, incense the King of the Earth.

But it is apparent, this Ambassador took Advantage of our Troubles: He swelled with a vain and false Idea of the *Persian* Puissance: Besides, they say, his Master has entered into a solemn League with the Czar of *Muscovy* against the shining Empire. And it is certainly known here, that

two Ambassadors are arrived at *Venice* from that Potent Emperor of the North; and others are expected from *Persia* to negotiate a Tripartite League between those Crowns and that Republick, against the Victorious *Osmons*. Hence I suppose it was, that the rude Heretick took the Boldness to commit an Action, which all the East punishes with Death. Neither is it any Thing to the Purpose, what the *Christians* of these Parts say, *That the Persons of Ambassadors are sacred*: For much more so are the Persons of Sovereigns. And so long as an Envoy obeys the Law of Nations, in only delivering his Message with Respect and Civility, that Law will protect him from all Injuries. But if he must needs leap over his own Fence, and, instead of appearing like an Ambassador, he will act the Part of an Assassin, a Furioso, a Contemner of Majesty, he can expect no better Treatment, than what is due to his audacious Insolence: He throws off with Scorn the Protection that his Character claims, and in a mad Bravado courts the Revenge of the State.

This *Ishmael* has all along been counted a bold Fool in the Court of *Persia*. He has committed a Thousand wild Pranks at *Ispahan*, more becoming a Jester, than a Wise Minister of State. Yet his Master still winked at his Extravagancies for his Father's Sake, who did many notable Services to that Crown; among which, his recovering *Candabar* from the Mogul was none of the least; it being the only Town which commands the Frontiers of *Persia* and the *Indies*.

For this and other Merits, *Sha Sophi* preferred both him and his Son to the most considerable Governments and Offices in the Empire; wherein the old Man acquitted himself fairly to the last. But this young Buffoon grew unweildy with too much Honour, affronted the *Grandees*, and played upon the

the King himself, for which he had once like to have been cast to the Dogs. But, at the Intercession of some of his few Friends, that Punishment was remitted, and changed into Exile; whilst his Enemies made use of his Absence to ruin him.

They were some of the greatest Lords of the Court, who bore him a Grudge, and they had hourly the King's Ear; which Advantage they made use of to insinuate such an ill Character of *Ishmael*, that he knew no better Way to be handsomely rid of him, than by sending him on this desperate Embassy to the Mysterious *Porte*: Chusing rather that he should fall by the *Grand Seignior's* Command, than by his own, who had reaped so much Benefit from the Services of his Father.

By this thou mayest discern, That the King of *Persia* is earnestly resolved on War, without regarding how his Herald that proclaimed it is received: For that Ambassador deserves no other Title, who comes not with the accustomed Presents and Supplication; but with an Address of a harsher Style, denouncing Enmity at his very first Approach to the Feet of the Invincible Sultan *Mahomet*.

After all, it rejoices me to hear, that thou and the other *Bassas* of the Empire are so ready to assist our Great Master. For I am assured, that from your Personal and Voluntary Contributions he has received a Supply of Thirty Millions of Aspers, besides the constant Revenues, Customs, Tributes, and Subsidies of the Empire. This is noised all over *Christendom*; yet the *Venetians* seem not much to dread the Consequences of these vast Preparations; judging that they will be employed elsewhere, than against any Province of their Dominions, except in *Dalmatia*, where these Infidels trust to the Strength of their Forts, and the inaccessible Heighth of Rocks.

But

But He that laid the Foundations of the Earth, and causes it to tremble when he pleases, the same God formed the lofty Mountains, and can level them with Plains to serve the Followers of his Prophet. Even as the Stones came voluntary to salute the divine Messenger himself; the Trees roused themselves as out of a deep Sleep, and the Earth yielded on all Sides to the forcible Motion of the inspired Roots, they walked out of their Places, and composed an Umbrella over the Head of *Mahomet*, when he was ready to faint with the violent Heat of the Sun.

Thus shall the Elements conspire to aid the True Believers: And when they fight for the Alcoran against Infidels, God shall endure the inanimate Beings with Faith and Devotion.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, an exiled Eunuch, in
Egypt.

PREPARE thyself with a Constancy of Spirit becoming a *Mussulman*, when thou shalt understand that the best Friend thou hast in the World is gone to Paradise. May God grant him the Repose of a True Believer, an Apartment of singular Delight. For it is the brave *Solyman* I speak of, who not only deserves thy most grateful Vows for saving thy Life, but has done a Thousand meritorious Actions besides, which now crown him with Chaplets of Immortality.

I wish

I wish I could have been the Relater of better News to my banished Friend. But perhaps thou hast heard of his Death already, by some Vessels from *Constantinople*, and so it will be needless to say any Thing as to his untimely Fate, or the Tragedies of the Seraglio, and Imperial City.

It seems very strange to me, and a Thing unaccountable, that there can be no Means found out to prevent these dangerous Insurrections of the Soldiers, and that the most formidable Empire on Earth should be thus frequently shocked by her own Subjects! *Mehemet*, the Things of this present World are a perfect Riddle, and our Life itself is but the Shadow of a Dream. Thou hast experienced the Inconstancy of Fortune, and that there is nothing on Earth deserves a wise Man's Confidence: Therefore, if I may advise thee, it shall be, to wean thyself from the trivial Affairs of Mortals. Let not the natural Fondness which thou mayest possibly have for thy former Courtly Life in the Seraglio return to disquiet thy Soul. A Man may be happy any where, that knows how to be contented. Nature is served with a Little; and we ought to esteem our irregular Appetites as Foreigners. If our Fortune be not extended to the larger Measure of our Wishes, it is easy to contract and adequate our Minds to our Fortune.

Thou mayest carve to thyself various Sorts of Felicities in *Egypt*, and render *Caire* as pleasant to thee now, as *Constantinople* was formerly. Virtue makes all Places delightful. If thou art for an active Life, there is Business enough in that populous City; and Opportunities are never wanting to a Man that is ready to lay hold on them. Besides, it is the popular Character of *Egypt*, That whosoever dwells in it finds an Employment suitable to his Inclination. But if thou art Melancholy and Contemplative, in my Opinion thou could'st not have chosen

chosen a Country more agreeable to such a Temper.

Were I in thy Station, I should make frequent Visits to the Pyramids, and never be weary of searching out the Antiquity of those admirable Structures. There is hardly any Thing made by human Art, which has put me upon more important Studies and Disquisitions, than the Original of these stupendous Fabricks. They far surpass in Grandeur and Magnificence the most renowned Buildings of the Greek and Roman Empires, even in the Zenith of their most flourishing State. And I would fain learn, When they were first erected, by whom, and for what Ends. For I cannot believe what *Josephus* the Jewish Historian reports of them, That they were built in the Time of *Moses* their Law-giver, and that all those of the Hebrew Nation, amounting to some Hundreds of Thousands, were employed as Slaves in the Work, by the King then reigning in Egypt.

I have perused *Herodotus* the Grecian, *Diodorus* the Sicilian, with *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other Writers, who have all taken great Pains to search into the Antiquity of the Pyramids: Yet after all their Travels in Egypt, and their Converse with the Priests of that Country, they seem to have received but small Light in this Affair; leaving Things in Uncertainty, and not agreeing in their Accounts. One will have them to be only designed for Sepulchres of the Kings; another says, they were built by *Joseph* the Hebrew, the Vizir of Egypt, and that they were the Granaries where he lay up Seven Years Provision of Corn, against the Famine which in his Days afflicted the Earth. Thus they differ in their Sentiments. And our Countryman *Ibn Abd' Albakm* declares, That when he was in Egypt, he could not draw from any of the Priests the least Certainty as to the Age of these Pyramids, or their

their Founders. Which makes him conclude, That
 since there was no Memory or Footsteps of their Ori-
 ginal left among Men, it is probable they were built
 before the Flood.

This agrees exactly with what others of our
 Arabian Writers, have delivered concerning King
 Saudrid, who reigned in Egypt Three Hundred Years
 before the Deluge. They relate strange Things of
 this Prince; and among the rest, that he dreamt,
 that the fixed Stars came down from Heaven to the Earth,
 returning all Things with the Violence of their pre-
 cipitate Fall. Being much troubled at this Vision,
 he sent for the Priests and Sages; who when they
 were assembled together in the King's Palace, Alcimon
 their Cater, or Prince of the Astrologers, told
 the King, That a Year before, he had seen a Vision
 which made a deep Impression on his Mind. For these
 Celestial Orbs appeared to descend so low, as to touch
 the Earth, so that the Stars were mingled among Men.
 When he lifted up his Hands above his Head, in his Dream,
 to keep the Heaven from quite oppressing Mortals with
 its Weight. Whilst I was in this Posture, said he,
 I thought I addressed myself to the Sun, beseeching the
 splendid God to retire with all its glittering Train
 of Lights to their ancient Station on High. Whereupon
 the Sun made Answer, When I shall have accomplished
 three Hundred Circuits, the Heavens will return to
 their proper Places.

When Alcimon had related this Vision, the King
 commanded the Astrologers to erect a Scheme of the
 present Configurations Above, and tell him what
 they presaged. They did so, and all agreed, That
 the Deluge should First overflow the whole Earth,
 and that Afterwards it should be totally destroyed by
 fire.

Upon the hearing of this, they say, King Saudrid,
 commanded the Pyramids to be built, carrying all
 his Riches into them with the Tables of the Myste-
 rious

rious Sciences, and Laws, and whatsoever was esteemed precious and worthy to be preserved from the General Destruction. And the *Annals* of Egypt say, that he commanded these Words to be engraven on them.

I Saudrid laid the Foundation of the Pyramids, and finished them in six Years. Yet I challenge any future King to demolish them in Six Hundred Years; that it be much easier to ruin than to build. I covered them with Silks; let any Man after me cover them with Mats, if he can.

In thus asserting *Saudrid* to be the Founder of the Pyramids, it ought to be understood only of some of the Greatest; and that the other succeeding Princes (perhaps after the Flood,) spurred on with Emulation and Desire of Glory, built the rest; which is the only Way to reconcile our *Arabian* Writers to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, and other Historians of the World, who assign *Cheops* or *Cheemis*, with *Chephren*, *Cheubryis*, and *Mycerinus* the Son of *Cheemis*, as Founders of some particular Pyramids. Whilst *Strabo* and *Pliny* ascribe the Building of one to *Rhodope*, a famous Strumpet, or at least to some of her *Paramours*.

Doubtless, there is great Obscurity and Confusion in the Records of the Ancients about the exact Time when these illustrious Monuments were built, which yet is an impregnable Argument of their Antiquity; since, when our Author asserts this or that King to have built a Pyramid, another demonstrates the contrary, by proving, That the Pyramid was in Being long before the Days of

the supposed Founder. Neither can I find any Concurrence of Authorities so rational and exactly agreeing, as that of the *Arabians*, who all unanimously deliver as a certain Truth, That these unparalleled Structures were built long before the Flood. All which is confirmed by the *Egyptian* Angels themselves, penned by those of the *Coptite Race*, who descended from *Coptim*, Son of *Masar*, the Son of *Banser*, the Son of *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*; with whom and his Family, *Philemon* the good Priest made an Alliance by Marriage, and in their Custody were the Records and Traditions of the old World.

But, if it be granted, dear Eunuch, That those Histories are true which relate the Transactions of the Kings of *Egypt* before the Flood; what Reason have we to call in Question the Fragments of *Mathos*, a Priest of *Egypt*; or the Genealogy and Succession of *Egyptian* Monarchs delivered by *Herodotus*; or the Chronological Registers of *Egypt* unfolded by *Diodorus*, which carry up the Reign of their Kings to above a Thousand Years beyond any other the most early Epochs of the Creation, except that of the *Afyrians*, or the intermiddle Ascent of past Ages in the Records of the *Chinese* and *Indians*?

I know not what to call it, whether the Cowardice of the Intellect, which dares not venture to launch into so vast a Speculation; or its Sloth, which will not take the Pains to unfold and stretch its drowsy Faculties on the most natural Idea in the World. It is true, indeed, we cannot without some Fatigue contemplate steadfastly the Eternal Existence and Duration of Things. It is an immortal Thought, that can transport the Soul back through such an Infinity of Ages. Yet the Pleasure is agreeable to the Undertaking; because Truth, serene as the Mornings in *Egypt*, enlightens the Prospect

Prospect, and tempts the Mind, if it were possible, to look even beyond Eternity itself: Whereas, He that only confines his View to the narrow Horizon of particular Histories, is like a Man in a Wilderness, or a low and shady Vale, where his Eye is curbed with the Interposition of Thickets, uneven Ground, and envious Enclosures. For such are the dark Controversies, inextricable Difficulties, and affected Umbrages of most Writers, who never durst peep over the Mountains of received Opinion; or if they did, they fearfully or maliciously hid their Discoveries from the rest of Mortals. I tell thee, as God is Eternal, there cannot be assigned an Instance of Time, wherein the World did not exist. For the first Matter flows as naturally from his Essence, as Light from the Sun.

If thou adorest any other God but this, thou wilt be found in the Number of Idolaters and Infidels, who pay divine Honours to certain Mighty Angels, Architects, as they believe, of the Universe.

They behold Houses, Castles, and great Cities built by Mortals, and at a certain Period ruined by Fire, Water, Earthquakes, or other Accidents; or destroyed by the Effects of War: From hence they form a Notion of the World's Original and Catastrophe: They consider the Animals, Plants, and Minerals; that every Individual perishes in Time; and that even in the Heavens there are strong Symptoms of Corruption and Alteration. Hence they collect Arguments to prove the Weakness and Decay of universal Nature, which they vainly compare to the Life of a Man, a Beast, or a Tree. And as they have their appointed Seasons of Birth, Growth, Maturity, Decay, and Death; so it is with the Universe.

But all this is Sophistry; or, to speak more favourably, we ought to charge it to the Account of

Short

Short Mediation. For though the Individuals of all Kinds are changed, cease, and disappear at their appointed Periods; yet the Species or Kinds themselves remain for ever before our Eyes. As fast as one Man dies another is born; and so it is with the Brutes: And the Seasons of the Year in their proper Course renew all the Vegetables. We find the Elements, the Sun, Moon, Stars, and Earth remain unchangeable. And why then should we think they were not always so, and will not continue so for ever? Or if this be too bold a Stretch, let us conceive them, at least, much more ancient and durable, than they are generally thought to be. And if these greater Beings shall undergo a Change in their outward Forms, we may yet believe their Substances will remain for ever.

But whether corporeal Beings are thus lasting or no, we have something in us that can never perish. Our Souls are Immortal, and need not the Embalming of *Egypt* to preserve them from Corruption.

Therefore, dear *Mehemet*, since we are destined to live for ever in one State or other, let us not fear Death, which is but a Minute's Slumber, a short Trance, out of which we shall immediately awake, to increase our Knowledge and Experience of those Mysteries and Secrets in Nature, which at present are hid from us. In a Word, let us live like Philosophers, and then we may hope to die with the same Equanimity of Spirit as he did, who in his last Agonies, being asked by his Friend, *Where was all his Philosophy now?* Answered, *I am just entering on a new Discovery concerning the Nature of Salt.* And with that Word he expired.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1657.

I

LET.

LETTER XII.

To the most Venerable Mufti.

IF the publick Seditions should always continue, or be as frequently renewed as they have lately been at *Constantinople*; and if their Effects shall be equally fatal to the Grandees as has been this last horrid Mutiny of the Soldiers; to congratulate any Man's Rise to an eminent Dignity, will be but to flatter him, and Addresses of this Nature must be esteemed no better than mock Complements, civil Insults, and fashionable Sarcasms: Since at this Rate great Honours ought to be looked on no otherwise, but as direct Advancers and nearer Approaches to Infamy and Death; when a Man is exalted from an obscure Fastness and humble Security to the glorious Hazard of a precipitate Fall.

It is therefore when I come to kiss the Dust of thy Feet among the Croud of true Believers, and to welcome thee to the most sacred and sublime Vicarship on Earth, I draw near with Indifference suitable to a *Mussulman*, wishing thee not more Joy than Safety in that mysterious Station, but such a Temperament of both, as is due to thy Sanctity and incorrupt Actions. In a Word, I wish thee a perpetual Immunity from thy Predecessor's Temptations, and from his Crimes; and then thou needest not fear his Misfortune and Disgrace.

Let not what I have said pass for an Argument of Disrespect and Undutifulness to the Heir of Prophetick and Apostolick Revelations, the great Patriarch of the Faithful. I reverence both thy Office and Person, yet am commanded to avoid Flattery and partial Addresses when I write to the greatest
Sages

Sages in the Empire. And had not this Injunction been laid on me, my own natural Temper would prompt me to shun that Vice which renders a Man so much less than himself, by how much he exalts another above his due.

I have often proposed to thy Predecessor, the mighty Benefit that would redound to the whole *Ottoman* Empire, if Learning were more encouraged, and the Histories of foreign Nations were translated into the familiar Language of the *Mussulmans*.

It is, that those who are destined to subdue all Things, and have already spread their glorious Conquest thro' the greatest Part of the Earth, should be acquainted with the Transactions of former Times, the Wars of illustrious and brave Heroes, the Rise and Fall of ancient Kingdoms, and, in general, the most noted Revolutions in the World. From such Records our Generals and Military Men may draw Examples of Fortitude and Patience, Conduct and Prudence, in all the Fatigues and difficulties of War. Our Statesmen may improve their Knowledge in all the Maxims of Policy and Wisdom requisite in Time of Peace. In fine, Men of all Conditions may learn the Precepts of Morality and Virtue.

Metinks it is pity, that we who possess the Territories of the antient *Grecians*, the Kingdoms of *Corinth*, and the *Argives*; the Common-wealths of *Athens* and *Lacedæmon*; the Empire of *Macedon*, and the State of the *Jews*; should be ignorant of the Laws by which these divers Countries were of old governed; and the Characters, Lives, and Actions of their first Lawgivers, and succeeding Governors.

But if thou shalt determine, that the Knowledge of these remote affairs is superfluous and unnecessary for true Believers; let them at least not be ignorant in their own History, and the Original of their Progenitors.

It is true, we *Arabians* have all along taken Care of our Genealogies, every Family and Tribe being diligent to preserve the Memory of their Ancestors, and all concur with an unanimous Zeal to register the holy Lineage of *Mahomet*, the Messenger of God: So that we can from his Father *Abdulla* run up in a direct paternal Line to *Caydar*, the second Son of *Ismael* (on whom be the Benedictions of God.) We are not ignorant how this *Caydar* (from whom the noble *Corei's* derive their Pedigree) first settled at *Mecca*, in pure Devotion to the square Temple, which was built by Angels; when he might as well have chosen the more fertile Plains of *Mrdia*, *Persta*, and *Affyria*, as did his Brethren *Doama*, *Naphis*, and *Redma*. But he foresaw by his Skill in Astrology, that the Inhabitants of those Regions would be Idolaters: And so it came to pass; for they were in the Number of those who adored the Fire. For the same Reason he chose not for his Seat *Armenia*, though that Country be renowned for the Resting of *Noah's Ark* on Mount *Geudis*, and the famous City *Themanine*, or the Work of Eighty, being the first City built after the Deluge by the Eighty, who escaped in the Ark. But *Caydar* knew that the People of that Province should worship the Sun, and it was verified in the Posterity of his Brethren *Nabjam* and *Mafna*. Therefore he chose *Mecca*, though a barren Country, because he knew it was the Seat predestined to the Elect Lineage, the Generation of just Men and Prophets, from whom was to spring the Light of the World, *Mahomet*, who in Paradise is called *Al Batrafim*, and in Heaven *Achmet*.

Caydar was the only Son of *Ismael* who took part with his Father, and followed his Example, worshipping One God, Creator of the Worlds, as he had learned by Tradition from *Abrabim* the Beloved of the Eternal: Whereas *Nabeyeth*, *Abbael*, *Tbema*, and the rest

rest of the Twelve either adored the Sun, Moon and Stars, or the Elements, except *Jackour*, who paid divine Honours to the Tree *Betlemur*; and *Hädal* and *Massa*, who sacrificed Beasts to the Idols *Bobinnun* and *Alxe*.

And as our Historians have been thus particularly exact in recording the Affairs of the Twelve Sons of *Ismael*; so they have shewed themselves no less precise in relating the Transactions of the twelve Tribes which descended from them, even down to the present Age.

I do not insist on this to teach thee something whereof thou art ignorant; but to put thee in Mind of the Benefit and Advantage, besides the vast Delight, which accrues to a Nation by thus preserving the Memoirs of their Ancestors; in which my Countrymen have exceeded the Fidelity and Care of all other People.

Had it not been for the Industry of *Arabian* Writers, the History of the whole *Saracen* Empire, the Succession of the *Caliphs*, with their Wars and Conquests, would have been either quite lost this Age, or at least much depraved and falsified by the Malice of *Christian* and *Persian* Authors, both equally Enemies to the Truth; by which it is evident, that every Nation ought to register their own Transactions.

What therefore I chiefly aim at is, that the glorious *Osmans*, who have by their Valour entered into the Possessions and Territories of many ancient Nations, might also be acquainted with the Histories of those People whose Lands they enjoy: But above all I wish, that after they have found a Way to so much Wealth and Honour, they would not lose themselves and their own Original.

I speak of the *Turks*, properly so called; the Descendants of the *Scythians*, who by some were esteemed the most ancient Nation on Earth; a People

ple formed by Nature for the Empire of the World; were never conquered themselves, yet spread their Victories over all *Asia*. They routed *Zopyrio*, a General of *Alexander* the Great: and drove back a huffing King of *Egypt* with Shame and Loss to his own Country: in fine, they were a People naturally just, Temperate, hardy, and endued with all the excellent Qualities which the Philosophy of the *Greeks* and *Romans* could never inspire into their Subjects, tho' they aimed at it.

These were the People, O Oracle of the Believers, from whom the present *Turks* descend. And is it not a Shame, that they can give no other Account of their Ancestors, but what they borrow from the *Christians*; who in the mean Time reproach the *Mussulmans* with Ignorance and Barbarism?

It is for this Reason I renew the same Request to thee, which I often made to thy Predecessor; that Learning may be encouraged: Let all the ancient Records and Histories of the *Greeks* and *Romans* be sought out and translated, by Men skilful in Languages, into the familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*, some, I know, are already common among the Grandees, as *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and others; but let not any credible Writer be wanting.

In doing this, thou wilt put a Check to the Scoffs of Infidels, augment the Honour and Interest of the *Mussulmans*, and leave an immortal Name behind thee on Earth; which will make thy Joys in Paradise more sweet to an Infinity of Ages.

Paris, 29th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1657.

L E T-

L E T T E R XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

ALL Europe, except the *French* and *Swedes*, hangs down the Head for the Death of the *German* Emperor. He went to the Immortals on the 2d Day of this Moon, after a long Fit of Sickness, and forty nine Years Life on Earth.

Nathan Ben Saddi, Agent of the *Porte* at *Vienna*, informs me, that on the same Day, whereon the Emperor died, the Imperial Palace took Fire on a sudden, and with such Impetuosity, that a great Part of it was presently consumed, and the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, the Emperor's Son, narrowly escaped with his Life. This is esteemed a bad Omen to the Empire; and, without being superstitious, I can assure thee, that *Germany* is in a very bad Condition at this Juncture. The Electors are so divided on the Score of Religion, and their secular Interests and Alliances, that, in all Probability, they will not with Ease decide the Succession.

The Duke of *Brandenburgh*, having united himself to the *Swedes*, will not consent to the installing *Leopold Ignatius Josephus*, the Emperor's Son, because that Prince supports the Cause of the *Poles* and *Danes*. The Palatine of *Heydelberg* and Duke of *Bavaria* are at odds about their private Pretensions. The Duke of *Saxony* would fain be Emperor himself, or have one at least of the *Lutheran* Religion: And the rest are so incensed against the House of *Austria*, that it is thought, none but the Ecclesiastick Princes will vote for the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. So that there being no King of the *Romans* to claim the Succession by the Laws of the Empire, the Throne is like to be vacant yet a while.

Cardinal *Mazarini*, who watches all Opportunities to aggrandize his Master, has dispatched away several Couriers into *Germany*, to negotiate privately with the Electors, and concert those Measures which will be most for the Interest of *France*. And, I tell thee, this Minister has no small Influence on the Elector of *Colen*, and Prince Palatine of the *Rhine*: Besides, thou wilt say, he goes the right Way to Work, when thou shalt know that he makes use of the *French Gold* to compass his Designs.

No sooner did the News of the Emperor's Death arrive at this Court, but it was observed the Cardinal took up a hundred thousand Pistoles of the public Banquiers of this City: And every Body guessed how it would be disposed.

The *Portuguese* Ambassador at this Court has caused extraordinary Fire-works to be played on the River *Seine* before the Palace of the King, in Honour of his Master's Coronation, the young King of *Portugal*. But the *Spaniards* are preparing more destructive Fire-works on the Frontiers of that Kingdom, being ready to enter it with an Army of sixteen thousand Men to recover the *Portuguese* Crown.

In sending thee these Intelligences, sage Minister, I am not concerned for the Infidels. Who dies or who lives, who rises or who falls, is all one to *Mahmut*, provided the *Grand Seignor's* Health, Life, and Happiness be augmented: And this I speak as an *Arabian* and true Believer.

Paris, 30th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XIV.

To Raba Mahomet, General of the Ottoman Forces, at his Camp near Adrianople.

THE sacred Empire of true Believers is beset at this Time with Infidels, Rebels, and Hereticks. Here are many Rumours spread abroad concerning the *Persians*, and the Interest they have in the Bassa and Citizens of *Babylon*. They talk also, that some Malecontents design Things which ought not to be named.

God has given me two Ears, and I hear these Discourses with both, but I entertain them with one unchangeable Judgment, that they are only the Whispers of Fame, which has a thousand double Tongues. If it be true, that the four Chiauses who were dispatched to *Babylon* from the *Grand Seigneur* to confirm the Inhabitants of that City in their Allegiance, and assure them of speedy Succours, were murdered by the disloyal Citizens; I doubt not but it is as true, that the Plague has consumed the greatest Part of the Red-heads in their Camp at *Aranfacat*. What though these *Babylonian* Mungrels cry, *Long live the King of Persia*! The rest of the Empire, with true Zeal and Devotion, pray for the Health and Prosperity of the *Grand Seigneur*. What though the Sultan has sworn by God and his Throne, by the Heavens and the Earth, that he will go against the *Venetians* in Person! The Musli can easily absolve him in Case of supreme Necessity, whence his Presence is requisite against the more accursed *Kysilbaschi*.

'Tis probable the *Osman* Monarchy may be much embarrassed by domestick Troubles and foreign Wars:

yet he that founded it, and is the Conservator of Ages, will out of these very Distempers and Evils, produce a good Constitution of Health in the State, and a firmer Establishment against all Enemies.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* are very busy in their Levies at home, and in making Interests abroad. Courtiers are perpetually posting up and down *Christendom*, to and from that City. They would willingly have all the Business of *Europe* superseded for their sakes. Every where it is whispered there is some grand Design on foot against the *Turks*, but no body knows what. And I tell thee, *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, and the rest of the *Naxarene* Kingdoms are too much entangled among themselves to have any Thoughts of meddling with remote Affairs.

The *Poles* would have had the *German* Emperor taken that Crown in *Vassalage*, on Condition of protecting it from the *Swedes*. But whilst the Emperor was alive, he weighed the Difficulties, and refused so chargeable an Offer. Now he is lately dead, and the Empire is hardly capable to defend itself.

Differences are newly risen between the Duke of *Bavaria* and the Elector Palatine of *Heydelberg*; each claiming a Right to be Vicar of the Empire during the Vacancy; and they are preparing on both Sides to dispute the Matter with the Sword; Whilst the King of *Sweden* smiles secretly at their Intestine Quarrels, resolving to be revenged on *Germany*, for the Assistance they have given to *Casimir* King of *Poland*.

At the same Time, the *Danes* are arming and equipping by Sea and Land, to demand Justice of the *Swedes*. Whilst the cunning *Muscovite* stands aloof, amusing all Parties with specious Pretexts, but designing only to play his own Game, and espouse that

that Quarrel which will bring him most Booty; Prince *Ragotski* promises fair to the *Swedes*, but, it is thought, will prove false in the End. The Counsels of these Uncircumcised are full of Treachery. They are infatuated, blinded, and know not what they do.

The Case is as bad in *Spain*, where the King is making vast Preparations to enter *Portugal*, and claim that Crown, hoping to make Advantage of their domestick Factions since the Death of *Don Juan de Braganza*, the late *Portuguese* King: Not considering that the *French* are like to find him Work enough in *Italy*, *Flanders* and *Catalonia*; besides the continual Damages he receives by Sea from the *English*, and the Losses he sustains in *America*. I tell thee in a Word, all *Europe* is at this time in such a Hurly-burly, that they have no leisure to attend our Motions in the *East*; every Kingdom and State being wholly busied in their own Affairs, and *Venice* can rely on nothing but her own Strength. Go on then, brave General of the Army, destined to chastise these Infidels, and let nothing discourage thee from pursuing the Aims of Honour and Religion. Let the proud *Franks* know that there is a Sword drawn in the *East*, which will never be put up, till it has not only cut off the exterior Members, but even ripped up the Bowels of the Western Empire.

The Inhabitants of *Sicily* are in a great Consternation, by Reason of a fresh Eruption of Fire from Mount *Ætna*, or Mount *Gibell*, whereby the City *Catanea*, and adjacent Parts, are much in Danger, and the Ashes are scattered all over the Island. This Mountain has at Times flamed forth in an extraordinary Manner from immemorable Ages; and in all Probability, will continue to do so till the Day of Judgment.

There is like to be a new Quarrel between *France* and *Holland*, the latter complaining, that they have had

had above three hundred Merchant Ships taken from them by the *French* within these seven Years. Upon which they have stopped two Vessels belonging to this Kingdom, and Misunderstandings encrease apace between them.

In the mean time, the *German* Court is preparing to choose a new Emperor. His Son is the Person designed for this Dignity, if the Electors do not oppose it. His Name is *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bobemia*. He lies sick of a dangerous Disease, not less loathsome than the Plague.

And now I have mentioned this Scourge of God, it will not be amiss to inform thee, that in *Rome* and *Naples*, where it has raged these eleven Moons, and has destroyed a hundred and eighty Thousand People, it is not now to be heard of; Commerce is restored; Publick Courts sit; Ambassadors have Audience; and all Things run in their wonted Channel. Yet in *Genoa* they feel it still,

The Souls of these Infidels are infected with an infernal Pestilence, and therefore God rains Curses on them, whilst the Elect of all Nations are preserved from all Evil, being marked in the Forehead by the Angel of Health.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

L E T T E R X V.

To Cara Hali, *Physician* to the Grand Seignor.

I Have encountered a Passage in the History of the First Caliphs, which a little entangles me. My Faith is disjointed. Thou knowest we *Mussulmans* believe, that *Abu Becre* was the true Successor of

of the Prophet: Yet when I consider, that he attained the Sovereignty by Surprise, without the Consent of the *Mussulman*, I know not what to think of it.

After the Death of the Messenger of God, the Inhabitants of *Mecca* and *Medina* raised a Sedition, and took up Arms, each challenging the Right of Election to themselves. When to prevent the ill Consequences of this Tumult, *Abu Becre* and *Omar* immediately came to them; and to end the Controversy, *Omar* stretching forth his Hand to *Abu Becre*, saluted him *Caliph*, and, lifting up his Hand to Heaven, swore Allegiance to him: which Example suddenly prevailed on others, and so the Tumult was appeased. Yet *Omar* himself seemed to repent of what he had done: For a while after he was heard to say, *Affuredly the Inauguration of Abu Becre was a rash unadvised Thing; God avert the Evil which may result from it. But let it be a Law, That if any one hereafter shall presume to do as I have done, and swear Fealty to another, without the Assent of the Mussulmans, he shall be put to Death.*

But that which is of the greatest Moment with me is, that *Ali Eb'n Abi Thaleb* the Son-in-Law of the Prophet, was not present at this Election, who had as much Right to the Caliphate, as any of them, if not more; at least he had a Right to vote. And when he first heard the News, he protested against what they had done as null and invalid, in regard they had not consulted him. Certainly *Ali Eb'n Abi Thaleb* was a matchless Hero, performing Miracles of Valour in Defence of the Prophet. When he besieged *Chaibar*, a City of the *Jews*, he took the Gates of the City from off their Hinges, and used them as his Shield. When he brandished his glittering Sword, he made his Enemies tremble. I will say no more in his Praise, lest thou shouldest conclude, I have listed myself in the Number of the

the *Kyzil Basbi*. What I write, is only by way of Scrutiny; being dissatisfied about these Things.

So when *Abu Becre* lay on his Death Bed, he called for *Othman Eb'n Aphan*, the Scribe, and bid him write as follows: "In the Name of God, "Gracious and Merciful; this is the Testimony of " *Abdallah Eb'n Abu Kobopha*, when he was arrived "to the last Hour of this World, and the first of "the World to come." Then he fell into a Trance, while *Othman* proceeded, and wrote the Name of *Omar Eb'no'l Chattab*. Then *Abu Becre* awaked, and asking *Othman* whom he had named for his Successor; He replied, *Omar*. Thou hast done well, said he, and according to my Mind. Yet if thou hadst named thyself, assuredly thou art worthy of the Honour. Thus *Omar* succeeded in the Caliphate, by the private Order of *Abu Becre*, without asking the Consent of the *Mussulmans*. It looks like a Contrivance or Bargain between those two at first. When *Omar* swore Fealty to *Abu Becre*, one would suspect he made him promise to bequeath the Caliphate to him. Be it how it will, thou seest *Omar* accepted the Government on Conditions which he himself had made. Unlawful, when he prohibited any Succession, that should be made without the Consent of the *Mussulmans*, He was the first that was called *Amiro'lmu-menin*, or, Commander of the Faithful.

It is reported, that when *Omar* was near his Death, those that stood about him desired him to name his Successor; they themselves recommended *Ali Eb'n Abi Thaleb*, because of his Relation to the Prophet. But he rejected him, and committed the Election of his Successor to *Othman*, *Ali Telba*, *Azobia*, *Abu Obeid*, and *Saad Eb'd Abi Wakka*. *Abu Obeid* therefore coming to *Ali Eb'n Abi Thaleb*, said thus to him, Art thou he to whom I may swear Fidelity, that thou wilt act according to the Book of God, and the Laws of his Prophet, and the Constitution of the

Two Seniors? *Ali* answered, *I will ever act according to the Book of God, and the Law of his Prophet; but as to the Constitution of the two Seniors, I will follow my own Counsel.* Then *Abu Obeid* going to *Othman*, said the same Words: And *Othman* promised to perform all that they required, So they chose *Othman* to succeed *Omar* in the Caliphate. He was accused of too great Partiality to those of his Blood; for he recalled *Hacem Ebno'l As Eb'n Omaib*, whom the Prophet had banished. He gave him also a hundred Thousand Aspers, and to *Abdella Eb'n Chaled*, he gave Forty Thousand. They taxed him also with Pride, in that he sat on the highest Seat of the Prophetick Throne, where none but the holy Prophet himself had ever sate: For *Abu Becre* in Reverence to the Messenger of God sat one Step below it, and *Omar* two. So that the *Arabians* being incensed at *Othman's* Arrogance, and other Vices, took up Arms, and killed him. Then succeeded *Ali*.

I rehearse this History to thee, that thou mayest know the particular Grounds of my Dissatisfaction, and give me thy Opinion in this Matter. For, if *Abu Becre*, *Omar*, and *Othman* were unlawfully lifted to the Caliphate, it follows, that they were Usurpers, and *Hali* the only true Successor of the Prophet. And, if this be granted, then we have no Reason to curse the *Persians*, who are the Followers of *Hali*. God knows which is in the Right, We or They. We are all the Disciples of the Prophet, and believe in the Unity of the Divine Essence. God bless *Mahomet* our Law-giver, with all those of his House. God bless *Mahomet* our glorious Sultan: In fine, God bless thee and me.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

L E T-

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Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

L E T-

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Mustapha, Bassa.

BY the Notices which I receive from *Constantinople*, it appears that the Ground of all the publick Discontents in that City, is the *Venetians* Conquests and Possession of *Tenedos*: As if the People thought that Island would prove as fatal now to the *Mussulmans*, as it was formerly to old *Troy*, when the *Grecians* under the Conduct of *Agamemnon* pitched their first Camp there, to recover *Helena* the fairest Woman of *Greece*, whom *Paris* the Prince of *Troy* had ravished from her Husband's Embraces.

That Rape was fatal to the *Trojans*: For, after ten Years War, their City was taken by Stratagem, and burnt to Ashes: Their Princes and Nobles either all slain, or carried away Captives by the victorious *Greeks*. Only *Aeneas* saved his Father alive, carrying him on his Back out of the Flames, and with some other Commanders escaped to Sea in such Vessels as they found ready. The History of all his Adventures is too tedious for a Letter. Suffice it to say, that, after many Voyages from one Region to another, at last he landed in *Italy*, where he and his Company settled. And from them the *Venetians*, with other People of *Europe*, derive their Original.

'Tis this makes the present Possession of *Tenedos* appear as an ill Omen, in the Eyes of the Superstitious: As if those Relicks of ancient *Troy* were now come to recover the Habitations of their Fathers, and drive both *Greeks* and *Mussulmans* out of the Empire.

But these are only Chimæras and Dreams; for when a Nation is once displanted from the Native Seat, they seldom or never take Root there again.

Be-

Besides, who knows whether the *Venetians* descend from *Troy* or no? It is true indeed, if Historians speak Truth, that *Aeneas* sailed into *Italy*, two Years after the Burning of *Troy*: It is probable also, that he built *Lavinium*; as *Padua* is ascribed to *Antenor* one of his Captains. But where is the Consequence, that the *Venetians* should therefore be the Off-spring of these heroick Fugitives? They may as well say, the *French* are the Posterity of the *Moors*, because those *Africans* once seated themselves in *Spain*. For so independent are the States of *Italy* one of another, and their Inhabitants of as different Genealogies, as are these two potent Kingdoms, with the people that dwell in them.

And now the *Trojan War* is in my Mind, I cannot but smile at the egregious Folly of *Ajax*, the son of *Telamon*. This was a great Commander in the *Grecian Army*, a huge, brawny, Giant-like Fellow, that had performed Prodigies of Strength and Valour in combating the *Trojans*, and yet at last fell upon his own Sword and killed himself, because he could not have his Will of *Ulysses*; and all about an old rusty Buckler, taken from the Enemy, which *Ajax* claimed as his Right, in Reward of his meritorious Services, and the many Scars he had received. But *Ulysses* over-ruled the Council of War which was called on Purpose to decide the Quarrel, and not the Shield himself. For being a cunning plausible Fellow, he pleaded, that though the Courage and brave Actions of *Ajax* deserved all due Honour and Acknowledgement; yet the Surprize of *Troy*, and ending the War, was only owing to his Wit and Contrivance, who deluded the *Trojans* with a Wooden Horse, in the Belly of which lay a Detachment of armed Men; and these, after the Horse was admitted into that City, came out of their Nest in the Dead of Night, and set
Fire

Fire to the Horse, opening the Gates also to the Grecian Army.

If the *Venetians* could invent some such Stratagem, perhaps there would be Danger of their taking *Constantinople*, but till then, illustrious Bassa, there is no Reason to fear these Infidels. Besides, it will be very easy to dispossess them of that ominous Island, and so dissipate the Charm which has bewitched the seditious Rabble. But I would counsel, that it be attempted in Time, before the *Venetians* are got into the *Hellepont* with their Navy: For there is no Success against these Infidels by Sea. That Element, it seems, is the Wife of the Duke of *Venice*; being espoused with a Ring and other solemn Ceremonies, on a certain Festival of the *Nazarenos*.

One would think also, that the *English* had made successful Love to the Sea; for their Navies are always prosperous. We have fresh News come in of an Encounter between them and the *Spanish-West-India* Fleet, near the Island of *Teneriff*, wherein there were Seventeen of the *Spanish* Ships sunk and burnt, and among them were five great Galleons. They took from them an immense Treasure of Gold and Silver with other costly Merchandise.

The *French* Court rejoices mightily at this Exploit, not in any real Love to the *English*, but in Hatred of the *Spaniards*. For between these two Nations there seems to be an irreconcilable Antipathy. Besides, the *French* have Reason of State for their Joy, being in League with the *English* Commonwealth.

That which renders this Victory the more remarkable, is, that it was obtained in a *Spanish* Harbour, the Port of *Santa Cruz* in *Teneriff*. Every one extols the *English* Commander for a very brave Person, his Name is *Blake*. I am the more particular in this Relation, because thou art expert in
 Maritime

Marine Affairs, having had the Command of the invincible *Ottoman Armado*.

There is a Post newly come in from *Germany*, who informs us, that the King of *Sweden* and Prince *Ratibski* have taken the strong Fort of *Breezki Litenski* from the King of *Poland*.

The *Portuguese* Ambassador at this Court presses the King with much Earnestness to send Aids to his Master, in regard the *Spaniards* are actually entered into *Portugal*, and have taken *Olivenza*, a City of that Kingdom.

I formerly acquainted the Ministers of the *Divan*, that the King of *Spain* had caused all the People of his Kingdom to be numbered: Now I tell thee farther, That in order to carry on the War effectually against *Portugal*, this Monarch has commanded the fifth Man in every Family to take up Arms, and follow the Campaign. At which Rate, they say he will have an Hundred thousand Men in the Field.

In the mean time, all the Discourse here at present, concerning the Siege of *Montmeli*, a very strong Place in *Flanders*. It was invested by the *French* Army on the 11th of this Moon, under the Command of the *Mareschal de la Ferte Seneterre*.

France has sent a great many brave Generals into the Field this Summer; and I perceive, the *Bassas* of the *Ottoman* Empire are not like to tarry at Home. God inspire thee, and thy Equals, with a Resolution which knows no Medium between Victory and a glorious Death.

Paris, 26th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XVII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna

THE Beginning of thy Letter surprized me with Wonder, when I read that a Chiaus from the *Grand Signior*, the Sovereign of Sovereigns, Lord of Three Empires, and Five and Twenty Kingdoms, should have the Dishonour, not to find Admittance within the Walls of *Vienna*: and that in a Time when the *Germans* have no Reason to provoke a Foreign War, being sufficiently embarrassed with Domestick Troubles. But when I read farther, and perceived, That no Ambassador, not even of the *Christian* Princes, has any more Privilege at this Juncture, and that it is an established Law of the Empire, that to reverence the Majesty of their deceased Sovereign, and consult the Safety of the next Election; I ceased to resent this any longer as an Indignity to our great Master, and only concluded it to be some Mystery of the *Austrian* State.

It is an Argument of profound Respect to the Imperial Ghost, that the Churches are all hung with Mourning throughout the Hereditary Dominions, and that no Musick is permitted either in the Temples or elsewhere; no Jollity or Mirth, till the Funeral Obsequies are performed, and the Body of *Cæsar* is consigned to the Place of its everlasting Repose.

As to the Quarrel between the Duke of *Bavaria* and Prince *Palatine* about the Vicariate, there is much to be said on both Sides: And it ought to be a thing indifferent to thee and me, which of these two gets the Victory. Yet for the sake of Truth I will tell thee in short what I have collected out of the Journal of *Carcoa*, thy Predecessor, and out of other Memoirs, as they came to my Hands.

It appears then, that by the Golden Bull of Charles IV. this Dignity was declared inherent in the Palatinate Family, in the Right of their Possession of that Principality; and that it has been so for many Ages, even before there were any Electors established in the Empire. 'Tis upon this Ground the present Elector Palatine claims it. But on the other side, it is manifest, that when Maximilian, the father of the present Duke of Bavaria, was invested with the Electoral Dignity, it was inserted in the Imperial Bull, that the Vicegerency of the Empire, during an Interregnum, should henceforth belong to that Family. Yet this Grant was again disannulled by the late Pacification at Munster. And so the Business is left in Dispute between these two families. He of Bavaria trusts to his Strength and Riches, being also backed by the Ecclesiastick Princes; whilst the other only confides in the Justice of his Cause; the Right of unquestionable Inheritance.

Leaving therefore these Grantees to prosecute their several Claims, I'll tell thee what makes the fresh Noise in this City, is an attempt which the Prince of Conde made lately on the Town of Calais, a Sea-Port of this Kingdom. He had received certain Intelligence, that the Governor had sent out the best Part of the Garrison to fortify Ardres, a place not far from Calais, and supposed to be in great danger; upon this News, the Prince marched with great Expedition, designing to surprize Calais by night. But he was discovered before he came near them; and the Inhabitants, taking up Arms, appeared in the Walks and Ramparts to welcome him, so that he was forced to retire again with the Loss of near thousand Men.

Here are two Men come out of England, that pretend to be Prophets, foretelling the Downfall of the Pope, whom they call *Antichrist*, a Beast, a Dragon,

gon, and I know not how many other Titles. One of them is gone to *Rome*, to tell the Holy Father to his Face what is like to befall him. The *French Court* looks upon them as Madmen; and no body can esteem them better if they go to *Rome*, where they will infallibly fall into the Hands of the Inquisition; which thou knowest is a Hell upon Earth. Thy Brother *Adonai* felt the smart of it, only for two or three Words uttered in Contempt of their Religion; and though he was not condemned to Death, yet he suffered a tedious Imprisonment; till, at length, the Plague released him both from that, and the Change of this mortal Life.

Nathan, if he had died by the Stroke of the Executioner, or by Fire, the common Death of those who rail at the *Roman Faith*, I could not pronounce him a Martyr, unless it were to his own Folly and Rashness; since he was not placed there to make Proselytes, either to the Law of *Moses*, or *Mahomet*: but to penetrate into the secret Transactions of the Followers of *Jesuit*. Thy Business is the same at *Vienna*; pursue that with Alacrity, and God shall protect thee from all Adversity.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XVIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Welcome thy Return to the Earth again: For it appears by the Letter, that thou hast been in the other World. 'Twere to be wished thou wouldst favour the Living with a Journal of thy Travels and Observations among the Dead. Those Regions of Silence

ence would afford Matter of Noise enough to Mortals, that are always greedy of Foreign News. Perhaps if thou wouldst communicate the Remarks thou hast made during that Ramble of thy Soul, we might find out some Method of Correspondence between our World and that invisible State. We might contrive a Way to send Dispatches to our Friends, and to receive their Answers again. Or at least we might make some useful Discoveries in that Empire of Shadows.

But tell me seriously, dost thou think it was any more than a Trance or Dream that has happened to thee? Such as frequently fall out in melancholy Constitutions. I once informed *Cara Hala* the Physician of such an Accident as this not far from *Paris*. It was of a Man that had lain five and thirty Hours as Dead, in all human Appearance, and so given over by the Physicians: Yet after that Period, he recovered his Senses again, and told strange Things to those that were about him. Surely these are but the Slumbers of the Soul; and Death itself is but a deeper Sleep, when it causes the Dissolution of the Body. Doubtless, Men awake again in some other Active State. For as a Flame of Fire is equally disposed to embody itself in the Fat of Flesh or Fish, in Oyl, Wax, Sulphur, or any proper Vehicle; and, as soon as it is extinguished in one, will readily translate itself successively to all the rest, if they be within the Sphere of its Activity (as the *Western* Philosopher speaks:) So is the Spirit or Flame of Life always in a Posture of Transmigration. For ought we know, he that is a King this Hour may be a Peacock the next, and within a few Days be served up at his Successor's Table, as a Royal Dish.

But not to insist too much on these Secrets, I will relate to thee a Passage, not unlike that thou hast experienced.

It

It is recorded in the Writings of an authentic Pen, the Manuscript of an ancient *Arabian*, That *Al Rasbid*, Emperor of the Faithful, had many famous Physicians about him; among the rest, he highly esteemed *Saleb Eb'n Nabali*, an *Indian*, for recovering one of his near Kinsmen, out of such a Condition as I suppose thou hast been in. That Kinsman was very dear to the Emperor, who was sitting at a Feast, when News was brought him that he was dead. The Emperor, extremely troubled to hear this, burst forth into Tears, and caused the Table to be taken away. Then *Jaafer Eb'n Yaby*, one of his Confidants, immediately desired that *Saleb*, the *Indian* Physician, might visit the Corps of his dead Relation; who went accordingly, and having felt his Pulse, and considered him well, he returned to the Emperor, and said, "Cease to mourn, my Lord, Commander of the Faithful: For if this Man be dead, and I do not restore him to Life again, may I be divorced from all my Wives for ever.

He had scarce made an end of saying this, when a second Dispatch came to the Emperor from those who were about his Kinsman, assuring him, That he was really departed this Life.

Then *Al Rasbid* began to curse the *Indians*, and their Ignorance. But *Saleb* persisted in his Assertion, crying out with some Vehemency, "Be not incredulous, O Emperor of the Faithful, nor suffer thy Kinsman to be buried, till I have been with him again: For assuredly he is not dead, I will shew you some thing that is admirable." *Al Rasbid*, pacified with these Words, took *Saleb* along with him to visit the supposed dead Person.

As soon as they came into the Chamber, the *Indian* took a Needle, and thrust it between the Nail and the Flesh of his Left Thumb. Then the Entranced snatched up his Hand toward his Mouth. At which *Saleb* cried out, "Now, my Lord, comfort your-

"self;

self; for dead Men use not to be sensible of Pain. After this, he blew up a Powder into his Nose; upon which, in a few Minutes the Patient sneezed; and sitting upright in his Bed, spoke to *Al Rashid*, kissing also his Hand. The Emperor asking him, *How he found himself*: He replied; *Benefactor of Mankind, I have been in the sweetest Sleep that ever I remember fell on me in my Life. Only I dreamed that a Dog came and bit me by my Left Thumb, the Pain of which waked me.* With that he shewed him the Mark of the Needle and the Blood; adding, *Surely it was no Dream, but a Truth, for I feel it yet.* The Emperor was extremely pleased with his *Indian Physician*, and did him great Honour. His Kinsman also, whose Name was *Ibrahim*, lived many Years after this, and was made Governor of *Egypt*, where he died, and was buried.

The *Eastern Physicians* have been famous in all Ages, and are now much in Esteem among the *Franks*, who addict themselves to study the Sciences: Here are some very learned Physicians in these Parts; and not a few ignorant ones, who serve as Foils to set off the Lustre and Fame of the others. Every Province and City in *France* swarms with them; and they all find Employment either to kill or cure. The *Nazarenes* live very intemperately, and fall into abundance of Diseases, whereof the *East* is wholly ignorant: Therefore it is necessary for them to be well stocked with Physicians. Yet it was satyrically observed by a certain *French Lord*, that in a Town, not far from his Palace, the Inhabitants were all healthy long lived Men, till a certain Empirick came and took up his Residence there; for then they began to sicken and dye apace. But this may be an invidious Remark. The *Arabian Proverb* says, *No Man is a good Physician, but he that is born such*: Meaning that some are naturally disposed and fitted to this Science. Indeed I have known admirable Cures performed by

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Men

Men who never studied in Academies, or could answer three Questions in Anatomy; nay, some Women have a Gift of this Nature, and are very fortunate in their Practices. But when all is done, the Beasts are most happy, who are all their own Physicians by Instinct.

Melec, I wish thee such a State of Health as needs no Medicines: But if it be thy Misfortune to fall into *Parmenides* his Indisposition, I counsel thee to make use of the Advice given him by a Philosopher; who, when *Parmenides* complained of a Pain in his Stomach, and asked his Advice, bid him use such and such Confections and Electuaries. The other replied, *He had made Tryal of them all, and many more, yet found no Ease.* Then said the Philosopher, *Turn Poet, for they generally have good Stomachs.*

Paris, 9th of the 7d Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

Couriers upon Couriers are come to this City with the joyful News that *Montmeli* is surrendered to the *French*: For which the whole Body of the Parliament, and the City of *Paris*, the Chancellor of the Kingdom, with Cardinal *Antonio Barberini*, and all the Ecclesiasticks, went to the Grand Mosque, or Temple, where *Te Deum* was sung this Afternoon, with a pompous Solemnity. And now, whilst I am writing, there is such a confused Noise of great Guns, Ringing of Bells, and Shouts of People, that one would think it were enough to wake the very Dead, and make them start from their Graves, to enquire
The

The Truth of it is, this Place is counted one of the strongest in *Europe*, and the Inhabitants were not insensible of it when they made their Conditions of Honour with the King. And therefore we need not wonder at the excessive Joy of the *French*.

When the Keys were delivered to the King by the Deputies of the Town, one of them, in the Name of the rest, made this following Address.

“ Sire, We should have had just Reason to complain of Fortune, and accuse ourselves of Cowardice, if we had surrendered this impregnable Fortress to the Arms of a Prince less glorious and puissant than your Majesty: Since our very Walls are of sufficient Strength to defend us, without taking up Arms, against a Power inferior to yours. But in Regard it is the Will of Heaven, that we must change our Master, we rejoice to fall into the Hands of so invincible and generous a Monarch; and we hope, Sire, that your Majesty will shew us the more Favour for having used our utmost Efforts to conserve an inviolate Fidelity to the *Catholick* King, who but Yesterday was our Master.

This was spoken with so graceful an Action, and such a becoming Frankness, that the King, being mightily pleased with them, made them this Answer.

“ Yes, I shall always remember that your Constancy deserves my Esteem. And now considering you as my Subjects, I will bestow such Privileges on this City, as shall oblige you to manifest no less Courage and Zeal for my Service than you have done for the *Catholick* King.

And to evidence, that he has equal Sentiments of Gratitude and Esteem for his Officers, by whose Courage and Conduct this important Place is come under his Obedience; the King has bestowed the Government of it on the Lieutenant-General of his Armies, who was present at the Siege, and was

shot in seven Places of his Body. They call him the Marquis of *Vandi*. He has signalized his Valour in sixteen Sieges and Battles, being marked all over with Scars, the glorious Characteristicks of an indefatigable and fortunate Hero.

It is fit the *Divan* should be informed of all such Passages; not to instruct them what to do in the like Cases, (for they are perfectly wise) but that these Examples may be registered as Spurs to Virtue and Magnanimity of Spirit. For it cannot be supposed that the Emperor of True Believers will come short of these Infidel Kings, in rewarding his faithful and undaunted Slaves.

Mareschal de Ferte Seneterre has also had his Share in the Caresses and Acknowledgements of the King and the whole Court.

This Success has given a great Damp to the *Spaniards*, who begin to retire as fast as they can from the Neighbourhood of the *French* Armies. On the other side, these are full of Vigour and brisk Resolutions, resolving not to end the Campaign without some farther Attempts in *Flanders*.

They creep by Degrees into the very Heart of that Province, which is ever like to be the Stage of War, so long as the King of *Spain* has one Town left in it. It is a very rich Country, abounding in all the desirable Productions of Nature. And the People are very industrious to learn and improve whatsoever is profitable in Art. All their Unhappiness lies in this, That they are not able to protect themselves, and subsist independent of one or other of the neighbouring Crowns. So that whenever those Sovereigns fall out, these poor People are miserably oppressed with Armies; and in this Case their Friends many Times give them as much Trouble as their Enemies. Nay, it is difficult to determine which are their Enemies, and which are their Friends. For to whatever Master they are subject, he drains their

their Coffers of Money by Taxes and Contributions; besides, the intolerable Vexation of Quartering unruly Soldiers, who commit a Thousand Insolencies unpunished.

Poland is at this Time in as bad a Condition, between the Armies of *Sweden*, *Austria*, *Brandenburgh*, *Muscovy*, *Transylvania*, and the Forces of King *Casimir*.

The Son of the deceased Emperor has sent a great Army to the Aid of that unfortunate Monarch, and it is confirmed on all Hands, that they have laid Siege to *Cracow*; whilst his Ambassador is negotiating with the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, to draw him off from the *Swedish* Interest. This is like to prove a War of long Continuance, if the Plague do not make Peace, which rages in those Parts, and destroys many Thousands more than the Sword or Gun. The *Muscovites* have combatted with this Distemper above these two Years, the Grand Duke being forced to fly with his Army, like Vagabonds, before this inexorable Conqueror, which gives no Quarter.

In the mean Time, I hear ill News from *Candia*, where they say the *Mussulmans* have, in a late Attempt on that City, lost above Four thousand Men, with Thirty four Ensigns, and a considerable Treasure. These Infidels have also taken and destroyed, this Summer, above thirty Ships of *Barbary*, and as many more of *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, *Scanderoon*, &c. On Board of one of which they seized the yearly Revenue which comes to the *Grand Seignior* from *Scandercon*; and out of another they have taken the Revenue of *Rhodes*, killed a Thousand True Believers, took half that Number Captives, and released Abundance of *Christian* Slaves: In a Word, they have taken out of the several Vessels, which fell into their Hands, an immense Treasure of Silver, Gold, and precious Stones.

These continual Successes of the *Nazarenes*, would tempt one to think, That this War was

unjustly commenced by *Sultan Ibrahim*, and therefore unhappily carried on by his glorious Successor, *Sultan Mahomet*. Pardon the Effect of Melancholy, benign Minister, if it be a Crime to think, that the Creator of all Things is angry with those who violate their Solemn Word and Oath. Thou knowest the whole Story of this War, and the first Occasions of it. I say no more.

They have a Proverb here in the *West*, *That the Voice of the People is the Voice of God*. And tho' I approve not the Practice of those who make Use of this popular Aphorism to foment Seditions in a State; yet I cannot but own, there is a great deal of Reason in it, and it may be verified in the present Circumstances of *Constantinople*.

Thou observest that the Soldiers are mutinous, and unwilling to serve any longer in this unfortunate War. Thou findest the Merchants, and in general all Sorts of People, discontented and factious. The Avenues to that Sanctuary of the World are blocked up by the *Venetians*; so that neither Corn, nor other necessary Provisions can be brought in to supply the Wants of so many Hundred thousands of People. In a Word, thou seest the publick Calamities have made them almost desperate; they care not what they do: Peace with the *Christians* is the Word every where, or else each impertinent Mechanick will presage Ruin to the *Ottoman Empire*.

May God inspire thee and the other Ministers of the *Divan*, in this Calenture of the State, to apply such Remedies as may prevent the Inconveniences of a Domestick War, which is always more fatal to a Government than a Foreign Invasion.

Paris, 17th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LET.

L E T T E R X X .

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

NOW thou givest me some solid Hopes of a Convert. Thy Letter has raised my Expectation, since it is not penned in a Stile full of Scruples and insignificant Doubts, which would be endless : Nor yet does it favour of Hypocrisy and Dissimulation, as if thou intendest only to mock me and my Faith, and still continue thyself an Infidel. But it abounds with very fair Concessions, Articles of Reason and Honour on thy Side; only expecting from me a true and authentick Account of our holy Prophet's Life, and of the Miracles which can be produced in Confirmation of his prophetick Office. Thou wouldest fain see if any Thing happened of this Kind to the Messenger of God, parallel to the stupendous Wonders which recommended *Moses* your Law-giver to the World, as the undoubted Oracle of Heaven. I protest there is no fault to be found in this Demand; for it is but Reason, that he who assumes the Character of a Prophet, should be distinguished from Impostors by some evident Signs and Wonders: yet 'tis needless to make an exact Parallel, because the Occasions of *Moses* Miracles were different from those of *Mahommed*, the Seal of the Prophets. Your Law-giver had a Commission and Power given him to work Miracles when he pleased: Whereas ours declared, that he was not sent to Miracles, but to preach the Unity of the divine Essence, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Joys of Paradise, and the Torments of the Damned.

Yet lest the unbelieving World should doubt the Truth of his Mission, from his very Birth his Life was graced with many supernatural Favours. His Mother bore him without the least Pain of Body or Mind: and as soon as he breathed the Vital Air, he spoke with an audible Voice, saluting his Mother, and adding, *I profess, there is only One God, and that I am his Apostle.* He was also Circumcis'd by Nature, coming into the World without his Prepuce. At the same Hour, the Devils were forbid to ascend above the Orb of the Moon; and four Voices were heard from the *Four Corners of the Square Temple*: The first saying, *Proclaim, the Truth is risen, and all Lies shall turn into Hell.* The Second uttering, *Now is born an Apostle of your own Nation, and the Omnipotent is with him.* The Words of the Third were, *A Book full of illustrious Light is sent you from God.* And the Fourth Voice was heard to say, *O Mahomet, we have sent thee to be a Prophet, Apostle, and Guide to the World!*

When he was about four Years old, accompanying the Sons of his Nurse into the Field, the blessed Child retired into a Cave at the Foot of the Mountain *Uriel* to pray: When the Archangel *Gabriel* appeared to him, and said, *Bismillai rrahmani rrahimi, &c. In the Name of God, Compassionate and Merciful, O Child greatly beloved, I am sent to displant from thy Heart the Root of Evil; for thy Ejaculations made the Gates of Paradise to fly open.* The young resigned One said, *the Will of thy Lord and mine be done.* Then the Angel opened his Breast with a Razor of Adamant, and taking out his Heart squeezed from it the black Contagion, which was derived from *Adam*: And having put the Child's Heart in his Place again, he blessed him, and retired to the *Invisibles*.

From that Time the young Favourite of Heaven grew up and prospered in all Things, having the
Smiles

Smiles of God and Man. He was under the Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Thaleb*, who, discerning the Mark of an immense Soul in his young Nephew, was more solicitous for his Welfare than if he had been his Son. His Fortune being low in the World, he had no other Way to provide for his illustrious Charge, than by placing him as a Factor to *Chadijah*, a Widow of the same Tribe with *Mahomet*, which was the Noblest among the *Arabians*. Besides, she was very beautiful and rich: And there wanted not Hopes, that in Time she might become *Mohomet's* Wife.

That which chiefly encouraged them to this, was a Vision of *Chadijah*, every where talked of in those Parts. For she had divulged it herself, long before *Mahomet* became her Servant, or his Uncle had any Thoughts of thus disposing of him. "The Sun seemed to leave his Heaven and come down to her House, from whence he dispersed his Beams through *Arabia*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and, in fine, through the whole Earth." This Vision had made a deep Impression on the Mind of *Chadijah*, and she could not rest, till she had told it to a certain Famous Sage in those Parts, who had great Skill in Astrology and other mysterious Sciences, and was celebrated for the Integrity of his Manners. As soon as he heard the Contents of her Vision, he said, "In the Name of God, O Widow, enter into thy Bath, and prepare thyself with the necessary Purifications: For thou shalt shortly be married to the greatest Prophet in the World." And when she asked the Astrologer, *What was the Country, Tribe and Name of her next Husband*; he told her, *He was an Arabian of Mecca, of the Tribe of the Corei's, and that his Name was Mahomet.*

As yet the prophetick Widow knew nothing of the Nephew of *Abu Thaleb*. But thou mayest imagine she felt strange Passions, when his Uncle after-

wards recommended him to her Service; and she knew that he was the Man in whom the Astrologer's Character was verified, as to his Country, Tribe, and Name. For *Mahomet* was the Son of *Abdalla*, who descended from the *Bani Aschim*, who were the noblest Family in the Tribe of the *Corei's*. Who can express her Sentiments, when she saw the beautiful Youth making his first Addresses to her as an humble Slave, whom she believed Heaven had ordained for the Partner of her Bed! With what a Grace and becoming Modesty did he receive the last Instructions and Farewell of his parting Uncle! However, she concealed her Transports, and sent her beloved Slave with a Caravan into *Syria*, allowing him a noble Pension.

In that Journey there happened something very remarkable in Honour of the admirable young Man. For at a certain Place on the Road, as he waited on the Captain of the Caravan to a Synagogue of the *Jews*, no sooner had *Mahomet* set his Foot over the Threshold of the Synagogue, but all the Lamps therein were loosened from their Chains, and fell down on the Floor. All those of thy Nation that were present, being astonished at the portentous Accident, fell at the Feet of the *Rabbies*, desiring their Advice in this amazing Circumstance. They having performed the accustomed Ceremonies and Expiations, answered, "It is revealed in the Traditions of the Seniors, That at what Time soever an *Arabian* called *Mahomet*, shall be present at our Solemnities, God shall remove the Candlesticks out of their Place. It is therefore most certain, that such a one is now among us; let him not escape our Hands, lest Reproach and Contempt come on *Israel*." But behold, whilst they were busy in searching for the Cause of this Prodigy, two Angels conveyed *Mahomet* to *Mecca*, where he soon after married *Cadijah*.

It were easy to recount many more Miracles in the Life of the Prophet; such as that of the Cloud overshadowing him, the Eagle perching on his Head when he was asleep, the Trees and Stones proclaiming him the Apostle of God. And if we were to make Parallels, I think the stupendous Descent which the Moon made at the Prayer of the divine Messenger, comes not far short of that celebrated Disorder on Mount Sina, when your Law was delivered by Moses.

If thou requirest undoubted Testimonies for Truth of this Miracle on our Side, offer something that is unquestionable on thy own. We both equally confide in the different Records of our Nations, which were penned by Men as liable to Temptations and Errors of all Sorts, as thou and I, and all that believe what they write. Therefore, unless thou can'st start some more infallible Authority to prove the eternal and universal Obligation of your Law, than I can to the contrary, thou liest under a manifest Disadvantage; since I profess with our holy Prophet and all the *Mussulmans*, that the *Alcoran* contains nothing repugnant to the Law of *Moses*, but is only a more perfect and compleat Idea of the divine Will. And that as *Moses* was the Law-giver of the Sons of *Isaac*, so *Mahomet* was the Apostle of the Sons of *Ismael*, and the Seal of all the Prophets.

Use thy own Reason, and rather be of no Religion, than in the Number of those to whom it shall be said, at the last Day, *Drink, ye worshippers of Ozair, and be damned for ever.*

Paris, 10th of the 9th Moon.
of the Year 1657.

L E T

LETTER XXI.

To Dichieu Hufflein, Bassa.

THERE has been a mighty Quarrel of late between the *French* and *Spanish* Ambassadors at the *Hague*, about Precedency. The Occasion was this, one Evening the *French* Ambassador was riding in a Coach, in a Place where the *Spanish* Ambassador met him in another Coach, and both striving for the upper Hand, they met with their Horses Heads one against another, and so stood still. There was presently a Tumult of People gathered about them: And the *French* being more respected, many Gentlemen came in to his Side with Swords and Pistols; and all Things seemed to portend a Combat. But the Magistrates, having Notice of this Disturbance, sent some of the Guards to keep the Peace and to defend the Ambassadors from any Attempt of the Rabble. In the meanwhile, several Great Lords walked to and fro between the Ambassadors, proposing Expedients of Accommodation: But it being at the very Juncture when the *French* Ambassador had received the News of the Surrender of *Montméli*, he would not in the least yield to any Terms. So that at the least the *Spaniard* was forced to drive out of the Way, thinking it a Matter of sufficient Triumph, that he had stopped the *French* Ambassador so long.

There is a Post come in from *Denmark*, which brings News of the total Destruction of *Itzehow* by Fire. This was a Town belonging to the *Danes*, and was fired by the King of *Sweden*'s Order. The *Danes* are very unfortunate of late Years; they make no Figure in *Europe*. There is a Period set to the Grandeur of every Kingdom and State, and the *Danes* were once very victorious and formidable; but now their Monarchy declines apace, to make Way for the rising Lustre of the *Swedes*,

By

By Sea the *Dunkirkers* make a great Noise: They have lately taken from the *French* twenty Merchant Vessels, and from the *English* near half that Number. But if they have not better Fortune than their Neighbours, the *French* will take their City from them ere long. Every Campaign makes a fair Advance toward it. I sent an Account already to the *Kaimacham* of the Surrender of *Montmeli*, one of the most important Places in *Christendom*. Now I acquaint thee, that *S. Venant*, which has not so great a Character, yet considerable enough, yielded upon Articles. This was done on the 28th of the last Moon. At this Rate the *French* Priests will have little else to do, but to sing *Te Deum* for their repeated Successes and Victories.

From *Portugal* we hear, that Court, to secure themselves the better against the *Spaniards*, have sent to implore the Assistance of *Moroco* and *Fex*, which is much censured among the *Nazarenes*. Others say, they are only Messengers, gone to buy up all the Horses they can get in that Country.

In the mean while, the King of *France* is taking all the politick Measures he can, for the Empire of the *West*. His Ambassadors in *Germany* appear with a magnificent Train of Three hundred Men, and they stile their Master, *His most Christian Majesty*, King of *France* and *Navarre*, Sovereign Prince in *Germany* and *Italy*; which last is looked upon as a fair Step to the Title of Emperor.

The Counsels of the *German* Court are not a little disturbed to hear that our invincible Forces are approaching towards the Confines of *Hungary*. It will put some Stop to the designed Election. Besides, they cannot agree among themselves about a Successor.

The Queen *Christina* of *Sweden* is come back again into this Kingdom, being frighted out of *Italy* a second Time, by the Return of the Plague.

There

There is a War commenced between the City of *Munster* and the Bishop of that Place; so that he has laid a formal Siege to it and presses them very close.

All this is of no such Importance as the News that I receive from *Constantinople*, which assures me, that the *Mussulmans* have retaken the Isles of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, tho' with some Loss of Men.

I wish they could as easily drive the *Venetians* out of the *Archipelago*, and then the Imperial City would have no longer Reason to complain for Want of Bread.

Paris, 10th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not what is the Matter, but most of my Friends are of late grown strange to me. They write but seldom, and then their Letters are full of Reserves, as if they suspected my Integrity: Or, because that I am commanded to inform the *Divan* of all criminal Practices, therefore they are afraid to communicate their Sentiments with the same Freedom as formerly; tho' on Themes no ways belonging to the State, but purely speculative, and the common Discourse of all sensible Men. Are you become more morose and rigid at *Constantinople* than you were twenty Years ago? In those Days, I remember it was common in the publick Coffee-Hans for *Mussulmans*, *Greeks*, *Curds*, and *Franks*, or Men of any other Religion, to meet together and vent their Thoughts with Liberty: No Man being willing to be stigmatized with the Character of a Clown for taking Offence at another's Faith, tho' different from his own.

If

It was then esteemed a Point of Gallantry, to favour the *Christians* of all Sects, and let them talk and act as they pleased, provided they blasphemed not God, or his Prophets. And they themselves would have condemned any of their own Party, who should have been guilty of such an Immorality and Affront to the established Religion of the *Mussulmans*, and the general Sense of Mankind.

But why then is the same Liberty retrenched now, and that among *Mussulmans* who are intimate Friends? Is it not now as lawful for us to converse with one another by Letter, or any other Way, as it was then to enter into Dialogues with Infidels? I would not encourage nor imitate the bold and prophane Efforts of their Wit, who deny the Being of a God, or utter Blasphemies against his Messenger: The whole Universe is an irrefragable Testimony of an Eternal and Omnipotent Nature: And the Alcoran is an evident Proof of the Sanctity and indispenfible Commission of our holy Law-giver. But I hope it is no Crime to enter into Speculations of Things liable to Controversy. At least, I will venture to disclose to thee my Thoughts, who art the most agreeable of all my Friends. I tell thee, my dear *Dgnet*, it appears to me ridiculous, and like the Quarrels of Children, for *Mussulmans* to wrangle about mere Trifles in Religion, and that the resigned to God should be zealous for the Whimsies of Men. One Party believes the Alcoran is eternal, another says, it is created. In my Opinion, they are both absurd Assertions. The first, because then it will follow that there are more Eternals than One, which is a fair Step to Polytheism and Idolatry: The second is only an Impropriety of Speech; for we do not usually say of any Writing, that it is created, but Penned.

I can easily believe the manifold Descents of *Galriel* from Heaven, when he brought down the
Hundred

Hundred and four Sheets of Science and Faith. But whether *Adam* had only ten of these Sheets, or one and twenty as some say; or whether his Son *Seth* had but twenty nine of them, or fifty according to others, is not material according to my Faith. It is possible *Edris* had no more nor less than thirty, and *Abrabim* our Father, just ten of these divine Manuscripts. Of these we are sure, that the Volume of the Law was sent to *Moses*, the Psalms to *David*, the Gospel to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and the mighty Alcoran to *Mahomet* the Seal of the Prophets.

It is easy for me to believe the Celestial Pen, with which all these Manuscripts were written, to be of some admirable Substance. But why it should be made of Pearls, rather than of Diamonds, or any other Jewels, I see no Reason: or that it should be a Journey of Fifty Years, for the swiftest Horse in *Arabia* to run from one End of it to the other. Yet if I have not Faith enough for these Things, I will not be angry with those that have. Let every Man enjoy his Fancy.

But I cannot be so indifferent, when I hear Men tell me, that God has a Body like ours, with Eyes, Ears, Nose, Hands, Tongue, and all other Members, and Organs of Life, Sense, Speech and Motion; that he is subject to Passions of Love, Hatred, Anger, Grief, and all the Affections that are common to Mortals. Yet thou knowest there is a Sect of *Mussulmans*, who believe all this, and preach it to others with great Assurance. What is this, but to set up an Idol in the Place of God? For the Original of all Idolatry was the vain Presumption of Men, who represented the incomprehensible Divinity under some uncommon visible Figure of Men or Beasts.

If we must assign a Body to God, it would seem more rational to adhere to their Opinion among the *Sephatim*, who say his Body is infinite, uncircumscribed, and beyond all Form. Neither is it of
any

any Import, that the *Western* Philosophers assert, It is of the Essence of all Bodies to be Circumscribed and Finite. Since though this may be readily granted true of particular Bodies, yet must it ever be denied of the immense and universal Body, out of which the World is formed: unless they will allow it unlimited and interminate unbodied Shape, which is more unintelligible and absurd. Doubtless, if the Eternal Mind has a Body, it is expanded wide as the endless *Æther*, and equally present in all Places: Neither can this Body be any more circumscribed, confined, or shut up in any Place, than the Light of the Sun can be restrained within a Room, or separated from its Source by drawing of a Curtain. For all the World is pervious to this infinite Body, which is altogether indivisible into Parts, even as that which we call a Spirit. In a Word, we must conceive it to be simple and un compounded, the finest and fairest Matter of the Universe.

But if thou wilt have my Opinion, all this is infinitely too low and narrow an Idea of that eternal and most exalted Essence, that intellectual Beauty, which no mortal Eye has seen, no Tongue, nor Pen can describe; the smallest Glimpse of whose ineffable Majesty, falling on the Thought of holy Men and Prophets, snatch away their Souls in sacred Passions and divine Ecstasies, whilst their Bodies are in the Custody of the Angel of Death. At such Times they are carried up through the seven Heavens, beholding all the Wonders, and the Purple Sea which divides the first Heaven from the second. They pass by the Orbs, where Fire, Hail, Snow and Thunder are prepared, and kept in Reservatories against the Day of Calamity; being guarded by Spirits of Vengeance, who are created to punish Infidels. Then they ascend to the Fourth Heaven, where dwell innumerable Armies of Holy Ones. Next to the Fifth, where are the Angels of Intercession.

cession. Then to the Sixth, which is the Residence of Arch-Angels, the Internuncios, or Messengers of the eternal Majesty. And last of all they are introduced into the Presence of the most sublime Potentates and Principalities, who wait before the Recels of the Creator in the Heavens above all Heavens, whose Height transcends the Power of eternal Intellects to measure.

O *Dgnat*, when I have said all I can, it is nothing to the Purpose! For no Words nor Thoughts can reach that Infinite above all Infinity. Nothing but pure unbodied Minds can have Access to the Skirts and Borders of that endless Region of Light.

Therefore let us not stretch our vain Imaginations, nor greedily pry into those Secrets which for ever fly from human Thought: But keeping ourselves within the Bounds of Reason and Sobriety, let us adore God and believe his Prophet, obey the Law of Cleanness and Purity without injuring Man or Beast; and that is the Way, if there be any, to ascend to the Vision and Enjoyment of that Happiness, which at present is hid from us.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

I Received the Dispatch coming from thy valorous Hands, an Express perfumed with Narcissus, full of honourable Words, and exhibiting a Command worthy of an *Ottoman* General. May the Angel of Fortitude conduct thee in all thy Expeditions against Infidels, Rebels, and Hereticks.

Thy

Thy Conceptions of the present State of *Europe* are very proper and lively: Yet in some Things it is possible thou hast been misinformed. The Affairs of *Italy* are inconsiderable, when compared with the more important Wars of the *North*. That Quarter is at present the Theatre of the most remarkable Actions; yet the Campaigns in *Flanders* this Year have made some Noise in the World.

But all the Discourse at present is, of the famous Siege, and taking of *Frederics-Ode* by the *Swedes*. This is a Fortrefs belonging to the King of *Denmark*, and esteemed one of the strongest in *Europe*. Yet it was taken by Storm; wherein the *Danes* lost Ninety three principal Officers, and about Three thousand common Soldiers; Thirty three Colours; Seventy seven great Guns of Iron and Brass; Three hundred and eighty two Barrels of Powder; Forty thousand Musquet Bullets; Six hundred Granados; Three thousand Pikes, and Two thousand two hundred Suits of Armour.

This Victory makes the *Swedes* appear terrible to their Enemies; and they are looked upon as the only flourishing Nation in the *North*, as *France* is in the *West*. Yet to shew that there is no unmixed Happiness here below, their Interest has been much lessened by the Desertion of the *Brandenburghers*, who now seem to favour the Cause of King *Casimir*.

That Monarch had an Interview lately with the Elector of *Brandenburg* at a Place called *Broomberg*; where they embraced one another, banquetted together, and buried all the Memoirs of Enmity in generous Compotations: For this is the Way of the Northern Princes of *Europe*, who live in so cold a Climate, that nothing less than a Debauch of Wine can thaw their frozen Souls, and melt them into an obliging Humour.

As for the State of *England*, I perceive thou knowest the Character of *Oliver*, the new Sovereign of

of that Commonwealth. Yet I can inform thee, that he begins to change his Temper. There are Persons in his Court, who give constant Intelligence to the King of *France* of all his Secrets. And as the exiled Kings of *Scots* could not snuff a Candle in a Passion, but that Usurper had Knowledge of it; so, neither can *Oliver* have a Dream, but some spiteful Mercury carries the News into Foreign Countries. His Sleep is interrupted with fearful Visions of Plots and Treasons against his Life; which makes him change his Bed five or six Times a Night. They say he is metamorphosed from a Hero to a perfect Coward. And this is not the Report of the Multitude, who take Things upon Trust; but it is the Sport of the *French* Grandees, who wish well to the Son of the late murdered *English* King.

I must be irregular in my Method of Writing, that I may oblige thee with military Remarks. A more particular Account of the Storm of *Fredericks-Ode* is just come to my Hands, wherein we are assured, that it was taken at the first Assault, which much redounds to the Honour of General *Wrangle*; and that the Crown-Marshal of *Denmark*, with many Senators and Grandees, fell by the Edge of the Sword, and that Two thousand Captives were driven yoked in Couples like Beasts, as an Augmentation of the Conqueror's Triumph.

Thou wilt not be displeased at the little Coherence and Orders of these Memoirs, considering that it suits well enough with the Subject; for I write *a la Campagne*, as the *French* say, and so am obliged to entertain thee with broken Detachments of News, from several Parts, as Occasion offers.

The *Spaniards* are stark mad, for the Loss of *Mar-dike*, which was taken by the *English* and *French* in the 9th Moon, and all the Garrison sent Prisoners to *Colais*. They swear they will have this important Place again, whatever it cost them. The Prince

of

of *Conde* lies dangerously sick of a Fever at *Gant*: Whilst *Don John* of *Austria* labours under a Malady of another Nature, being much distressed for Want of Money to pay his Soldiers. This is looked upon as a very bad Symptom in a General of an Army,

The great City *Cracow* in *Poland* is surrendered by the *Swedes* to King *Casimir*. That Monarch begins to find a Turn of his Affairs; and it is thought he will draw half the Princes of *Europe* into a League against the King of *Sweden*.

It will be of no great Importance for thee to know, that the Siege of *Munster* is raised, and a Peace concluded between that City and their Bishop: Yet it is convenient, that this should be related to the Ministers of the *Divan*, who are the Judges of human Events. Besides, in one of my Letters, I mentioned this Quarrel and Siege.

Illustrious *Aga*, I have obeyed thy Commands, in sending thee an Abstract of all the most remarkable Transactions in *Europe*, during the last three or four Moons. I wish it were as agreeable to any of my Friends to send me the News of our Armies and Navy.

But I am more obliged to Strangers and Infidels, for the Intelligence I have of the *Ottoman* Affairs than to any of the True Believers.

Brave Commander, may God preserve thee from the common Vices of a Soldier's Life, and make thee as renowned as *Cassim Hali*, who was present in 25 pitched Battles, received 48 Wounds, and yet lived to the 63d Year of his Age.

Paris, 27th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. V.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Seignior.

MOST of my Letters to the Grandees of the *Porte* carry News of War, Sieges, and Battles among the *Christians*. Now I will tell thee, who art my Friend, I am at War with myself; one potent Passion takes the Field against another; opposite Armies of Affections are embattled in my Breast: My Heart is blocked up: Here lies Interest entrenched; There Honour displays its Standard.

dard. One Minute, Nature and Self-Preservation make a Sally; the next, they are beat back by Generosity and Love. The worst of it is, that these contrary Factions in the Soul are so blended together by a secret Correspondence, that it is almost impossible to discern which is which.

Wouldest thou know what the meaning of this is? I will tell thee in Brief; I am in a Controversy with myself, whether I had best die or live.

Wonder not at the Expression, as if it were in any Man's Power to make this Choice; since, according to the *Mussulmans* Faith, we cannot hasten or retard the Moments decreed by Fate. Assuredly Predestination does not in the least interfere with what is called Man's Free-Will. Every the most voluntary Action of our Lives complies as exactly with the Appointment of eternal Destiny, as the accidental Fall of a House, or the more regular and constant Descent of Rain, Snow, and Hail, from the Clouds. And for aught I know, we may as properly call it the Free-Will of a River to run toward the Sea, as for a Man to pursue the various Currents of his own Reason or Appetite. For so a Fountain frequently divides itself into many Streams, before it falls into the Ocean, which is its Center. And Man himself, notwithstanding the boasted Freedom of his Will, is as much confined to act according to his Principles, Prepossessions, Prejudices, Passions and Habits, as the different Rivulets issuing from the same Spring are restrained each within the Banks of its proper Channel.

But not to entertain thee with more Allegories; both thou and I, and all Men, find ourselves violently carried away by certain Inclinations so forcible as no Power of our Will is able to resist: Sometimes our Love, Hate, Joy, Grief, and so the rest of human Passions, are as involuntary, as the Motions of our Pulse. And though in the most important
Actions

Actions of our Lives, we generally form some regular Design, as their Scope and Center; yet we do many Things without Reflection, as Musicians are said sometimes to play excellent Tunes, without so much as regarding or thinking what they are about. By all which it is evident, that our Will has little to do in the Conduct of our Lives. We, like all other Creatures, act according to certain secret Impulses of Nature. The very same Faculty which we call Instinct in the Beasts is no other than what we term Reason, Wisdom, Knowledge, Discretion, and Forecast in ourselves. And I think it is no Solecism to say, That that was a prudent Dog, who, perceiving his Master making ready a Rope to hang him, slyly slipped away, and never came near him more.

Suffer me to make yet a farther Digression, and ascribe it to Fate. For I am on a sudden strangely interrupted in my Thoughts, by a most furious Tempest; a Medley of Hail, Rain, Lightning, and Thunder: And this last, though not over-noisy and loud, yet it was the most singularly terrifying, that ever I heard in my Life. There is a sort of Thunder which they call the Drum, because it approaches near the Sound of that warlike Instrument, making a lively, fierce Rumbling in the Air, like the Beat of an Alarm. There is another more surprizing, like the Roaring of Cannons; but this had a Touch in it of the most harsh, affrightning, and irregular Noises that ever shook the Welkin.

I was possessed with a deep Melancholy, as soon as I heard the horrid Clatter begin, and saw the Air darken apace, with a more than ordinary Gloominess: Then I felt some religious Passions struggling with my Reason. I was full of Fears, lest God was angry with me, for my counterfeited Life among the *Christians*: And imagined no less, than that this Tempest was raised on Purpose to destroy me; and make me an Example to all *Mussulmans*, who dare

dare deny the holy Prophet, to serve the Interest of the *Grand Signior*, as much a Mortal as themselves. Or, at least, I concluded I should taste my Share of the Wrath of Heaven at this cholerick Juncture. Nay, and all the Philosophy I could muster together served but to raise my dismal Expectations of the Fatal Blast. For I could not avoid thinking, that a wicked Man is a Magnet which naturally attracts the Vengeance of Heaven. And that I being such in the highest Degree could not fail of having my Soul scorched up at once to nothing, or metamorphosed to a Fury (which is worse) by some surprising and inevitable Flash. For to pass from this Life by Lightning, Poison, or an Earthquake, are the only Deaths I fear.

I fell on my Knees and Face, addressing myself to God with the most humble and fervent Devotion I was capable of. I made my Application also to his Prophets. I said and did all that I thought would procure a Respite of the Punishment I feared. At length, being tired and sick of too much Prayer, I rose and sat down chearfully, remembering I was a *Mussulman*, and resigned to the Will of Destiny. Considering also that I was an *Arabian*, of a noble Stock, I resolved, if I must die, to prepare myself with a Moderation worthy of my Blood, that so I might go to the Invisibles like the Grandson of an Emir.

Perhaps thou wilt impute this to Vanity: But I esteem it a Point of Justice, for a Man to take Care that he may live and die like himself, without degenerating from the Virtue of his Ancestors, or bringing a Disgrace on the Tribe to which he belongs: For though God has created all Men of the same Mould, yet he has distinguished one Family from another by more than specifick Characters imprinted on them in their Nativity. And has ennobled some Morals with peculiar Qualities and innate

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Perfections which others are wholly Strangers to. So there are other remarkable for hereditary Vices.

Whether these Things depend on the Blood, or on the different Circumstances of Souls before they come into these Bodies, is a Question not soon resolved: But this I am sure of, that I find in myself both some Virtues and Vices, which I could never yet discover so odly blended together in any other Mortal. I am always campaigning on the Frontiers of Good and Evil; yet my Passions are not mercenary: No Price can tempt me to Treason or Perfidy. I am Master of a certain Fastness of Spirit, which no Human Charm is able to dismantle. My Integrity cannot be warped by Gold: And it is for this Reason I a little value myself: Which makes me sometimes inclined rather bravely to sally forth into the unknown World, than tarry in this, where I meet with nothing but Contempt and Disesteem from the Slaves of him, for whose Sake I bear the Fatigue of Life. Surely, think I, wherever it be my Lot to go, after my Escape from this mortal Stage, the Spirits of that Region will be kind to me for the Sake of my incorruptible Trustiness; for they have Intrigues as well as we, and consequently will be glad of faithful Agents.

In a Word, since all my Zeal and Loyalty is thought not to merit any Reward in this Life; I would fain try, whether at least I may not deserve to be a Ghost of Honour, if there be any such Distinctions in that World of Spirits.

Paris, 27th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

I Shall acquaint thee with a late Transaction in this Kingdom, which I believe has but few Examples. The *Kaimacham* has already received a Dispatch from me, wherein I signified the Return of *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* into *France*: This Princess, since her Arrival at *Fountainbleau*, having discovered some secret Treachery in one of her Retinue, who was an *Italian* Marquis, pronounced a formal Sentence of Death on him: Which was accordingly executed on the 10th Day of the 11th Moon, by her own Officers, in a Gallery of her Palace, after he had been warned of it by her express Order, and had a Confessor sent to him to prepare him for another World.

When this was done, she immediately sent a Messenger to acquaint the *French* King with this Action. and the Reasons which induced her to it. Some of the Courtiers at first persuaded him, That the Queen's Proceedings entrenched on his Royal Prerogative, he being the sole Arbiter of Life and Death within his own Dominions: Whereupon *Monsieur de Chaunut* was sent to expostulate with her. I have formerly mentioned this Person in some of my Letters, when he was Ambassador from this Court to Queen *Christina*, then reigning in *Sweden*. He is a Gentleman of great Abilities: And for that Reason he has been employed in the most difficult Negotiations with the States of *Holland*, and other Countries.

Yet People censure variously; and the Case has been referred to the Doctors of the Civil Law, who pronounced this Sentence in her Favour, *That being an Independent Sovereign, and having the King of*
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France's

France's Permission to reside in this Realm, the Rights of Sovereignty could not be denied her over her own Subjects: Such are to be esteemed all that are in her Service and take her Pay, except the Subjects of the State where she resides.

The swift Execution of this Queen's Sentence on her Servant in Part resembles the Rigour of our *English* Justice, which admits of no Delays in punishing criminal Persons, and removing Traytors out of the Way; neither is it to be diverted by any Fear of After-Claps. And tho' these *Western* Monarchs generally put no Man to Death without a formal Process at Law; yet sometimes they have leaped over this Rule, and only gave the Word of Command to some of their Officers, and the Business was done: As in the Case of the *Mareschal de Ancre*, and the Duke of *Guise*; the one falling by a Pistol Bullet, the other by the Stab of a Dagger: and both in the King's own Palace, surrounded with their Servants and Friends. And there was no other Way for the Crown of *France* to secure itself from the Attempts of these dangerous Men, who were grown to such a Height, as to monarch it almost as much as their Master.

Mighty *Bassa*, the Charms of Sovereignty are very strong, creating Envy and Ambition in Subjects, and Jealousy in Princes. It is not safe for an eminent Grandee to appear too popular. For he that is invested with a Diadem can never brook a Rival, or one whom he has Reason to suspect for such.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LET.

L E T T E R III.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THE Spaniards are all dissolved in Joy for the Birth of a young Prince and Heir of that declining Monarchy. It is said that the King his Father appointed a solemn Festival throughout all his Dominions, commanding his Subjects to celebrate it with the most exalted Demonstrations of Joy: And on that Day he himself wore the Ransom of Kings in his Apparel; the very Diamonds and Pearls in his Hat being valued at three Millions of Gold: By which thou mayest guess at the rest.

He has also communicated the Joyful News to all Christian Princes and States, his Friends and Allies. And indeed he has some Reason to make a Noise of this good Fortune, being an old Man, and in all Mens Opinion not likely to have any more Children.

His Ambassadors in foreign Countries endeavour to imitate their Prince in all Manner of magnificent Triumphs, and particularly from *Holland* we have the following Account: That on a certain Day of this Moon of *January*, *Don Stephano da Gamara*, the Spanish Ambassador at the *Hague*, caused *Te Deum* to be sung with excellent Voices and Musick, whilst Fifty Pieces of Ordnance played continually. At Night a Hundred and Fifty Pitch Barrels were lighted on several Scaffolds in the Streets, and all the Windows in the *Hague* were illuminated with Wax-tapers. And these Words were seen flaming in an artificial Fire-Work for two Hours together.

ParVe, ut Magne PhlIlppe,

Prospere, proCeDe, & régna.

I need not explain this Inscription to thee who art versed in the *Roman* Language; and wilt find that all

the Salt of these Words lies in the Capital Letters pointing at the Year wherein the young Prince was born, viz. MDCLVII; except a little Pun upon his Name, which is *Philip Prosper*. On each Side appeared the Arms of the *Spanish* King; and underneath the Golden Fleece, so artificially contrived, that from it sprung Fountains of divers Kinds of Wine, at which the Multitude drank liberally for some Hours: Whilst many new coined Pieces of Gold and Silver were scattered among them out of the Ambassador's Windows. They were stamp'd with an Olive-Tree, having this Motto on one Side,

Crescente hac, Pax aurea crescet.

And on the other Side a Hand, with this Inscription in a Label,

Dabit Populis Pacem.

The *French* ridicule this Motto, and say, the King of *Spain* will, before long, deserve the Title of Peacemaker, when he shall be forced to sue for it, not being in a Condition to carry on a War.

Illustrious Officer, I know thou art well versed in the *Roman* Histories, having been educated under *Achmet Lala*, who was a learned Man. And it is probable, thou art no Stranger to the more modern Relations of *Europe*, and the divers Characters of the People that inhabit it. Yet give me Leave to tell thee, That *Rome*, in all its victorious Bravery, never saw firmer Soldiers in a Battle, than the *Spaniards* are at this Day; but the *French* have finer Wits, more Money, and better Fortune; and it is this makes them insult. Besides, Destiny over-rules all Things. Every Kingdom and Empire has its Climacterics, wherein it droops, declines, and at the grand critical Period falls to Ruin.

The *Greeks* had Money enough when the great Sultan *Mahomet* besieged *Constantinople*: But they had

had not Wit to use it for their own Preservation; and so that City, the last considerable Stake of the Empire, was lost to the *Ottomans*, who soon after became Masters of all the rest.

Thou hast Wealth in Abundance; and Discretion to manage it: Slip no Opportunities, but remember the old *Arabian* Proverb, which says, *God has given whole Days to the Fortunate, but to the Unhappy he affords only some Hours.*

Paris, 17th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1658.

L E T T E R IV.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Grand Seignior's Customs at Constantinople.

I Remember my Promise tho' it be late: Thou knowest I have many Hindrances, and therefore wilt not tax me with feigning an Excuse: However, thy Letter came to me in a good Hour, to put me in Mind of these Things, and to enquire of our Mother's Health; who still resides in this City.

I have said nothing of her since my first Letter after her Arrival at *Paris*. And to tell thee the Truth, she has said little herself, being ignorant of the *French* Tongue, and too old to learn it. Therefore her chief Conversation has been with *Eliachim* and me, above these three Years: For that *Jew* speaks indifferent good *Turkish* and *Arabick*.

If thou wouldest know how she spends her Time, it is divided between her Devotions and her Needle. She lives more Recluse than a *Christian* Nun; seldom or never stirring abroad, unless to take the Air of the
Fields,

Fields, and then shut up in a Coach with her Maid. In a Word, her Manner of Living is a fit Example for the *French* Women: For in all Things she observes the Laws of her Education, and the modest Customs of the East.

No Argument can persuade her to change her *Grecian* Garb, or dress herself after the loose Mode of Western Females. Neither will she eat or drink any where, but in the House of *Eliachim*, for fear of infringing the Precepts of the Alcoran, and disobeying the Messenger of God: For she esteems the Diet of the *Jews* pure, and free from Pollution. In her pious and mother Zeal, she rebukes me for eating and drinking with Infidels: And I have nothing to say in my Defence but the Necessity I lie under of preventing Suspicion, that so I may serve the Sultan with greater Success, and that I have the *Musi's* Dispensation for this and many more Irregularities. When she hears this, she lifts up her Eyes to Heaven, lays her Hand upon her Breast, and appears resigned: Yet shakes her Head, and seems to pity my Case; not without some Reflections on the Corruption of the Times, the Impiety of the Seraglio, and Want of Zeal for the Holy Prophet.

She has her Health to a Miracle: And, excepting the first two Moons after she came to *Paris*, I never heard her complain of the least Indisposition. It is possible the Change of Air, with the Inconveniences of travelling so far by Sea and Land, might incommode her at first. She was for a while troubled with Rheums, Obstructions, and a Dysentery: But she soon overcame these Distempers, and has ever since been perfectly well.

We often discourse together of thee, and thy Travels in the East. Sometimes I read Part of thy Journal to her, which affords her infinite Delight. She congratulates herself, and thy good Fortune, in escaping so many Perils and Deaths, as every
where

where threaten a Stranger: And takes a particular Delight to hear thy Adventures with the *Indian Lady*, at the Court of *Raja Hulacu*. Thou mayest be assured our Mother bears a singular Affection to thee; for we never meet without wishing thee in our Company. She rejoices mightily to hear of thy Prosperity and Advancement in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*, and his Principal Ministers; wishing thee every Day a new Step of Honour and Interest. Thou mayest also rest satisfied that *Mahmut* comes not short of the Affection he owes to such a Brother.

At other Times we talk of our Cousin *Isouf*, who is now in the frozen Regions of the North. His itinerary Memoirs are also very pleasant; and we pass some Hours in reading and comparing them with the Dispatches which I frequently receive from *Mehemet*, an exiled Eunuch in *Egypt*: For *Isouf* is more large in his Description of that Country, and his Remarks on his Antiquities, than any other Part of *Africa*. Yet he says enough of that Southern Quarter.

As to what I promised to inform thee concerning the Pyramids, Mummies, and other Singularities of *Egypt*, know that our Kinsman *Isouf* is a great Critick, and gives the Lye to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other Writers of *Greece* and *Rome*. Neither will he consent in all Things to our *Arabian* Histories.

He says, the Pyramids are neither so high, nor does their Basis take up so much Ground, as is reported by the Ancients. He laughs at those who affirm they cast no Shadows at Noon, having experienced the contrary when the Sun was in *Capricorn*. And we may believe him in this on good Ground: For it is recorded of *Thales Milesius*, who lived about two Thousand Years ago, that he took the Height of these Pyramids by their Shadows.

There are three of these admirable Structures not far from *Caire*, and about eighteen more in the Deserts of *Lybia*. It is generally supposed, that they were built for Sepulchres of the *Egyptian* Kings, some of them before the Flood, the rest after. There are not wanting Historians, who assert the greatest of the Pyramids to be the Tomb of *Seth*, the Son of *Adam*.

Isouf was within this mighty Fabrick, and attests, that after he had his Company had descended and ascended through certain Galleries, they came at last to a square Chamber, walled about with pure *Thebaick* Marble; in the Middle of which was a Chest of the same Stone, which, when struck with the Foot, sounded like a musical Instrument. It is believed, that in this Chest was laid the Body of the King who built that Pyramid.

The ancient *Egyptians* were of Opinion, That even after that which we call Death, or the Separation of the Soul and Body, there were certain Arts to retain them together; if not in so strict and intimate an Union as before, yet in a very familiar Correspondence for many Ages. So that the Soul should always take Delight to hover about the Body, and to exercise its Faculties in the Place where that was reposed.

For this Reason, in the first Place, they took out the Bowels, and whatsoever was most liable to Corruption: And having washed the empty Belly with Wine of Palms, mixed with aromatick Powders, they stuffed it with Myrrh, Cassia, and many costly Confections, and then sewed it up. After this, they purified the whole Body with Nitre; and having drawn out the Brains by the Nostrils with a Hook, they filled up the Scull with melted Gums. And last of all they swathed up the whole Body in Silk, smearing it over with a rich Mixture of Bitumen, Spices, and Gums, and so delivered it to the Kindred to be laid up in the Sepulchre.

These

These were the Preparations they made to court the Presence of the Soul, by rendring the Body for ever sweet and incorruptible. And that the Majesty of Royal Ghosts might never be interrupted or violated by the Neighbourhood of Vulgar Spirits, or the ruder Approach of Mortals, Kings built these magnificent Piles, as the Palaces of their last Repose. It is therefore they were erected in desert and unfrequented Places, and in such a Form as was esteemed the most durable and secure from the Injuries of Time, the Assaults of the Elements, and from the common Fate of all Human Enterprizes. Each Stone is of a prodigious Bulk, and rivetted to the next with a Bar of Iron; which with the Strength and invincible Fastness of the Cement, renders it a Thing impossible for any one of these Pyramids to be demolished, though all Mankind were set to work for many successive Generations.

Al Mamun, the Caliph of *Babylon*, attempted to do it, but in vain. For after he had set his Men to work, and been at vast Expences, they made but one small Breach, so inconsiderable, that being made sensible it would exhaust his Treasures, to remove but the Hundredth Part of the Pyramid, he desisted, full of Wonder at the Wisdom of the Founders.

If it be true, that the Soul may by such Allurements as these be prevailed on to remain with the Body in its Sepulchre, and that a Man's future Happiness consists in this, I should myself admire and imitate those *Egyptian* Sages. I would, in my Life-time, build me a small Mausoleum, according to my Ability, and order in my last Will and Testament, that my Body be embalmed and condited for a perpetual Duration. But if none of these Arts can alter the Decrees of Destiny, or force an immortal Spirit from ranging where it pleases; I must conclude with *Pliny*, That this celebrated Wisdom of the *Egyptians* was no other than glorious Folly, and all the

the Magnificence of their Kings in Building such costly Sepulchres, but Royal Waste.

They themselves in thus cautiously providing to secure the Soul's Abode with the Body after Death tacitly owned, that, by the Course of Nature, it would immediately pass into some other. Nay the Transmigration of Souls was an established Doctrine in *Egypt*. How then could they be so blind as to imagine a dead Carcase, however perfumed and fenced against Corruption, was more inviting than an Embryo formed to live? Or that it was more eligible for the Soul to be imprisoned in a dark Dungeon (for no better are the Insides of the Pyramids) than to enjoy the Light of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and the various Sweets of the Elements? Brother, in my Opinion, it were better to be a Bird, a Worm, a Fly, or any living Thing, than to be thus immured for many Ages, and have no other Companion, but an old salted Mummie.

Isouf has made some Remarks on the River *Nile*, to which, he says, *Egypt* owes not only its Corn and Fruits, but also the very Soil which brings them forth. For every Year, at the Time of Inundation, that River brings along with it from *Æthiopia*, or some other Regions through which it passes, Abundance of Slime and Mud, with which it covers all the Land of *Egypt*, leaving it behind at the Decrease of the Waters; so that the Soil of *Egypt* is borrowed from other Countries. And if this be true, for aught we know, the Place of its Situation may be borrowed from the Sea, according to the Opinion of some ancient Philosophers.

Herodotus, *Pliny*, and others were of this Persuasion, grounding their Conjectures on the nearer Approaches of the Continent to the Island *Pharos*, from the Time of *Homer*, who exactly calculated its Distance. And they concluded, that the immense Quantities of Slime, which the *Nile* transports from
the

the Mountainous Regions of *Africa*, might in the Space of two Myriads of Years have filled up all that Part of the Sea, which is now firm Land, and called *Egypt*.

If this be true, it seems to be very strange, that the *Egyptians* should boast of greater Antiquity than any other Nation in the World, though their Country itself be the youngest of all the Regions on Earth, an abortive Spot of Ground, hatched by a River in the Depths of the Sea, and ever since cherished by that River, as by a Parent or Nurse, which ceases not to convey to it yearly a convenient Proportion of Aliment, whereby the Country itself grows in Bulk, and the Inhabitants are maintained. O admirable Providence of Nature, who can penetrate into thy mysterious Conduct? O *Egypt* abounding in Prodigies and Wonders! Where the Land and Water, with all other Elements, conspire to render thee all over miraculous.

Dear *Pesteli*, I am transported, when I think of that Region, and could relate a Thousand more Prodigies, both out of *Isouf's* Memoirs, and from the Mouths of others, who have travelled thither to observe so many Miracles. But I believe, thy Patience will be sufficiently tired with the Length of this Letter. Besides, my Mother is just come to visit me, and desires me to recommend her unfeigned Affections to thee.

Be assured also, that *Mahmut* loves thee with the Integrity of a Man and the Tenderness of a Brother: And he serves thee in all Things without repining.

Paris, 17th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Venetians* are very angry for the Loss of *Tenedos*; and not without Reason; for that Island is a delicate Spot of Ground, abounding in rich Wines, and other Products of Nature: Besides, it commands the Avenue of the shining City, the Refuge of Mortals.

They variously relate the Manner of its being taken from them, by the Arms which no earthly Power is able to resist; endeavouring in all their Rumours, to disguise the Truth as much as they can, and misrepresent the Bravery of the *Ottomans*; that so the Actions of their own Generals may make the greater Figure.

These *Nazarenes* have a bad Cause, and therefore are compelled to make use of Shifts and Equivocations to support it. They are quite degenerated from the Integrity of the Primitive Followers of *Jesus*. In a Word, they make good the Character of the ancient *Candiot*s; of whom a certain Poet says, *they are thorough-paced Liars, ravenous Beasts, and gluttonous Drones*.

It is believed in these Parts, that when the *Venetians* quitted the Island, they departed not without Revenge, setting Fire to a Mine, and blowing up several Hundreds of *Mahometans* into the Air.

However, they have for ever proscribed and excommunicated *Girolamo Loredan* and *Giovanni Contarini*, in whose Custody the chief Fortresses of the Island were, accusing them of Cowardice and Treachery: Offering also two thousand Sequins to any that seizes on them within the Dominions of *Venice*, and three thousand to him that kills them in another Country.

I know, it is in the Power of the All-commanding *Porte* to protect these Exiles, if they are within the Territories of our Sovereign; much more, if they
shelter,

shelter themselves in that Sanctuary of the Distressed. But thou, and the other supreme Ministers, are best able to judge whether these *Infidels* merit so great a Favour.

Perhaps their Case may be like that of *Nadaft*, Governor of *Buda*, when *Solyman* the Magnificent besieged that City. For *Nadaft* was a Man of invincible Courage and Fidelity, but was betrayed by the Soldiers, who bound him in Chains, and delivered up the City and Castle to the victorious Sultan. That brave Hero understanding their Treachery, and the Resolution of *Nadaft*, set him at Liberty, and presented him with noble Gifts; but commanded the perfidious Garrison to be cut in Pieces; a due Reward of their Treason. For tho' Princes often make use of Traytors to serve their own Designs; yet, when the Work is done, they commonly pursue the hated Instruments with the Effects of a just Contempt and Indignation.

Plutarch, the *Greek* Historian, abounds with Instances of this Nature, so does *Herodian* and other *Roman* Authors. But no Example of Punishment in this Kind seems so proportionate, regular, and ingenious, as that which *Brennus* King of the *Gauls* caused to be inflicted on a Virgin of *Ephesus*, who, when he besieged that City, promised to deliver it into his Hands, on Condition that his Soldiers would bestow on her all the Ornaments of Gold, which they had plundered in the Wars of *Asia*, and wore about them as Trophies: For when she had performed her Contract, the wise General, to do his Part, caused this Virgin to sit down on the Ground; and then every Soldier in his Army casting his Plate into her Lap, she was oppressed with the insupportable Weight, and buried alive in a Heap of Gold.

I do not mention this, as if the like were due to the *Venetian* Captains. I refer the Judgment of such Things to my Superiors, Ministers of the Blessed Sanctuary of Mankind.

It

It is possible the Vizir of the Bench thought me dead or turned Renegado, because they have not received any News from me these five Moons. But I tell thee, neither Men nor Devils can corrupt the Faith of *Mahmut*. But by the God of my Vows, there is not a more trusty Man in the Universe.

All the Reason of my Silence was the Height of the Waters, which seemed to threaten the Earth with a Second Deluge. *Germany* was a Sea; and *Flanders* a Lake for above three Moons together; so that it was impossible for the Post to travel. There were seen also strange Spectres of Fire in the Air; and the People of *Brabant* were alarmed with uncouth Noises in the Elements.

Perhaps, illustrious *Kaimacham*, these are the last Preparations to the grand Cholick of Nature; when Wind, Water, and Fire shall strive to turn this World into its old Chaos.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VI.

To Solyman, his Cousin at Constantinople.

MORE Melancholy still! Wilt thou have no Compassion on thy exiled Uncle, but harangue him to Death with thy Religious Jargon? Believe me, the Letters of this Kind are as irksome to me as the continual Din and Babling of Boys is to a poor weary Pedagogue. I forbid thee not to write to me, and that as often as thou wilt: It is a Comfort in my Banishment, to hear from those of my Blood. But let me beg of thee to alter both thy Theme and Style. Leave Spiritual Things to the *Mollahs* and *Imaums*; and let thy Thoughts be taken up in Things

Things belonging to thy Trade. In that be as inquisitive as thou canst. Bend thy Mind wholly to make new Discoveries and Improvements in that, and it will turn to thy Advantage. At thy Hours of Leisure, I counsel thee to read Histories, and sometimes go into Company: There is much to be gained by conversing with Men of Sense. Such will serve as Mirrours, wherein thou mayest behold Humanity in its proper Figure, and the Deformity of that Vizard, with which Error and Superstition disguise our Nature. They will correct thy Mistakes without putting thee to a Blush. Wit and Reason shall flow from their Tongues, as soft Harmonies breathe from the Pipes of an Organ, which clear the Spirits, and serene the Heart that was clouded with Sadness.

The Imperial City is full of such, both Natives and Strangers. Cull them out from the mixed Multitude, and make them thy Companions, without regarding the Differences of Religion, whether they be *Mussulmans, Franks, Armenians, Jews,* or others. Above all Things, shun the Society of Bigots; and number not thyself among those who are opiated, because they profess the True Faith: For what signifies that, if their Lives be vicious? I tell thee, they are worse than the Infidels. Give no Heed to Fortune-Tellers, and such as pretend to Astrology; for whilst they boast of knowing other Mens Fates, they are ignorant of their own. And if there be any Truth in that Science, one may see, their Ignorance in it affronts the Stars, and often provokes them to hasten their own Ruin. Assure thyself, they only amuse the World with portentous Stories, to get Fame and Money.

Associate thyself with none but prudent and moderate Men, whose Morals are not leavened with a too furious Zeal; who look not superciliously and with Disdain on a *Frank*, as he walks along the Streets, much less offer him an Indignity, when he goes

goes about his honest Business, under the Protection of the *Grand Seignior*. It becomes none but Janizaries and Ruffians to be guilty of these Incivilities to Strangers. The Law of Nations, and particular Commands of our Holy Prophet, oblige us to treat such with all Humanity and Tendernefs. Besides, it is reflecting on the Justice and Hospitality of the Magnificent *Porte*, which is the Refuge and Sanctuary of all the Earth, that a Stranger cannot walk the Streets in Peace. Despise no Man on the Score of his Religion, for there are no Factions in Paradise: But consider, that whilst Thousands of *Mussulmans* shall go to Hell for their wicked Lives, so an equal Number of those we call Infidels may be received into the Mansions of the Blessed for their Virtues.

Thou seemest to be much concerned for thy Soul: thy Letter abounds with overmuch Care in this Point. In being too solicitous, it is evident thy Faith is small. Every Line is tinged with sad Expressions about the Perils, Snares, Ambushes, Hooks, Gins, and I know not what other Devices the Devil has to ruin thy poor Soul, as thou callest it. Cousin, dost thou know what the Soul is, about which thou keep'st such a Pudder? If thou dost, it is more than I do; and yet I have been searching and prying into it above these thirty Years: I mean, from the Time that I first began to think and consider of Things: But am as far to seek as ever I was. Neither could all the wise Men of Old, the Philosophers and Sages, for aught I perceive, agree in their Verdict about this mysterious Thing which we call the Soul.

One will have it to be, *Only the finest Part of Matter in the Body*; another says, *It is the Air which the Lungs suck in, and diffuse through all our Members*. A third Sort affirm it to be, *A Mixture of Air and Fire*: A Fourth, *of Earth and Water*. A Fifth call it, *A Completion made up of the four Elements, a Kind of Quintessence*, and I know not what. The Egyptians called

called it, *A certain moving Number*: And the *Chaldeans*, *A Power without Form itself*; yet imbibing all *Forms*. Aristotle called it, *The Perfection of a natural Body*. All these agreed, That it was Corporeal, and as it were extracted from Matter. The best Definition among them is not worth an Asper.

But there were Men of sublime Speculations, who affirmed the Soul to be, *A Divine Substance, independant of the Body*, Of this Opinion were *Zoroaster*, *Hermes*, *Trismegistus*, *Orpheus*, *Pythagoras*, *Plutarch*, *Porphyry*, and *Plato*. The last defined the Soul to be a *self-moving Essence, endued with Understanding*. But when they have said all, I prefer the Modesty of *Cicero*, *Seneca*, and others who acknowledged they were altogether ignorant what the Soul is.

There was no less Disagreement among the Philosophers, about the Seat of the Soul. *Hippocrates* and *Hierophilus* placed it in the Ventricles of the Brain. *Democritus* assigned it the Whole Body. *Strabo* was of Opinion, it resides between the Brows; *Epicurus* in the Breast. The *Stoicks* lodged it in the Heart, and *Empedocles* in the Blood. Which last seems to be the most current Opinion of the East to this Day: In regard both *Moses* the Law-giver of the *Jews*, and *Mahomet* our Holy Prophet, asserted the same, and for that Reason forbid Flesh to be eaten with the Blood.

But be it what it will, either Corporeal or Incorporeal, a Substance or an Accident; whether it dwell in the Head or in the Feet, within or without the Body, there is no Certainty of these Things, neither can we be assured, what will become of it after Death. Therefore, it is in vain to disquiet thyself in Search of a Mystery that is hid from Mortals: And equally foolish it will be, to frighten thyself with an Imagination of Hooks, Gins, and such like Chimæras, which thou supposhest the Devil is busy with to entrap thy Soul. It is a Wonder thou art
not

not afraid to sleep, lest he should catch thee napping, and steal thy Soul from thee. I would fain know, what sort of Tools he must use, to take hold of a Substance more thin and imperceptible than a Shadow, or how he will be able to seize and run away with a Being, active and free as Thought.

Cousin, serve God after the Manner of thy Forefathers; love thy Friends, pardon thy Enemies, be just to all Men, and do no Injury to any Beast. If thou observe this Rule, thou mayest defy the Devil, for thy Soul is in safe Custody. God is nearer to thee than thou art to thyself. He is in the Centre of every Thing, and is himself the Centre of all Things: In a Word, He is All in All.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VII.

To Afis, Bassa.

NOW the Scenes are changed in *Europe*, Enemies are become Friends, and those who professed a mutual Friendship are at open Defiance. Constancy is a Vice in Politicks; and a dextrous Way of shifting from one Engagement to another, for Interest is esteemed the only State-Virtue.

I have already intimated to the Divan the War which broke out last Year between the *Swedes* and *Danes*. The latter began it by a solemn Proclamation, sending a Herald at Arms to the *Swedish* Court, and dispatching Ambassadors to all his Allies in *Christendom*, to give them an Account of his Proceedings. Now I shall entertain thee with a short Idea
of

of this War, which thou wilt comprehend, That the *Danes* are either much degenerated from the Valour of their Ancestors, who formerly made the most terrible Figure of all the Nations in the North: Or else they are less obliged to Fortune, who has not favoured them with so many Successes and Triumphs of late, but rather exposed them to the Insults of their Enemies, and the Contempt of all Men.

When the King of *Denmark* first proclaimed this War, he had a fair Advantage of the *Swedes*, who at that Time were sorely intangled between the *Poles*, *Germans*, and *Muscovites*, and had more need of Helps than Hindrances. Yet King *Gustavus* turning Part of his Forces into *Holstein*, *Schonenland*, and *Jutland*, he took one Part after another, till he had over-run those Provinces in the Space of six Moons; and reduced the *Danes* to a Necessity of Composition, and that on such dishonourable Terms, as renders them the Scorn of their neighbouring Nations:

On the 13th of the 3d Moons, the Two Kings had an Interview near *Copenhagen*, the Capital City of *Denmark*: For so far had the Fortune of the *Swedish* Arms carried their Victories. They eat and drank together several Times, and conversed privately some Hours. At last a firm Peace was concluded between them, and they concerted the Measures of a perfect Friendship.

But before this, the *Dane* had been forced to yield up *Schonenland*, with *Elfsimberg*, which commands half the *Baltick* Sea. He surrendered also the Provinces of *Blakin* and *Halland*, with a very strong Castle; the Island of *Burtholme*, Ten Ships of War, and obliged himself to pay a Million of Dollars, and to maintain Four Thousand Horse and Foot in the King of *Swedeland's* Service, and give free Quarter to all the *Swedish* Forces till the 5th Moon.

Moon. These are such dishonourable Articles, that the King of *Denmark* has quite lost himself in the Esteem of all his Allies. They call him a poor-spirited Prince, not worthy of Support or Assistance.

In a Word, Serene Bassa, it is like to fare with him as with other unfortunate Men, who when they are once falling, every Body will help to throw them down. Therefore conserve thy Honour, as the only Bulwark of thy Interest and Life.

Paris, 3^d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VIII.

To the Mufti.

BY the Faith of a True Believer, I swear the *Christians* are Enemies to themselves, if they do not embrace the Project of a certain Jesuit. They are no Friends to their *Messias*, if they reject so regular an Idea, so reformed a Model of the *Nazarene* Empire, as this Sage has lately proposed to the Pope and the Cardinals.

He lays his Foundation very deep, and draws his Examples from the Practice of *Peter*, the Prince of the first Twelve *Christian* Caliphs, whom the *Franks* call the Apostles of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*. For, according to their Traditions, the *Messias* before he ascended to Heaven, left an exact Pattern of the Empire he designed to establish on Earth. He divided this Empire into twelve distinct Provinces, according to the Number of his Apostles and Vicars, assigning to each that Quarter of the World where he was to preside, as *Moses* had formerly cantonized the holy Region of *Palestine* among the Twelve Tribes, that descended from *Jacob*. But

But the happy Son of *Mary* being a far greater Prophet than *Moses*, or any that had gone before him; they say, he would not be content with diminutive Territories, or Dominions disproportionate to his ineffable Descent and Original. Therefore he resolved on the Conquest of the whole Earth; commanding his Vicegerents to disperse them through all Nations, according to a certain Method, and proclaim his Laws to every Creature on the Globe.

Venerable President of the Faithful, I relate these Things, as I receive them from the Mouths and Pens of learned *Christians*, who may be presumed to know their own History. Thou wilt perhaps expect to hear of Armies immediately raised; of Camps, Battles and Sieges; of Devastations by Fire and Sword; Storming of Cities; and Famishing of the more impregnable Fortresses: In a Word, I believe thou lookest for a Relation of Campaigns and Victories, more glorious than the Achievements of the *Roman Cæsars*, more fortunate than the Success of *Alexander the Great*: But, I tell thee, all the Registers and Archives of the Primitive *Christians* cannot furnish us with any Memoirs of this Nature.

Their Gospel mentions no Warlike Undertakings, not so much as the drawing of the Sword by the Son of *Mary*, or any of his Followers, unless in a private Rencounter, when *Peter*, the Lieutenant of the *Messias*, enflamed with a Passion to see his Master betrayed by *Judas* his Kahyah, or Testard, and rudely assaulted by *Malchus*, a Slave of the *Jewish* Musti, the valiant Apostle drew his Cymetar, and cut off the Fellow's Ear.

Believe me, O mysterious Doctor of the *Mussulmans*, I have perused the four Histories of the Life of *Jesus*, written by those who were Eye-witnesses of his Actions: And I find indeed, that he once said to them of his Retinue, *I come not to send Peace*
on

on Earth but a Sword. Yet, by the Sequel it is evident, that when he examined what Weapons his Followers had, and they told him, but two Swords; he seemed to be well satisfied, saying, It is enough; tho', a Moment before, he bid him among them that had no Sword sell his Robe and buy one.

And I have seen a Dispatch sent by *Paul*, one of the Primitive *Christian* Caliphs, to the *Nazarenes* at *Ephesus*; wherein he councils them to put on compleat Armour, as Helmet, Breast-plate, Shield, Buckles, Sword, and the rest.

Besides these Passages, or such like, there is no military Discourse throughout the Book of the Gospel; much less any Relation of Battles, Sieges, or any Martial Exploits. And the *Christian* Mollahs, or Doctors, interpret that Letter of *Paul's* in a mystical Sense.

Wilt thou know then, how the *Messias* and his Apostles subdued the World: I'll tell thee, it was by exemplary Virtue and good Works, by Miracles, and evident Demonstrations of a Supernatural Power assisting them. For they spake all Languages, yet were most of them illiterate Persons: they cured the Deaf, the Blind, the Lame, and the Paralytick, without the Methods of Surgery or Physick. They cast out Devils; raised the Dead. And, finally, performed such and so many stupendous Actions, that the World became captivated to their Doctrines and Laws, and willingly submitted to a Yoke, which seemed to come from Heaven. With divine Eloquence, and the Dint of irresistible Reason, *Peter*, the Prince of the *Christian* Caliphs, subdued the Minds of his astonished Auditory one Day in *Jerusalem*; so that, before the Sun went down. he gained Five Thousand Profelytes. The Fame of these Things was soon spread through the adjacent Countries, and divers remote Provinces; and the Number of the Convents was proportionably increased. In a Word,

all

all that embraced the Faith of *Jesus*, surrendered both themselves and their Estates to be entirely disposed of at the Pleasure of the Apostles. So great and unreserved an Attach had they for the Vicars of their God.

Now the forenamed Jesuit considering these Things, and comparing the State of those devout Times, with the Libertinism, Divisions, Wars, and general Contempt of the Priesthood among the *Christians* of succeeding Times, and especially in this present Age, attributes the Source of all these Evils to the ill Conduct of the Apostles themselves; and their Successors in the Primitive Times, who did not sufficiently improve the Advantages they were possessed of, when the pious Multitude would willingly have made them Lords of all Things. For says he, by the same Methods and Reasons might they have claimed the Dominion over the Estates of Kings and Emperors themselves, as over the Goods and Lands of the meanest Profelyte. Since they were all equally Sons of the Church, and Subjects to the Discipline and Laws of *Jesus*.

This Ecclesiastic Politician therefore mightily blames Pope *Sylvestre*, who sat in the Chair of *Peter*, when *Constantine the Great* became a *Christian*, being the first of the *Roman* Emperors who embraced that Faith. He accuses him, I say, of Weakness, and a mean Spirit, for accepting of that Donation, which to this Day is called the Patrimony of the Church, and comprehends all the Temporal Estate the *Roman* Pontiffs can boast of. Whereas he ought to have claimed an entire Resignation of the whole *Roman* Empire into his Hands, as supreme Vicar of God on Earth. This would have been a Pattern, says he, to all the Kings and Princes of the Earth, who thought fit to turn *Christians*. And so the Dominions of the World had all fallen to the Share of the Priests.

Neither could it appear difficult, in his Opinion, to have reduced the greatest Monarchs to such a Forgetfulness and Contempt of their Royal Birth, and all the potent Charms of a Crown: Since the same Rhetorick, which persuaded them to be Followers of the *Messias*, would have also convinced them of the Vanity of all earthly Enjoyments; and of the Obligation they had to be mortified, and to pursue their Claims to Diadems of a more exalted Degree, the ineffable Regalia of Paradise.

But since Things are thus in their present State, and the Christian Princes retain their Sovereignty, without any other Dependence on the Pope, saving in Matters purely religious; this Jesuit proposes, that the Roman Pontiffs would either first reform their own Lives and Court to the Height of that Primitive and Apostolical Purity, which shines so eminently in the earliest Governors of the Church; and by that Means persuade all the Monarchs in *Christendom* to become their Subjects: Or else compel them by Force to take the Order of Priesthood, and so turn their Crowns into Mitres, their Kingdoms into Ecclesiastical Commonwealths, where all the Public Offices of State, Seats of Judicature, and, in fine, the whole System of the Civil and Political Administration should be managed by the Priests in a subordinate Dependence one of another, according as their several Characters required. By which means all *Christendom* would be soon united into one Ecclesiastic Empire, whereof the Pope should be the supreme Head in Temporals as well as Spirituals.

What I have related is not only this Man's private Project, but the universal Aim of his whole Order: And thousands of other Priests and Dervises are caballing in all Courts and Countries of *Europe* to bring it to pass.

Venerable *Efad*, if God should suffer their Contrivance to take Effect, it is to be feared our Wars with

with the *Christians* would be as expensive and troublesome, if not more fatal to the *Mussulman* Interest, than when these Infidels formerly, laying aside their private Feuds, banded together to conquer the Holy Land.

Paris, 23th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER IX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of
the College of Sciences at Fez.

I Received the Packet of venerable Import, containing sacred Counsels and acceptable Intelligence, replenished with noble Memoirs, and illustrious Remarks, sage Precepts, and refined Improvements in Philosophy and the mysterious Sciences of Nature.

With abundance of Affection and Joy I read the Character of *Musu Abu'l Yahyan*, and the Encomium of his Wisdom and Vertues. May a Constellation of such Lights always adorn that renowned College, and from thence disperse their learned Influence and Rays, not only through *Africa*, but over all the Earth; that *Fez* may be numbered among the Cities whose Fame is sweet; that may it be ranked with *Jerusalem* the Holy; *Masre* the ancient; *Medina Talnabi* the chaste, and the salutiferous *Babylon*, acquiring a peculiar Title of Honour, an Attribute worthy of Respect, when Men shall every where call it *Fez*, the Mother of Sciences.

My Soul has been very inquisitive and restless for many Years, and I think this is owing to my Captivity in *Palermo*: For before that, whilst I lived at

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Ease in the Seraglio, basking under the warmer Influence of Royal Majesty, the sacred Presence of the *GrandSeignior*, who like the Sun gives Motion, Heat, and Life to all Things; I never regarded Books, or once applied my Mind to study any thing, but how to acquit myself in my Station, and strengthen my Interest at the Court: Esteeming all other Learning as barbarous, which conduced not to this End.

Foreign Histories and Languages were equally contemptible to me: I thought it beneath a *Mussulman* Courtier, to give his Tongue and Mind the Fatigue of any other Dialect, save the *Persian*, *Arabick*, and *Turkish*: Or to load his Memory with the Records of other Nations, designed to be the Slaves of True Believers.

As to the speculative Sciences, I was naturally desirous enough of Knowledge. But I either had not Leisure, or wanted Books and other Advantages of Study. So that all the Knowledge I could then boast of consisted only in some loose Notions of Logick and Metaphysicks, which I had got by reading an old *Arabick* Manuscript. And I thought myself Historian enough, after I had perused the Annals of the *Ottoman* Empire, and now and then cast an Eye on the *Turkish* Translation of *Herodotus* and *Plutarch*.

It is true, indeed, by conversing frequently with the *Greeks*, I soon learned their vulgar Dialect: But this is far from the polite Language of the ancient *Grecians*: And a Page of the Treasury taught me the Rudiments of *Sclavonian*; which afterwards I learned more perfectly, hoping it would be of some Service to me one Time or other.

All these were very superficial Accomplishments; yet I thought myself happy enough, without searching any farther. The Pleasures and Gayeries of a Courtly Life took from me the Edge and Gust, with which I have since pursued more solid Studies, and looked into the Wisdom of the Ancients.

But

But when once Misfortune had changed the Scene of my Life, and, instead of the honourable Post I had in the *Grand Seigneur's* Service, Fate had rendered me a miserable abject Slave in *Sicily*, I began to grow very Thoughtful and Pensive. The continual Drudgery and Labour I underwent soon mortified my former Passions, and weaned me from all Hopes of worldly Honour: And the cruel Stripes I daily received from that barbarous Infidel, my Master, so broke my Spirits, that Servitude became familiar to me; and, despairing to be happy in this World, I was only ambitious to be Wise.

I grew very contemplative: And having acquainted myself with an honest Carpenter in the Town where we lived, who had a great many Books in his Custody, he lent me several choice Treatises; and I borrowed all the Hours I could from Sleep, to peruse them with Attention and Profit. That Carpenter pitied my Condition, and did me many good Offices of Friendship, without other Hopes of Reward, save what he expected from God. By his Means I contracted a Familiarity with two or three learned Men, who spared no Pains to instruct me in the *Roman* and antient *Greek* Languages, as also in the Principles of Philosophy. My Master often beat me for this, attributing the Neglect of his Business to my Bookishness (as he called it) and keeping the Priests Company. But all his Severity could not abate my ardent Thirst after Knowledge. I still continued studying at certain Seasons, till the happy Hour of my Redemption; and then I frequented the Academies. Ever since which Time, I have neglected no Opportunities of my improving my Reason; yet find myself at this Day much in the Dark. There appears no Certainty in any Science but the Mathematick: All the rest are entangled with a thousand Controversies and Riddles; which has made me turn Sceptick in most Things. Only I

retain an inviolable Faith for the Alcoran and the Book of prophetick Doctrines and Traditions. Next to these, I pay a profound Respect to the Writings of *Porphyry* the Philosopher, who seems to approach nearest to Reason of all the ancient Sages. His true Name was the same as thine [*Melech*] which thou knowest in the *Syriack* signifies [*King*.] Whence his Tutor *Longinus*, taking Occasion from the usual Colour of Royal Robes, called him *Porphyrius*, which in the *Greek* signifies, one clad in Purple. He was born at *Tyre*, the Metropolis of the ancient *Phœnicians*. His Pedigree was noble, and his Education generous. Nature had also formed him for a Sage, and Fortune favoured him with Advantages enough. For besides his first Tutor, whom I have already mentioned (who was the greatest Grammarian and Orator of his Time;) *Porphyry* went to *Rome*, where he gained the Friendship of *Plotinus*: And that Philosopher accomplished him in the Perfection of all Science: So that he had Power over the *Dæmons*, and expelled the Genius *Atan* which infested certain Baths in *Rome*. In a Word, his Doctrines appeared Divine, and his Actions more than Human. Yet he himself before his Death published a Reverse of his former Writings: Which is a sufficient Argument, that there is no Stability in the Thoughts of Mortals.

Therefore, since the Wisest of Men contradict themselves. and turn Scepticks, tell me, O Oracle of the Age, why may not I?

Paris, 29th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

L E T.

LETTER X.

To Murat, Bassa.

THERE has been something lately transacted between the *French* and the *English*, which seems a Mystery. No Body here understands the Meaning of it, but the very Privates of the Cabinet. Yet every one guesses it is a fetch of *Mazarin's* Wit. That Minister has more Meanders in his Brains, than an old *Turkish* Gamester at Chess; who foresees no less than nine unavoidable Consequences before he makes one bold Motion. And, to be sure, the last shall be to his own Advantage. In a Word, *Dunkirk*, the strongest and most important Sea-Town of all the *West*, is surrendered by the *Spaniards* to the *French*; and by these, as an earnest of Friendship, is put into the Hands of the *English*.

The little Politicians of the City are amazed at it; and the greatest Machiavels of the Court either cannot, or will not inform them of the true Secret.

You shall see two or three grave Citizens brooding Thoughts together over a Box of *Polvita*, and sneezing out their Sentiments without Reserve. Yet, after all their wise Consult, they part as great Fools as they met, and only satisfy themselves with nodding Wisdom to each other at the last Conge; wherein is comprehended the whole System of the Politicks.

It was generally thought to be some extraordinary Overture this Court would make to the *English*, when a little before the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, the Duke of *Crequi*, first Gentleman of the Bed Chamber, and Monsieur *Mancini*, the Cardinal's Nephew, were sent with a splendid Retinue of *French* Nobles to

England. Every Body guessed some surprizing Action would follow; and that it must needs be a Mystery of Grand Importance, which could not be trusted to Persons of less Note than the Two chief Favourites of the Cardinal Minister. And now it is come out, they know not what to make of it. Neither can I possibly learn as yet the true Reason of putting the *English* in Possession of such a Town as this, which commands all the Northern Seas, and has cost so much Sweat and Blood to take from the *Spaniards*. I have set *Osmin* the Dwarf to work, and laid Traps to get the Secret from several other Countries. But I might as well have attempted to find out the Body of *Moses*, which caused a Quai-rel between *Michael* and the *Devil*. Time perhaps will discover the Secret. And I dare at present conclude, that the *English* are the only Nation in *Europe*, whose Friendship the *French* think worth courting.

The King has been very ill of a Fever, and in great Danger of his Life. But is now recovered again, which occasions abundance of real Joy among his Friends and loyal Subjects. As for the rest, they know how to counterfeit.

I had almost forgot to tell thee, that the *Spaniards*, endeavouring to relieve *Dunkirk*, were encountered by the *French* and routed: about two Thousand of their Men being killed, and as many taken Prisoners.

Sage Bassa, the Successes of this Monarch are so constant, that they have given Birth to a Proverb: For when they would encourage any Man's Hopes, or make a strong Asseveration, they usually say, *as sure as the Great Lewis will get a Town or Two in Flanders, this Campaign.*

Mareschal Turenne is a brave General, and the *French* Victories, are in a great Measure owing to his Conduct. He is very expeditious in his Undertakings.

takings. There were but a few Days between the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, and his taking of *Bergen, Furnes*, and *Dixmude*, three strong Fortresses in *Flanders*: And, it is thought, it will not be long before he takes others.

The *French King* is in a fair way to the Empire of the *West*. But this will not be for the Interest of the *Grand Seignior*: For then he will have a new Enemy of an old Friend, and one more potent than he had before. Yet Destiny over-rules all Things.

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon.
of the Year 1658.

LETTER XI.

To Mahamed, the Eremite of Mount Uriel
in Arabia.

I Have often troubled thee with important Addresses, O matchless Mortal: Permit me once more to unbosom my Thoughts, as to my Confessor, or rather as to an Oracle.

Surely, this Hour the Stars of my Nativity suffer a mighty Change. I seem to myself like one newly awaked out of a deep Sleep, or from the Delusions of a long Dream: For so methinks have my past Years gone away like a Night, wherein my labouring Spirit has encountered with nothing but Phantasms, Visions and Darknes.

My infant Days I esteem the most happy, when my Ignorance of Vice had greater Influence on my Actions, and preserved me more free from Blemish, than could afterwards all my acquired Knowledge of the Precepts and Maxims of Virtue. For no sooner

was I enjoyned the Study of Morality, and taught to distinguish between Good and Evil; but my Curiosity prompted me to examine the Nature of the Latter more closely than by bare Speculation. I found myself more forcibly carried away by a secret Pleasure, to make Experiment of what was Forbidden, than to practise what was Commanded: So prone is Man to be jealous of his Tutors, and to suspect those Laws as Impositions, which put a Restraint on his native Liberty.

Besides this, there are certain genial Inclinations in every Mortal, which the Youngest, and he that is in his Nonage, thinks he has as much right to gratify as the wisest Senior. Nor can any Reason easily persuade him to part with this Privilege, but under the Notion of being highly wronged; since every Man naturally places his Interest and Happiness in pursuing the Motions of his own Will.

It is true, I never was prone to any enormous Vices, or such as for their Singularity would make the most hardened Libertine blush, did he practise them to the Knowledge of Men.

I ever had an unconquerable Abhorrence for those specifick Acts of Lasciviousness, which ought not to be named, and whose very Idea makes the Thought recoil: Yet am naturally Amorous, and cannot but pay to Beauty the Sentiments and Passions which are due from *Platonick* Love. I admire Symmetry and Elegance wherever I discern them; and can stand gazing whole Hours together on a Flower, a Tree, or a Peacock. I am enamoured with the Brightness of the Sun; and, like another Endymion, I languish for a more intimate Acquaintance with the Moon. The lesser Beauties of the Night, the Stars, enflame me with a thousand Passions. I make my Court to the whole Host of Heaven, yet I hope commit no Idolatry. In fine, I am in Love with the Universe; and die hourly, when I contemplate

template the Glory of that transcendent Essence, which is the Root and Source of all Things.

These are Passions not unbecoming a *Mussulman*. But I have also some Emotions for beautiful Women, more violent than all the rest, more dangerous and fatal. Tell me, O pious *Sylvan*, how I shall gratify my Love, without offending Virtue or the Gravity of a Man.

These Creatures seem to be created for our Perplexity; since a Man can neither well be happy with, or without them. They are perfect Riddles: And to love them or hate them too much is an equal Solecism. It were a Question worthy of a Philosopher, Whether this Sex, among all the necessary good Offices they do us, were not sent into the World as Spies and Trepanners, to observe our Councils and Actions: And by mixing Smiles with Frowns, Flatteries with Reproaches, Sullenness with more obliging Favours, to keep us in a perpetual Maze and Labyrinth, lest the aspiring Wit of Men should, if left to themselves, attempt something more audacious than the Poets feign of the Sons of *Titan*, or the written Law records of *Nimrod* and his Companions, who built the Tower of *Babel*.

But whether they be Spies or faithful Assistants, Enemies or Friends, I tell thee plainly, I have not been able to forbear loving them excessively. And this is Part of the Dream or Trance out of which I am just now awaked.

Another Scene is that of Honour. This is a Phantom also, a mere Vapour, a Shadow. I never haunted after Glory, nor courted popular Applause: Yet being intrusted with the sublime Secrets, and commanded to serve the *Grand Seigneur* in this Station, I would fain acquit myself without Disgrace. Nay, like other Mortals in such Post, I would willingly have the Smiles of my Sovereign, and the Caresses of Happy Ministers who serve him, it

it shall be my Lot ever to return to the Seraglio. Nothing appears to me more terrible, than at such a Time to encounter with rugged, furrowed Visages, or cold and faint Embraces of my fellow Slaves.

This puts me upon a thousand Inquietudes; makes me swear to Contradictions; utter Lies and Blasphemies which would turn the Devil to a Saint for fear. In a Word, I tumble at no Vice or Immortality, which may promote the Cause I am engaged in: And all this for the sake of a fair Character at the *Porte*: Whilst I am cajoling myself as well as others with a Persuasion, that it is only on the Score of Honesty, and to acquit myself a good Man. Thus I pursue a Blast, a Bubble, the Idea of Nothing, mere Vanity, and an empty Dream. And it is harder for me to shake off this Enchantment, than that of Love.

Yet all this while I have not taken the *French* Method to gain Honour. I never was guilty of Oppression and Cruelty, nor bathed my Hands in human Blood. No Widow or Orphan mourns for what I have taken from them. Nor do I ever dragoon any Body into Compliance with Reason. All the Parts I have acted in this Nature were defensive; Pure Efforts of Self-preservation; which, thou knowest, is a Principle natural to all Men, and even to the Worms of the Earth. These little Reptiles, when they are trampled on, will turn again. And nothing more do I, unless in the *Sultan's* Cause.

This puts me in Mind of my Integrity; for I must tell thee my Virtues as well as my Vices. Neither *Arabia* nor all the *East* have ever brought forth a Man more true to his Trust, than honest loyal *Mahmut*. I will for ever boast of this, in an Age so full of Treachery. This alone will carry me safe to Paradise, in spite of the *Mollabs*. As for the rest, they are only venial Sins, easily dropt off on the Bridge of Trial. And so long as no
Body

Body can say, I have betrayed my Master's Secrets, I am safe as an Angel that is not obliged to stand Centinel at the lowest Post of Heaven: For there he is within Gun-shot of the Devil.

Just as I drew my Pen from that Word, a sudden Noise in the Streets called me to the Window; Where turning my Eyes from the Earth to the Moon and Stars, (for it was a very serene Sky) I observed a small swift Cloud to glide along from South to North, much in Appearance like a Bale of Silk. It cleft the Element like a sly *Arab* Thief, that swims for Booty on the River *Tygris*. Wondering at this, when all the Firmament was clear, and not another Cloud above the Horizon; I soon concluded it was the Chariot of some airy God, a *Mercury* or Messenger sent with speedy News to the High Lords, Commanders of the *Artick* Regions, to bid them be upon their Guard, or some such weighty Matter. Perhaps, thought I, a War is commenced between the Spirits of the *Poles*: Or, it may be, King *Æolus* has sent a Summons to the Northern Winds, being resolved to play some Royal Pneumatick Freaks upon the Sea.

In good earnest it made me reflect on our Ignorance of the Laws and Constitutions of the Elements. It put me in Mind of the Fogs and Mists which sometimes envelop the Globe in Darkness; on purpose, for ought we know, to hinder us from seeing what is transacting at such Seasons in the higher Regions of the Air. The Spirits of those serener Tracts may then be frolicking in visible Forms, celebrating solemn Festivals, and kindling all the Meteors of the Upper Welkin, as natural Fireworks and Illuminations, not fit for Mortals to behold, lest we should learn too much, and grow as wise as they. However, it made me very contemplative, to see a singular solitary Cloud thus glide along the Air: And I could have wished for Wings

to pursue its Motions, because the Appearance was not common.

Thou, that hast measured the whole Frame of Nature, and taken the true Dimensions of the World, that hast penetrated into the Secret of the Elements, and art always busied in the most sage and solid Scrutinies; wilt smile at the Vanity of common Mortals, such as I, who, when we are intelligible to ourselves, yet presume to comprehend the Ways of the Omnipotent, who is perfect in Knowledge.

As for me, who have studied in the Academies, and read *Aristotle*, *Avicen*, *Plotinus*, *Averroes*, with other Philosophers, I esteem myself still but at the Bottom of *Plato's* Cave, conversing with Shadows, mistaken in every Thing but the Idea of thy Sanctity and immense Wisdom, which is imprinted on my Soul, as those which the Philosophers call First Principles, because they are Self-evident.

I designed to have said more to thee, but a sudden Indisposition and extreme Faintness has taken away my Spirits. My Limbs tremble, my Head is giddy, my Heart fails me: In a Word, I seem like one between a Mortal and a Ghost.

Paris, 29th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER XII.

To Achmet Padishani Culligiz, Bassa.

THY Surname argues thee a Favourite at the Seraglio: And for that Reason I know thou art accustomed to receive infinite Submissions and Flatteries: But I must be as blunt with thee, as I was with the new *Mufti*, when I congratulated hi
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Accession to the chief Patriarchate. I told that Prince of the *Mussulman* Prelates, that I had no Encouragement to welcome him to a Dignity, which though in itself sacred and inviolable, yet could not secure him from the Persecution of popular Envy, any more than it did his Predecessor. And the same I must say to thee.

Darnish Mehemet, Bassa, is fallen a Victim to the Rage of the Multitude; and thou hast got his Seat on the Bench. Mayest thou enjoy it long, and never be Mobbed out of thy Honour and Life as he was. Some Years ago he forbad me to write any more to him. What his Reason was, I know not, neither did I ever enquire. However, I obeyed his Injunction, being indifferent to whom I send my Intelligence, provided I do the *Grand Seignior* any Service: For to that End I am placed here.

Illustrious Bassa, I shall now acquaint thee with two the most principal Points of News stirring in *Europe*. One is the Election of *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, to the *German* Empire. They have been canvassing this Business eleven Moons: And at last the *Austrian* Faction carried it: That was done on the 8th of the 7th Moon: And he was solemnly Crowned on the 22d of the same. This has heightened the Quarrel between the Duke of *Bavaria* and the Prince *Palatine*. The latter was so far transported with Passion at the Diet of *Frankfort*, that he threw a Standish of Ink at the *Bavarian* Ambassador: Which is resented as an unpardonable Affront: And the Duke is marching with an Army to revenge it, or demand Satisfaction. The Elector of *Mentz* has denied him Passage through his Principality. And they are all like to be embroiled in a Civil War about it. This is no bad News for the *Mussulmans*.

But that which makes yet a greater Noise is the Death of *Oliver*, the Protector of the *English* Common-

monwealth; who, whilst living, was the Terror of all *Europe*. The Superstitious and such as regard Signs say, This was presaged three Moons ago, when a great Whale, nine Times as long as a tall Man, was taken in a River of *England*, near the Capital City, forty Miles from the Sea. I know not whether these Kind of Observations are worthy of Credit. Yet it seems the Annals of that Nation take Notice, That the unusual Appearance of a Whale so far within Land has always prognosticated some mighty Change. Perhaps the Fate of illustrious Personages affects Nature with a more than ordinary Passion, puts the Elements into Disorder, and inspires the Brutes with Sympathy.

We are assured, that on the Day of this Prince's Death, and at the very Hour of his Departure, there was so violent a Tempest of Wind, Rain, Hail, Thunder, and Lightning, as had never been known by any Man then alive in that Nation: Which some interpreted to his Dishonour, as if he were a Magician, or at least a very wicked Man; and that this Hurricane was raised by the Devils, who transported his Soul to Hell. Whilst others affirmed this mixed Storm to be only the Sighs and Tears of Nature, the mournful Passions of the Guardian Spirits of *England*, for the Loss of so great and fortunate a Hero; and that the very inanimate Beings condoled his Death. As for me, I look on all these Things as pure Accidents, the Effects of Chance. I have an equal Opinion of another Circumstance, much observed both by his Enemies and Friends; That he died on the same Day, whereon he had formerly gained some notable Victories. The One descanting on this to his Reproach, the Other drawing from it Arguments of Honour. It is difficult to say any Thing of him without appearing partial. He had great Virtues and no less Vices. He was a valiant General, and wise Statesman:
Yet

yet a Traitor to his Sovereign. As for Religion, tho' he professed himself a Zealot, yet it is thought he was as indifferent as other Princes; who for Reasons of State, and to please their People, make a Shew of Piety, but in their Hearts adore no other God but Fortune and Victory.

He was esteemed one of the greatest Politicians of this Age; and none could match him but *Mazarini*. Yet I cannot but smile, when I call to mind, how both these eminent Statesmen were cheated this Year by two or three Fugitives.

A certain *French* Captain named *Gentilot*, that had served under the States of *Holland* in the Wars, and on that Account had often passed through the Sea-Towns in *Flanders*, observed a Weakness in one Part of the Walls of *Ostend*, by which the Town might easily be surprized. At his Return to *Paris*, he acquainted Cardinal *Mazarini* with this; and gave him so great Encouragement, that the Cardinal resolved to try some Stratagem in order to gain that important Place, without the Cost and Hazards of a formal Siege.

To this End he commands *Gentilot* to seek out some Persons fit to be engaged in the Plot: Men of Resolution, Conduct, and Secrefy. This Captain therefore knowing two or three Fugitives in *Paris*, who were forced to fly out of *Flanders* to save their Lives, having committed Murthers and other Crimes against the *Spanish* Government, breaks the Business to them, promising Mountains of Gold, if they would assist in carrying it on.

They seemed to embrace his Proposals with abundance of Readiness, and were introduced into the Cardinal's Cabinet; where that Minister being satisfied in their Characters, and the Offers they made to serve him in this Affair, seconded the Promises which *Gentilot* had made them with many additional Encouragements. In a Word, they consulted

sulted together frequently; were late every Night in the Cardinal's Lodgings: And at last having adjusted all the necessary Measures that were to be taken, the Fugitives were dispatched away into *England*, with Letters from *Mazarini* to *Oliver*, the *English* Protector: Wherein he acquainted them with the Design, requiring the Assistance of some *English* Ships to transport Men into the Haven of *Ostend*.

These Agents went accordingly, but with a Resolution to put a Trick both on the Cardinal and the Protector; and, by doing their Country so considerable a Service as the saving this Town, to merit a Repeal of the Sentence pronounced against them, that so they might return home in Peace, and enjoy their Estates and native Liberty.

Oliver received them very kindly, and embraced the Motion with some Warmth. But upon second Thoughts tried to out-bribe *Mazarini*, and hire these Persons for himself. *Ostend* was too sweet a Bait in his Eye, to let it fall tamely into the Hands of the *French*, for want of a few larger Promises and Offers of Gold. Wherefore he plyed these Agents briskly with all the effectual Oratory he could, to win them over to his own separate Interest; engaging to bestow great Preferments on them in *England*, with Two hundred thousand Sequins, as soon as the Business was accomplished.

The three *Flemings* desired no better Sport, than thus to cajole two the ablest Statesmen in *Europe*. They possessed *Oliver* with an entire Belief of their Zeal and Fidelity in his Service. And it was agreed on between them, to hold *Mazarini* in Play, and that *Oliver* should send him an Answer, refusing to meddle in an Intrigue, which seemed to carry so little Probability of Success.

From *England* these Agents passed over into *Zealand*, it having been so concluded before they parted from Cardinal *Mazarini*; that so they might there

there gain more Confederates, and lay all the necessary Trains to bring this Intrigue to the desired Issue. But, instead of doing either the Protector or Cardinal *Mazarini* this Service, they went immediately, and revealed the whole Secret to the Governor of *Flanders*.

He having duly examined all Circumstances, and being satisfied in the Truth of their Relations, and in their Loyalty to the King of *Spain*, commanded them to proceed in deluding both the *French* and the *English*, as long as they could, with fair Hopes of accomplishing their Aims: Whilst he took Care to secure *Ostend*, and other Parts of *Flanders*, from all Attempts of this Nature.

In fine, the Protector falling off again, being frightened by Cardinal *Mazarini*'s Threats, who had discovered his under-hand Dealing, these Agents applied themselves close to the *French*, who were now made so much more eager by *Oliver*'s Design to interlope them. They spun out the Intrigue several Moons, brought the *French* King to sign Articles and to pass his Word for the Payment of near a Million of Gold, cajoled his General in *Flanders*, and at one Time made him believe, It was his Interest to lie still for six Weeks together, when all the World expected he would pursue his Conquests in that Province. At another Time, caused him to march with so much Precipitation, when the Ways were impassable, that he was forced to leave most of his Cannon, and a thousand Waggons plunged in the deep Roads, with the Loss of three thousand Men, who were either drowned or starved: And all this for the Sake of gaining *Ostend*. When after all they were not only cheated of their Hopes in that Point, but most shamefully exposed to the Derision and Contempt of all *Europe*. For Cardinal *Mazarini* reposed an entire Confidence in the Fidelity of his *Flemish* Agents: So that whatsoever they proposed as an
Expe-

Expedient to compass the Design was a Law. Hence it was, that the *French* General in *Flanders* received expresse Orders to embark Part of his Army on certain Vessels that lay before *Dunkirk*, and, on a prefixed Day, to sail into the Haven of *Ostend*, there to land his Men, and take Possession of the Town, in the Name of his Master: Being made to believe, That the Gates would be opened to him, and that the *Spanish* Garrison should march out in his Sight.

All this was carried on with so much Artifice and subtle Management, that when he entered the Haven with ten Vessels, he thought himself secure of the Place: Yet no sooner landed his Men to the Number of fifteen Hundred, but they thundered upon them such Vollies of great and small Shot from the Walls, that two Hundred of them fell immediately, as many threw down their Arms, and the Citizens making a vigorous Sally, the rest were either killed or taken Prisoners, he himself not escaping that Misfortune.

By this thou mayest discern, how easy it is for an Agent of any Prince to embarrass his Master's Affairs: And that a publick Minister can never commit a greater or more dangerous Error than in being too credulous.

Serene Bassa, let not *Mabmut's* Name sound harsh at the *Porte*, nor his Honour be traduced by Sycophants; since his Loyalty is Proof against all Temptations; and this the Ministers of *Divan* the know by twenty Years Experience.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master of the
the Grand Seignior's Customs at Con-
stantinople.

I Have received a Dispatch from our Cousin *Isouf*. He has been in a cold Region, within the Arctick Circle, but now is at *Stockholm* in *Sweden*. The Parts he has visited are the farthestmost Tracts of our Continent to the North. They may be called, The Territories of Night and Darkness; for they have but one Day in a whole Year. The Sun appears but Once above their Horizon, during his Annual Progress through the Zodiack: Yet he makes them amends by the long continued Light he affords them at that Season: For that one Day is, without the Miracle of *Josbua*, prolonged the Space of four, five, or six Moons, according to the proportionate Distance of each Country from the Pole.

Isouf relates strange Things of those dark Countries, and such as seem almost to surpass Credit, were they not confirmed by many grave and learned Writers. He says, That in some Parts of *Norway* no Tree is to be seen, by Reason of the violent Force of the Winds, which blow down all before them, carrying away even the Roofs of Houses, and scattering them at a great Distance. So that the Inhabitants are forced to dwell in Dens and Caves, and burn the Bones of Fishes for want of better Fuel; since it is impossible for any Plant to grow in those Parts. Neither can Men travel safely on Horses, or a Foot, at certain tempestuous Seasons: For the Wind will either throw down Horse and Man to the Ground, or catch them up into the Air.

But

But when he describes the horrible Coldness of these Regions, the very Idea of it is enough to make one quake. He says, Cold is an active Quality, and reigns under the North Pole, as in its proper Kingdom or Center, from whence it darts its freezing Rays through the Earth. Yet others are of Opinion, that Cold is only a Privation of Heat, a bare passive Disposition of the Elements; and therefore more sensibly felt in those Climates that are farthest from the warm Influence of the Sun, whose Beams give Life and Vigour to all Things. Be it how it will, its Effects are very remarkable in these Northern Regions.

All the Rivers, Lakes, and Seas there are frozen up during the Winter. Men, Horses, Waggon, Coaches and even whole Armies, pass as commonly over the Ice, as before Ships sailed there, or as we travel over the firm Land. And last Winter, the *Baltick* Sea was the Road of Ice, over which the King of *Sweden* marched with his Army of Horse and Foot into *Zealand*, to prosecute the War in those Parts. They also raise strong Forts of Snow, able to sustain the Battery of Bullets, and Engines of War, with all the Violence of the fiercest Assaults. They build Carvanferas on the frozen Seas and Lakes for the Convenience of Travellers; and set up Branches of Firs or Juniper, as Marks to distinguish the Holes and Fissures of the Ice, from that which is solid and secure; for there are High-ways on those congealed Waters, and Officers appointed to survey them, and take all necessary Orders for the Security of Travellers: And sometimes they fight pitched Battles on the frozen Element.

Our Kinsman also has made curious Remarks on the Triumphal Obelisks, and Funeral Monuments of ancient Heroes among the *Goths* and *Swedes*: For these Nations boast of Giants and famous Warriors. These Monuments, though of Stone, and exquisitely shaped,

shaped, yet were never cut by the Hand of Man, but are so many Splinters of Rocks and Mountains, torn from the main Body by the Violence of Earthquakes, Thunders, or the like Motions of Nature, and falling down in the Forms of Pyramids, and other artificial Figures, were of old set up by the Graves of Giants, and other renowned Persons. Having also Inscriptions on them, signifying the particular Hero who there lies buried. Such as these?

I Uffro, Fighting in Defence of my Country, with my own Hand killed thirty two Giants; and, at last being killed by the Giant Rolvo, my Body lies here.

And,

I Ingolvas, that subdued all Oppressors, and defended the Poor and Weak; Now grown Old, Poor, and Weak myself, yet having my Sword girt to my Thigh, am forced to yield to Death, (who conquers all Things) and to go down to this Sepulchre, which I prepared for my last Retreat.

It seems there are infinite Numbers of these Tombs all over the Desarts, Mountains, and Vallies of the North; which is an Argument, that however contemptible these People may seem to the True Believers, yet they have not been wanting in valiant Men and Heroes. Doubtless, God has dispensed his Virtues and Graces to Men of all Nations: He is not partial in his Gifts. We ought to praise him in the Beginning and End of all our Actions.

And

And, if we contemplate his Honour in the Middle of our Affairs, we shall not do amiss; since, as he is the First and the Last of the Universe, so he is the Center of every Thing.

I had not these Relations only from *Yous*, but out of the Historians themselves, who write of these Countries: Yet our Kinsman informs me of some Things, which are omitted by those Authors. Every Traveller is singular in his Observations: For all Men have not the same Genius. And thy Journal of the *East* abounds with Remarks which are not common with other Writers.

Brother, if I may advise thee, it shall be, to do nothing by Imitation; but pursue the Dictates of thy own Sense, and the peculiar Bent of thy Soul. For whatever is forced and affected is nauseous.

LETTER XIV.

To Zeidi Alamahzi, a Merchant in Venice.

THE *Kaimacham* has informed me, that thou art appointed to succeed *Adonai* the Jew in *Italy*. He has also acquainted me with other Matters relating to thy Charge: I am glad they have found out a *Mussulman* capable of that important Trust, and that we shall not always stand in need of *Jews* to serve the *Grand Seignior*, Emperor of the Faithful: Though some of that Nation are very honest and loyal, yet it is better to be without them.

Thom

Thou and I are Strangers to each other: But it is necessary for us to be speedily acquainted, and hold a mutual Intimacy by Letters, so that we may serve our Great Master without interfering or clashing in our Intelligence. I have been here these twenty Years and made no false Steps in my Sovereign's Business, whatever I have done in my own: Yet have encountered a Thousand Difficulties and Perils; suffered Imprisonment many Moons in *Paris* for my Fidelity; whilst my Enemies at *Constantinople* persecuted me as a Traytor and an Infidel.

It is impossible to avoid these Crosses, in the Course of human Life, They are natural as the Wind or the Rain: All that we can do is, by a prudent and dextrous Management of Contingencies, to winde our selves out of the Trouble as well as we can. And, above all, rather to be our own Executioners, than betray the least Secret committed to us.

I question not, but thou hast had the same Instructions given thee by Ministers of the happy *Porte*. What I say is only to confirm thee in thy Fidelity and Care. Write to me with the same Frankness, and let nothing make thee reserved to thy Fellow Slave. We are both Followers of the Prophet: We worship one God after the same Manner, and equally reverence the Alcoran. We serve one Master; and tho' in different Stations, yet let our Affections and Interests be united as Friends. Let no little narrow Passions or Emulations corrupt our Integrity, nor teach us to unman ourselves.

I know not thy Original, whether thou art of *Mabometan* or *Christian* Parents. It would be very obliging to send me a short History of thy Life, and how thou learnedst the *Italian* Tongue: For without that I judge they would not have sent thee into that Country.

As for me, I am an *Arabian* by Birth, brought up in the Seraglio, from thence sent to Sea, there taken

Captive by the *Christians*, sold in *Sicily*, where I underwent a tedious Servitude, yet at length gained my Freedom: And, having passed through various Fortunes, at last was sent hither, to observe the secret Counsels of the *Christians*, especially of this Court.

I now grow Old, having seen near Fifty Years; yet, though the Strength of my Body fails, I feel not the least Decay in my Zeal for the *Mussulman* Faith, or my Master's Service. I am still *Mahmut* the loyal Slave of the *Porte*; and thy Friend, so long as thou art so thyself.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

IT rejoices me to hear, that *Adonai's* Place is supplied by a *Mussulman*, in whom the sublime *Porte* may put more Confidence, than in any of the *Jewish* Race. It will be Encouragement to the true Faithful, and a Precedent of good Import. For no Nation loves to see their Prince bestow Offices of Trust on Strangers, when his own People are as capable of Employment as they. It is generally taken as an Affront, and Contempt of their Abilities or their Virtue; and has often produced ill Consequences.

I deny not, but there are many honest and wise Men among the *Hebrews*. Persons of Merit and Honour, from whence the Sultan receives no small Services; but this ought not to diminish the Reputation of those who are of the same Faith with their Sovereign. Doubtless, *Arabia* and *Turkey* are not barren of good Soldiers, prudent Statesmen, and dextrous Ministers.

I know

I know not the Character of *Zeidi Alamanzi*, whether he be a natural born *Turk*, a tributary Son of a *Christian*, or a voluntary Renegado: However, the Choice that is made of him convinces me, that the unerring Divan esteems him a Man fit for the Business committed to his Charge.

He ought to be perfectly skilled in *Italian*, or at least in some other Language of the *Nazarenes*; that so he may pass the better unsuspected among the People where he resides, who are more jealous of Strangers than any other Nation in *Europe*. It is a Crime thought worthy of Imprisonment, for a *Venetian* to converse with a Foreigner too frequently, and in private. For they are afraid, lest by that Means a dangerous Correspondence should be established betwixt some ill-affected Subjects of that Commonwealth and its Enemies: Whereby their Secrets may be betrayed, and Measures taken to ruin them.

For this Reason also they have forbid false Hair, or Perukes, to be worn by any in their Dominions, lest this might serve as a Disguise for Villains and Traytors. Yet nothing is more common in *France* and other Countries of *Europe*, than for Men to wear on their Heads Ornaments of Women's Hair, instead of their own.

As to Religion, I believe they will not much trouble him, being no Zealots themselves. And provided he does but profess himself a *Christian* and a *Catholic*, they will make no farther Inquisition.

The *Italians* in general are much like the ancient *Romans* in their Humour: Men of grave Aspect and Carriage, and much more composed in both than the *French*, who appear ridiculous through the Levity of their Discourse and Actions. The former abound in sage Precepts of Morality, and politick Aphorisms, which serve as a Rule whereby to square the Course of their Lives: The latter only affect some flashy Improvements of Wit and Conversation,

studying rather how to please Women than Men; coveting to be perfect in external Accomplishments, and the Graces of the Body, whilst they slight the more valuable Endowments of the Mind. In a Word, they are mere Apes and Mimicks. On the contrary, the *Italians* are Men of an awful and majestick Behaviour, solid Judgment, and deep Reach. If you see them smile, you shall seldom or never see them laugh: Whereas the Motion of a Feather will set the *French* a braying like Asses. These will contract a warm Friendship with any Man at first Interview, heighten it with a Thousand Compliments, make him their Confessor, and unbosom all their Secrets. Yet a second Encounter shall extinguish their Passion, and a third shall revive it again: Whereas those are cautious and slow in the Choice of their Friends; and when once that Knot is dissolved, it is never to be fastened there again: They are irreconcilable in their Hatred and Revenge.

But there are Men to be excepted in both Nations, who fall not under these general Characters. *France* affords many wise and learned Persons; and *Italy* not a few Fools and Idiots. Virtues and Vices are strangely mixed in all People. War, Commerce, and Travel, with other human Occurrences, alter Men's natural Dispositions, and give the Lye to the exactest Observations that can be made. Besides, Time changes all Things; and the Qualities, which this Age remarks in the *Italians*, may in the next be transferred to the *French*. For there is no Constancy in any Thing under the Moon.

Zeidi will find great Examples of Frugality among the *Venetians*, in the necessary Expences of their Persons and Families; yet Abundance of Magnificence in whatever relates to the Publick, which the Subjects of that Commonwealth serve with open Purse and free Hearts.

Indeed

Indeed they are not so remarkable for their Temperance, as some other Parts of *Italy*. Libertinism and Voluptuousness reign uncontrouled in *Venice*. Women and Wine are there almost as common as the Elements. Yet it is observed, that Strangers generally debauch more with both than the Natives. God preserve *Zeidi* from their Temptations.

If it be his Fortune or Duty to visit *Padua*, he ought not to make too long an Abode in that Nest of Philosophers and Physicians, lest they first anatomize his Soul, and discover the Secrets of his Commission, and then turn his Body to a Skeleton; as they once served a Moor, whom they dissected alive, to make Experiment, perhaps, whether a *Mahometan's* Blood circulated the same Way as a *Christian's*.

Those *Italian* Physicians are very cruel, and think it no Sin to try Poisons, and other fatal Tricks on the Poor, that so they may be the better able to keep the Rich on the Rack at their Pleasure, and make their Market of them.

I know not *Zeidi's* appointed Station, or what Cities he is to see: But wherever he goes it will be necessary for him to use Abundance of Caution; for the *Italians* are the closest, slyest, and most judicious People in the World.

But I forget that he is chosen by the Divan for this Employment, to whom the Characters of all Nations are known, and who penetrates into the most interior Recesses of Men's Spirits.

Therefore I lay my Hand upon my Mouth in profound Submission, and acquiesce to my Superiors: Still praying, that the *Grand Signior* may have faithful and wise Ministers at Home, and no Novices for his Agents Abroad.

Paris, 3d of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1659.

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LETTER XVI.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

THERE is a Street in *Paris*, which they call the Street of Hell. The Reason of this Name is said to be, because at one End of it there formerly stood an old House possessed by Devils; who were so troublesome, that, as the Records of *Paris* affirm, an Edict of Parliament was passed to remove all the Inhabitants out of their Houses in that Street, and shut up the Entrance with a Wall. Since which, these *Dæmons* were expelled by the *Carthusians*, who built a Monastery in this Place. If this Story be true, it redounds much to the Reputation of that Order, and of all your Monasticks in general, who by your Exorcisms are able to subdue the infernal Spirits. But I have heard so many silly Tales of Houses being haunted by Ghosts and Hobgoblins, that I know not how to give Credit to this.

Besides, when I consider the Nature of incorporeal Beings, it seems ridiculous to think that they can take Delight to play the Anticks to frighten poor Mortals; or confine themselves to an old ruined Castle (for such was this House) for the Sake of a little Sport; when, according to the ancient Philosophers, every incorporeal Being is far more excellent than the most perfect Body, and can be every where: Neither are they at any Time locally present in Bodies, but only by Propension or Habit are inclined to them: And this they mean of living Bodies. What Charms then can there be in an old rotten Fabric of Stone and Wood to allure and detain immaterial Substances.

Certainly the Nature of these separate Beings is very remote from all compounded Beings. I have been often at a Loss in contemplating the Soul of Man. Sometimes it seems no otherwise distinguished from
the

the Soul of Brutes than by being united to a Body of different Organs; which causes us to shew more evident Tokens of Reason than they, in the Faculty of Discourse, and in our Actions. Yet when I consider more attentively the Operations of our Mind and Intellect, I cannot but conclude, there is a vast Distinction between our Souls and those of the Beasts. I have with Pleasure observed the Excellency of human Intellect in Madmen and Dreamers; who being come to themselves (as we usually say) relate many Things of which they were before ignorant, and comprehend Things surpassing their former Imaginations.

It appears therefore more rational to me, That the Soul is every where and nowhere, as the Antients say, than that it is shut up and imprisoned in the Body, as a wild Beast in his Den, or Liquor in a Glass. However, by an ineffable Production of itself, it is present in every Part of the Body, as the Light of the Sun is diffused through the Air, and can as soon withdraw itself, as that Light, when interrupted by a Cloud. In a Word, I conceive the Soul to be a very free Agent, and that it is here and there and every where. It united itself to a Body by its own Choice, and can retire again from it at Pleasure.

One closely pursued Act of Contemplation will at any Time carry thee or me to the Invisibles, whenever we go resolutely about it.

Paris, 1st of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVII.

To the Venerable Ibrahim Cadilesquier of Romeli.

THERE has not a Year escaped, since my Arrival at *Paris*, wherein I did not send to the Ministers of the ever happy and excellent *Porte* constant

stant Intelligence of Battles, Sieges, Storming of Towns, and such other Occurrences of War, as happened between the Kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*. But now I believe my future Dispatches must contain other Matters. For, in all Appearance, this War, which has lasted four and twenty Years, is in a fair Way to be ended. The King of *Spain* grows weary of his continual Losses in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*: *France* seems glutted with perpetual Victories and Conquests. In a Word, these two potent Monarchs, laying aside their Quarrels, are making diligent Preparations this Year for a Campaign of Friendship and Love.

They are both in Arms, yet commit no Acts of Hostility. Whilst Cardinal *Mazarini*, on the Part of this Crown, and *Don Louis d' Haro de Gusman*, First Minister of *Spain*, are gone to meet each other on the Frontiers of both Kingdoms, as Plenipotentiaries for their Respective Masters, to concert the Measures of a lasting Peace, and treat of a Marriage between the King of *France*, and the Infanta of *Spain*.

All *Europe* is amazed at this surprizing Change. And the *French* and *Spaniards*, who border on each other, can hardly believe their own Senses, whilst they find a mutual Commerce restored between their Frontier Towns and Villages, which had been interrupted ever since the Year 1635, about sixteen Moons before I came to this City.

But, tho' they are thus disposed to Peace here in the West, the Northern Monarchs are pushing the War forward in *Sweden*, *Denmark*, and *Poland*, with all imaginable Vigour and Animosity. The coming over of the Elector of *Brandenburg* to the *Danish* Interest has made a great Alteration in their Affairs. For, whereas Fortune seemed before in all Things to favour the *Swedes*; now they lose Ground, and find their Attempts unsuccessful. Four thousand of their Men fell before the Walls of *Copenhagen*, in three Nights.

Nights and two Days; which caused King *Gustavus* to raise the Siege. Whilst the Duke of *Brandenburg* retook *Fredericks Ode*, and thereby restored to the King of *Denmark* the Provinces of *Holstein*, *Jutland*, and *Ditmarsen*.

The *Hollanders* also have had a Combat with the *Swedes* at Sea, and sunk fourteen of their best Ships: Besides what they burnt and took.

These Events have stirred up several Princes to mediate a Peace. And it is not improbable, but in a little Time we may see all the *Christians* good Friends: and then it will be Time for the *Mussulmans* to be upon their Guard.

As for *Mahmut*, he will not fail to pry into the Counsels of these Infidels, and send Timely Notices to the *Porte*; leaving the rest to the Wisdom of his Superiors, and the Pleasure of Destiny.

Paris, 29th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVIII.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Alfaqui, Professor of Theology at Fez.

THE Character which the great and illustrious *Abel Melec Muli Omar*, President of Presidents, Grace and Ornament of ancient Learning, Oracle of *Africa*, and Restorer of obsolete Truth, has given me of thy profound Wisdom and Science, fills me with Reverence and sacred Love. I am ravished with Wonder and Joy to hear, That in this Age, wherein the *Mussulman* Theology has suffered so many Innovations, there yet survives a Man who dares, and is able to assert against all Opposers, not only the Primitive and Original Truth, brought down from Heaven by the Hand of *Gabriel*, but also the real
and

and indubitable Sayings, Sermons, Counsels, and Actions of the Prophet, whilst he was on Earth, conversing with Mortals, before his Transmigration to the Gardens of eternal Repose and Solitude. Thou art the *Enoch*, the *Hermes Trismegistus* of the Age.

I have seen many Copies of the *Zune*, or the Book of Doctrines; each pretending to comprize the whole System of that divine Philosophy and Wisdom, which dropt from the Lips of our incomparable and most holy Lawgiver, and were attested by his Wife, the holy *Ageſha*, Mother of the Faithful, and by his ten Disciples. Yet all these various Transcripts differ both in their Sense and Manner of Expressions.

I have perused the Books entitled *Dabif*, or *Imperfect*, which contain the Memoirs of his other Wives; and the Manuscripts called *Maucof* or *Fragments*: Being only a Collection of some select Sentences, Aphorisms, and Parables of the Sent of God. But these have no authority to back them save the Credit of some learned Scribes, who were not familiar with the Divine Favourite, only living in his Time, and taking Things on Report.

In fine, I have met with several Parchments of *Zaquini*, or pretended Traditions of *Abu Becre*, *Omar*, and *Otbman*; but these I esteem as spurious, corrupted, and full of Errors.

What shall I say? the Zeal of *Omar Eb'n Abdil-Aziz*, the Ninth Caliph of the Tribe of *Merwan*, is not unknown to me. I am no Stranger to his singular Piety, not to be matched among the Crowned Heads: For of him it is recorded, That as he descended from the Throne at the Time of his Inauguration, he gave the Robe from his Back, as an Alms to a poor Man: And that, during his whole Reign, he spent but two Piaſters a Day on himself. And so great was his Resignation to destiny, (an admirable Virtue in a Sovereign Emperor) that when he was on his Bed in his last Sickneſs, and was counselled to take Phyſick, he

he answered, " No: If I were sure to heal myself
 " only by reaching my Finger to my Ear, I would
 " not: For the Place to which I am going, is full of
 " Health and Blifs.

This Caliph was a Miracle of Humility, and his
 Charity always kept him poor: *Mostema Eb'n Abd'il*
Melec relates, that going to visit *Omar* on his Death-
 bed, he found him lying on a Couch of Palm-Leaves,
 with three or four Skins instead of a Pillow, his Gar-
 ments on, and a foul Shirt underneath. Seeing this,
Mostema was grieved, and, turning to his Sister *Phate-*
ma the Empress, he said, " How comes it to pass that
 " the Great Lord, Commander of the Faithful, ap-
 " pears in so squalid a Condition?" She replied, " As
 " thou livest, he has given away all that he had, even
 " to the very Bed that was under him, to the Poor, and
 " only reserved what thou seest, to cover his Naked-
 " ness." Then *Mostema* could not refrain, but burst
 forth into Tears, saying, " God shew thee Mercy upon
 " Mercy, thou Royal Saint: For thou hast pierced
 " our Hearts with the Fear of his Divine Majesty."
 This Caliph was numbered among the Saints.

He it was, that perceiving the Contradictions and
 Disputes of the *Mussulmans*, the Darknes and Con-
 fusion in the various Copies of the *Zune* or Book of
 Doctrine, assembled a General Divan of Mollahs and
 learned Men at *Damascus*, from all Parts of the
 Empire; Commanding that all the Manuscripts of
 the *Zune* which were extant, should be brought into
 this Assembly, on Pain of Death to him that should
 detain one. This being done, he commanded Six of
 them to be chosen out of the whole Number by Vote;
 Men eminent for Learning and Piety; and that these
 Six should severally collect out of all the Multi-
 tude of Copies, each Man a Book, containing what
 he thought to be the most genuine Discourses of the
 Prophet, concerning this World, and that which is to
 come. When this was executed according to his
 Will,

Will, he commanded all the old Books to be burnt in a Field near *Damascus*.

Yet after all the religious Care of this holy Caliph, to restore the Writings to their primitive Integrity, the *Mussulmans* soon fell into new Contentions about the Sense and Interpretation of these corrupt Copies of the *Zune*. From whence sprung the Four Cardinal Sects, on which all the innumerable, lesser, and latter Divisions among true Believers are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly rejoice, and from my Heart highly applaud the Method taken by those of your renowned College, to discern the true Doctrines and Sayings of the Holy Prophet from those which are supposititious, by comparing all the Books that are extant together, and reducing Matters of Divine Revelation to the Analogy of the Alcoran, Those of Philosophy and moral Regards to the Standard of Experience and Reason; for it is impious to believe, That the Divine Apostle would impose any Thing on our Faith repugnant to the Sense of Men, or the express Will of Heaven. By the Soul of *Pythagoras*, *Mahomet* said nothing but what was rational, and evident to any unprejudiced Mind. But the greatest Part of these Sectaries are besotted. They form to themselves false Notions of God and his Prophet, and think to merit Paradise by their Stupidity.

Reverend *Alfaqui*, I have much more to say to thee, and many Questions to ask; but Time and the *Grand Signior's* Service force me to conclude abruptly, wishing thee Perfection of Bliss.

Paris, 29th of the 6th Moon, of
the Year 1659, according to
the Christian Style.



The End of the Fifth VOLUME. 00